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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

May 29, 1937

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Collier's

T IONAL WEEKLY

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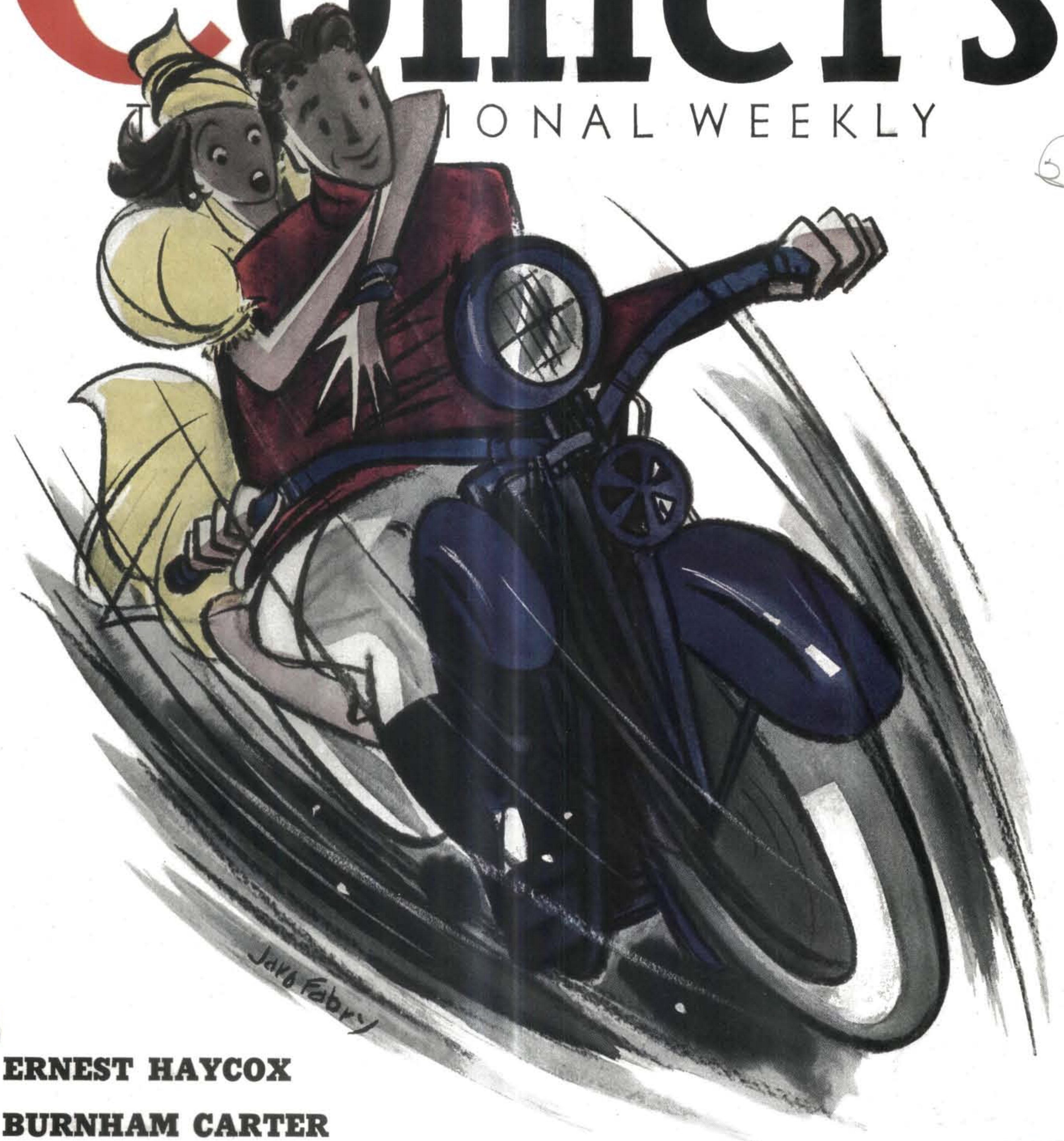

ERNEST HAYCOX

BURNHAM CARTER

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

VICTOR G. HEISER, M. D.

MRS JOAN ...HARGROVE 121
417 E MADISON ROE21969
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AY 29, 1937

Here's a pipeful of common sense about whiskey

"SOUNDS FUNNY, maybe—but it was my pipe tobacco that brought Four Roses into my life.

"You see, I've always known that this grand old tobacco I smoke was not just *one* straight tobacco but a *blend* of choice tobaccos—with each separate tobacco contributing something special in the way of fragrance or mildness or flavor.

"One day I thought to myself: if combining several straight tobaccos gives you a still finer tobacco, then maybe there's something to Four Roses' claim that combining the virtues of several straight whiskies gives you an even finer whiskey.

"So the next day I bought myself a bottle of Four Roses—and am I glad I did! Say—it's the smoothest, mellowest whiskey you ever put to your lips!"

Four Roses, you see, is not just *one* straight whiskey. It is a glorious combination of several whiskies, each of which is outstanding for some special quality: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor*. By skilfully blending these fine whiskies together, we combine *all* their noble virtues in *one* magnificent liquor—and that's Four Roses!

Every drop is whiskey—and we believe one sip will tell you it's the *finest whiskey in America, regardless of age or price!*

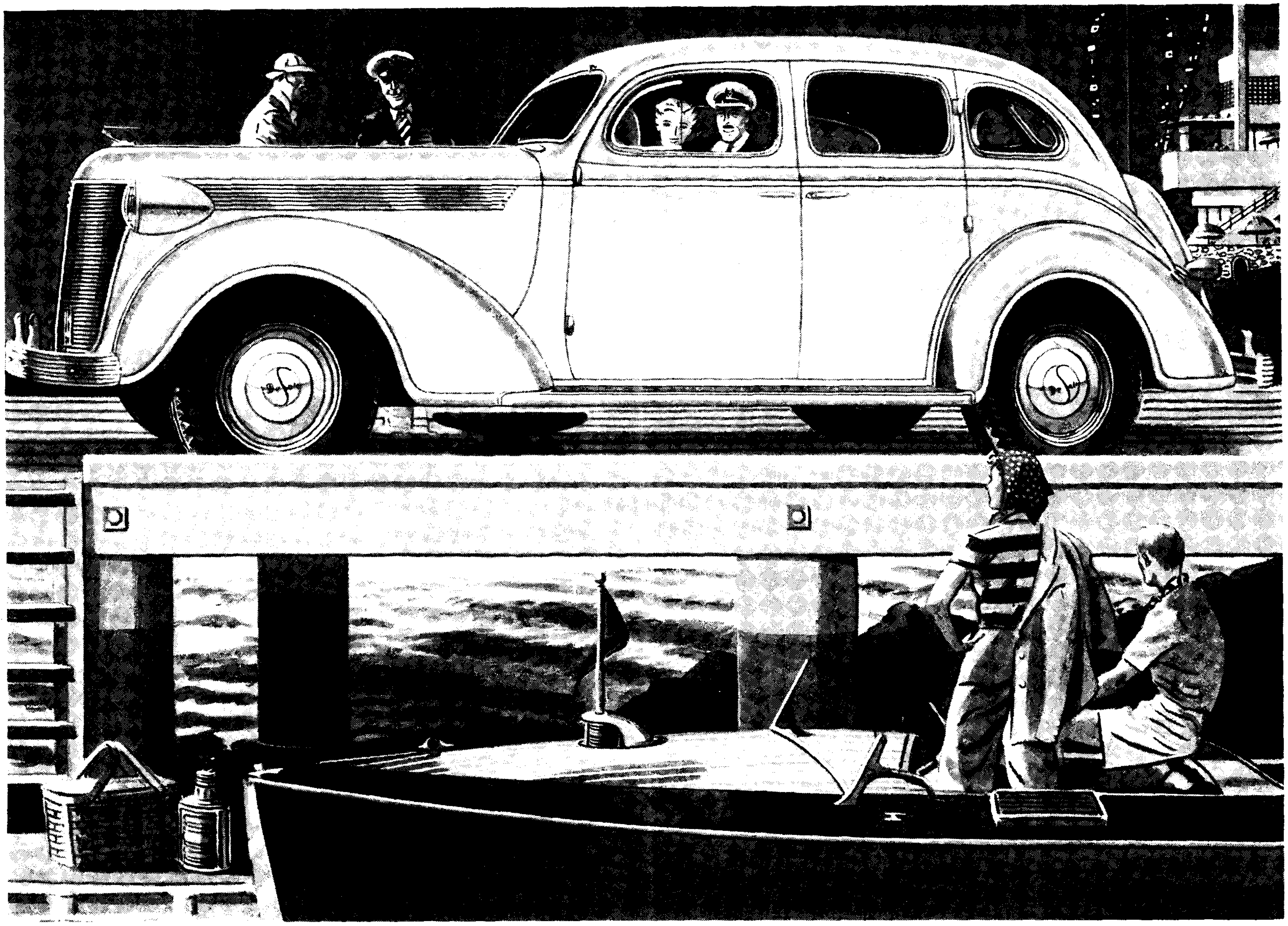
Three other fine whiskies by Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore: Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies. Also Paul Jones Four Star Gin (90 proof), distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY . . . REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE

BEAUTY THAT'S CAPTURED ALL AMERICA!



What Editors are Writing...and Owners are Saying...about the New DeSoto

EDITORS SAY: "You'll like DeSoto tremendously...bigger, longer, it's de luxe enough for any one..." (NEW YORKER MAGAZINE).

"Smart designing and engineering innovations put DeSoto right up in front..."(SPUR).

"Graceful, sweeping lines give DeSoto speedy, powerful appearance..."(CLEVELAND PRESS).

From every part of America...from editors, designers, style leaders...come these enthusiastic endorsements of DeSoto's styling.

Now, listen to what these owners say:

"I'm averaging 19 to 22 miles a gallon with De Soto's new engine"..."I get 300 miles plus, out of each tankful"..."Absolutely delighted with my 20.1-miles-a-gallon average."

ADD 2 AND 2 TOGETHER: With all its smartness, DeSoto costs you *less* to buy, *less* to run. New low prices put it next to the very lowest! See your dealer today. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

"THAT NEW DE SOTO LOOKS LIKE A MILLION!"
"SURE DOES, BUT IT COSTS VERY LITTLE MORE THAN THE 'LOWEST.'"

PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST

1. New 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. New "Float" Body Mountings, "Airplane-type" Shock-absorbers. 3. First complete Sound-Proofing. 4. Safety-Steel Body, one-piece steel top. 5. Genuine Hydraulic Brakes. 6. New Safety Interior. Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E.D.S.T.

DESOTO

America's Smartest Low-Priced Car!

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

May 29, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

DAVE SHEVLIN was a young man who had come a long way fast but by a hard route. His face showed it. It was controlled, inexpressive. He had a reputation of being hard.

It was more than a sentimental gesture when he picked Mary out of a neighborhood amateur show and put her in his night club. Dave was in love. But not so much in love as to be fooled about Mary's talent—she hadn't any. And that made everything just lovely, for Mary was in love too—with someone else. "Never Sing Again," by Frederick Nebel, shows you a trial by honesty.

IT WAS a nasty spot for Gilbert LaBine—stuck on the Arctic Circle with a snow-blind partner and nothing to do. He tried prospecting for gold and found a fragment of pitch-black rock. In the dark shack it gave off an eerie sheen—pitchblende. On that spot now stands Radium City, population one hundred men and one woman. It's as far north of the Canadian border as Denver is west of New York. You get there (if you're lucky) by air. Leslie Roberts takes you to see a radium mine operating full blast.

PAUL DEANE was interested in textbooks, blueprints, machines; he knew nothing about women. The greater his power became in the world of turbines and dynamos, the more precarious grew his defenses at home. Burnham Carter shows how, in the crisis, his machines stood by him.

AS PREPARATION for your next visit to the circus we prescribe Hannah Lees' "Side-Show Diagnosis." Into the tent beside the main top she takes the latest medical knowledge and explains to you just how a freak comes to be freakish.

YOU will like Osman, the "Money Changer." Not an adaptable fellow nor chatty but with a dignity of his own. A Turk of the old school, he is absolutely honest and exacts complete honesty from others. And with Osman time is no object. Harold Lamb introduces him in a brilliant short story laid amid the color and the turbulence of the Istanbul bazaar.

IN "Edward the Eighth" one of the great dramas of modern history is described by a man who took an active part in it—Winston Churchill.

THE Short Short Story is by Kyle Crichton. Frank Condon, Max Brand, May Edginton, Jim Marshall, Quentin Reynolds and others contribute stories and articles.

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This Week

SHORT STORIES

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MAY EDGINTON
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Keep Up with the World. Footnotes to the universe. Page 6

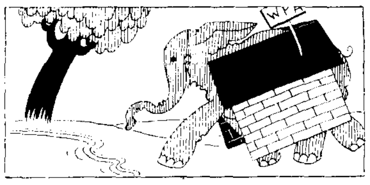
EDITORIAL
Say What You Think. Page 86

COVER JARO FABRY

Any Week

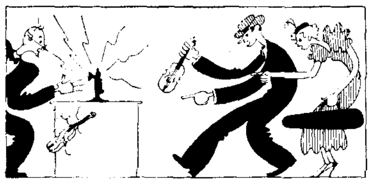
WE ARE accused by Mr. Jerome Yesterday of Memphis, Tennessee, of "sneaking over a mass of crude propaganda for Fascism." We're not surprised. We had no idea we were doing anything like that; still we're not surprised. We're just a little frightened when we think of what a menace we'd be if we were all of the things we're accused of being. What a public enemy! Little children would run screaming to terror-stricken mothers at the very sight of us. Anyway, Mr. Yesterday sees in our recent piece about Mr. Clarence Addison Dykstra, city manager of Cincinnati, and new president of the University of Wisconsin, "agitation toward the defeat of our proved political parties and a substitution of dictatorship, otherwise known as Italian Fascism. America," storms Mr. Yesterday, "owes her greatness to our great political parties and the party system of government."

AN IDEA is offered by Mr. Leon Archibald of Minneapolis, Minnesota. "If," says he, "you want something to make us smile, turn somebody loose under the WPA's Duluth Zoo. While the government was building permanent headquarters for Ethel, the baby elephant, Ethel grew up. You may glean from this that the building of the elephant house was somewhat leisurely. Anyway, Ethel got up one morning, having grown while sleeping, and lifted her temporary quarters right off their foundations. With said temporary quarters draped around her shoulders and accompanied by the other occupants thereof, Ethel went swimming. Look into this sometime. Ethel may be serving some kind of notice on Mr. Roosevelt."



WE'VE been speaking to Val, our office boy. One of America's most prolific poets sent us a complete set of verses last week. Val read them and immediately grew indignant. Losing all control, Val returned them to the author with a few curt words. We've apologized to the poet and have notified Val that hereafter we shall attend to all such minor matters as editing while he runs the rest of the shop. He says that he was just hoping to be helpful. It won't happen again, but we don't use poetry and there's no use of your irritating Val.

MR. OSWALD SCHILBACH, the fiddle doctor, of New York City, would enjoy a violin-owners' strike. Eight months ago we had a piece about the genius of Mr. Schilbach, who probably knows more about fiddles than any man in this country. We told you what he had to say about the Guarnerius, the Amati and the Stradivarius, how much they were worth, what prices they brought, and so on. Since then life has been made difficult for Mr. Schilbach, who loves peace as much as violins. Hundreds of our readers have descended upon Mr. Schilbach with violins. He has been threatened, cursed, berated, implored and frightfully abused. And all because he is an honest man who has told hundreds of fiddle owners that their fiddles are not worth $25,000. He has had to hire extra help to answer his mail. His telephone is all but worn out. And so is Mr. Schilbach. "And serves me right," says he, "for not keeping my mouth shut in the first place."



AND little does Mrs. Noel Billiard of Providence, Rhode Island, know what trouble she is courting. "Is there any way," asks she, "of obtaining accurate copies of the speeches made in Congress. It seems to me that among the speeches made in our Capitol there must be some deathless gems of oratory, comparable perhaps to the best efforts of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Webster. Shouldn't these be preserved and read to and be read by our rising generations as education in Americanism? I would like to compile such a volume and will be glad to turn it over to you, if you are interested in the idea, for publication."

BUT we're inclined to take the same attitude that Mrs. Mary Cordelia McClure of Boston, Massachusetts, has taken toward our government. "For many years," writes Mrs. McClure, "I have had an active interest in the conduct of our national affairs. In all those years this country was in the hands of men of courage, intellect, breeding and patriotism. But until such days return I shall ignore Washington and all its baleful, un-American works."

IN THE meantime we'll be extra alert.

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Eyes that "See Through" Steel

TAKE A SPECIMEN of any metal...vaporize it in an electric arc...and the result is something ike a rainbow: the *spectrum* of that metal.

In this picture, a Plymouth metallurgist is studying the photograph of such a spectrum. This is how ie is able to "see through" steel.

For metal analysis, this spectroscopic method is he most exact known. It reveals impurities... lloys used to get special qualities... *everything* ny metal contains. For that reason it is the final ict on all metals used in Plymouth cars.

Of course there are many other tests...of the etals Plymouth uses. All metals are tested in ample form and again in finished car parts.

These tests help develop new and better metals. nd more, they prove that the finished "parts" will stand up—*before* they go into Plymouth cars.

From this elaborate metallurgical research came Plymouth's special brake-drum metals, which give *longer life* to the famed double-action hydraulic brakes...Plymouth's anodic-surfaced aluminum alloy pistons which help give you more power... Plymouth's soft-acting Amola steel springs, which, with new airplane-type shock-absorbers, give you a "boulevard ride" on any road.

In every great feature which makes Plymouth more comfortable...easier to handle...more economical...or safer...this constant study of metals has played a big part. And for this car's amazing ability to *stand up*, you can largely thank all these "eyes that see through metals."

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Be Sure You Get the Original, Not a Copy

IF you hear the slap-slap of the pistons under your car's hood —see smoke from the exhaust—feel lack of power on the hills —then it's time for you to get a Ramco Overhaul, the time-tried method of low-cost motor reconditioning.

You'll stop adding oil between drains; you'll save gallons of gas—probably save the price of the job itself in just a few months. And what astonishing new pleasure you'll find in your car's restored smoothness, power and responsiveness! Truly Ramco restores "new car" pep and performance to a simply amazing degree!

But remember!—Ramco is widely imitated. Its revolutionary results have forced others to attempt to duplicate them—have flooded the market with "just as good" rings by the dozen. So *insist* on the original Ramco Overhaul that has had many years of car-owner testing in millions of cars.

That there is *no* substitute for Ramco is strikingly illustrated by the FREE booklet which this coupon will bring you. Mail it today and find out how to buy "new car" economy and power for your car out of your oil and gas savings.

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Will Save Cost in Six Months

"I was using a quart of oil to every 5 gallons of gas. Then I had a Ramco Overhaul. After it, I used less than a quart per thousand miles. I figure I will save the entire overhaul cost in 6 months driving."
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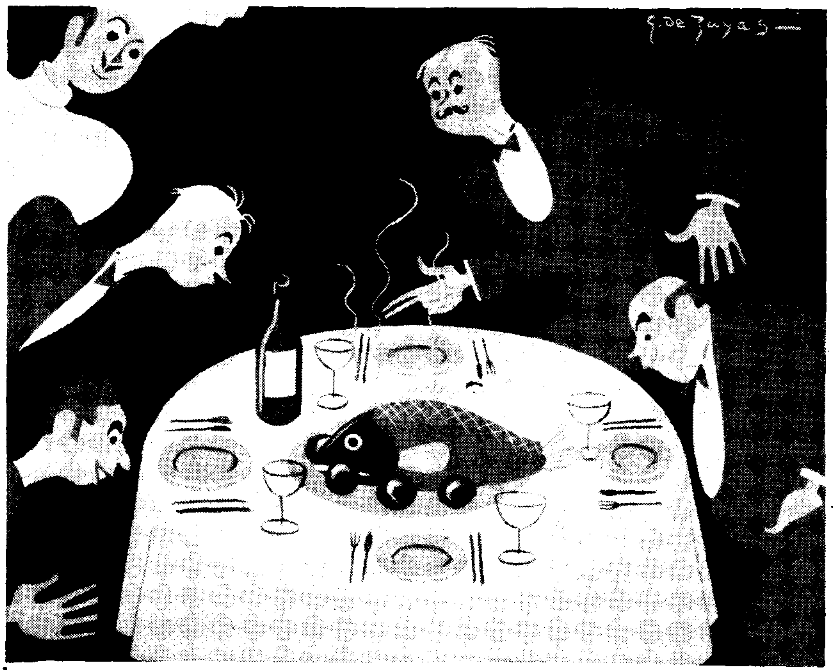


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Les Amis d' Escoffier, a New York society of about a hundred maitres d'hôtel, chefs, wine stewards and other famous gourmets, considers its banquets of such importance that, two days before the scheduled date, the entire dinner is served to a "rehearsal committee" of four who endeavor to detect and correct any imperfections in the service, food and wine.

Edgar Allan Poe achieved the unique distinction of having solved, under the guise of fiction, a real police mystery before the police themselves. In his book "The Mystery of Marie Roget," he gave a true account, as was proved by subsequent confessions, of what had happened in the famous case of Marie Cecilia Rogers in New York.

A pin is no more dangerous than a needle when used in puncturing the skin; much hair on a man's chest is not an indication of muscular strength; and the so-called "growing pains" in children are not a normal or natural condition, but—in the majority of cases—a local manifestation of rheumatism.

Perfectly balanced dice, it is believed, have never yet been produced. The weight or lack of weight resulting from the different number of spots on each side of the cubes requires compensation of a precision beyond the skill of dice manufacturers.—*By Gordon Morris, Santa Monica, California.*

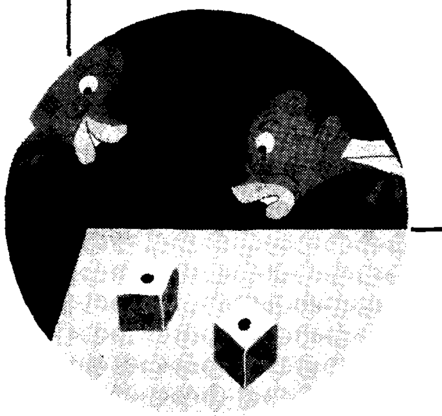
Some women are so fastidious that they even "dress" flowers for parties. Changing the shape of the petals with scissors, the odor of the blooms with liquid perfume or the color of the blossoms with dye is not uncommon. In New York City recently a lady spent $2,000 to have some white chrysanthemums tinted a certain pink to match the icing on her wedding cake.

When robbing an establishment equipped with an electric protective system shrewd burglars have, in the past, forced the night watchman to "pull" his signal boxes on time because, if he failed to do so, the central office would rush police to investigate the reason. Modern boxes, however, are made so the watchman can send a secret call for help, along with his regular signal, without arousing suspicion.

Raw hamburger sandwiches often contain raw pork as well as beef, and some of this meat carries the dreaded trichinae, the worms which cause trichinosis. Countless Americans are now afflicted with this disease, from having eaten raw or undercooked pork from hogs which have been infested through feeding on garbage that has harbored infested rats.—*By R. M. Hofferd, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

Marcello Malpighi (1628-1694), the Italian physiologist whose discoveries did so much to advance the knowledge of anatomy, has more structures of the human body named after him than other man in history.

Captains of ships flying the American flag have no civil or ecclesiastical authority to perform a marriage ceremony.—*By Ruth McBurney, Rochester, New York.*



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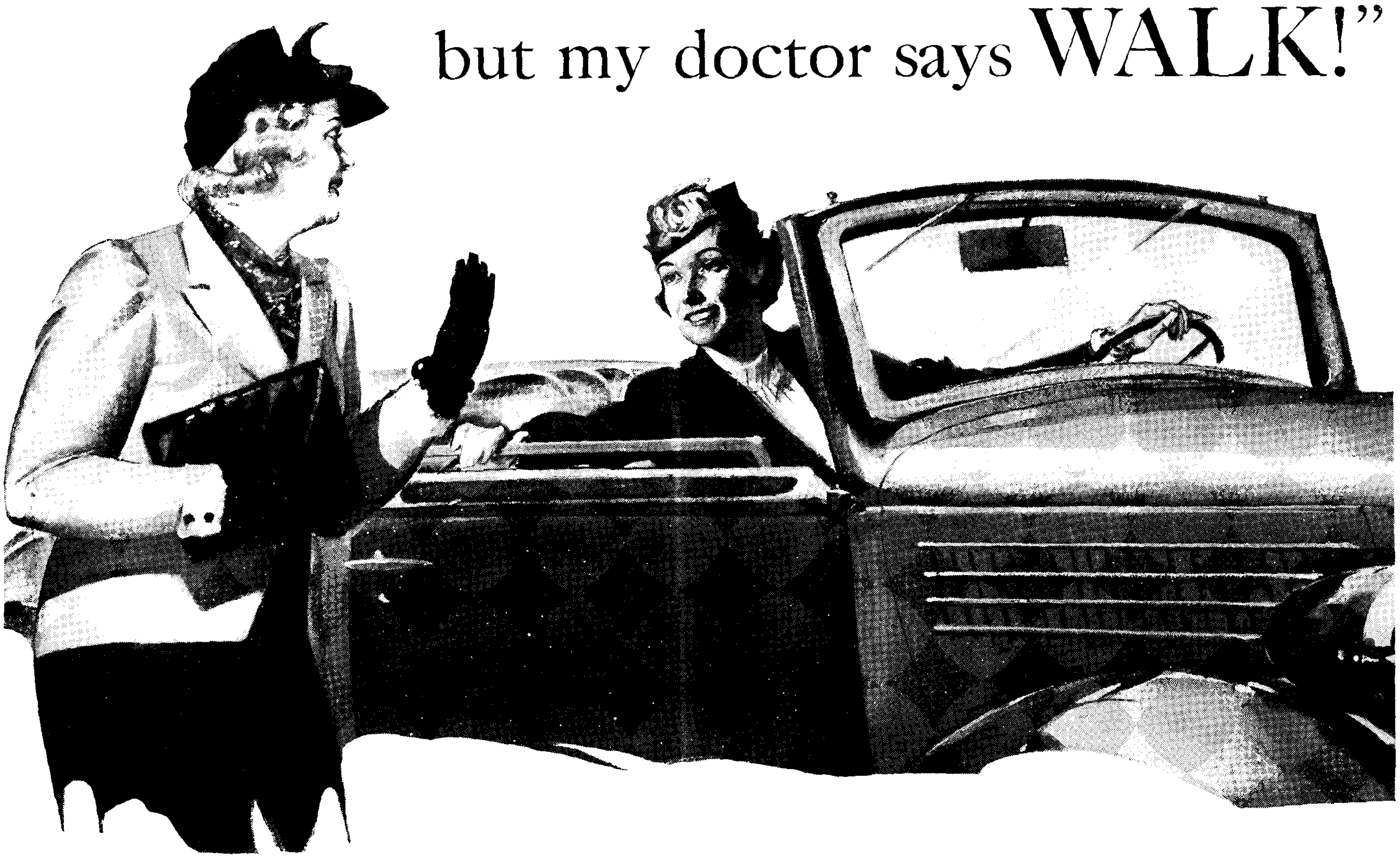
"RIDE? I'd love to— but my doctor says WALK!"

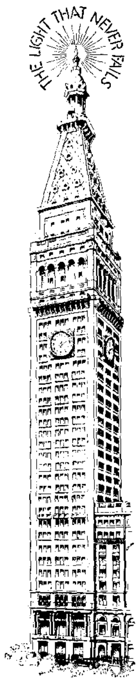


PEOPLE who are well fed—too well fed—and who do not use up excess food in work or play are especially liable to develop diabetes. Many are inclined to press a button, turn a switch, or telephone to get what they wish, with little or no physical effort.

If you are overweight and more than forty, it does not necessarily follow that you will have diabetes—but you are far more likely to get it than if you are underweight. You should be on guard, especially if there is a history of the disease in your family.

Diabetes begins when the body can no longer produce enough insulin to make use of the sugar and starch in a normal diet. In many mild cases of the disease the doctor may prescribe a special diet only. In serious cases, the person who cannot make a sufficient supply of insulin in his own body must supplement it with other insulin.

Until Dr. Frederick Grant Banting and his associates made their great discovery of a substitute for human insulin, diabetic patients, except those with the disease in mild form, were in desperate straits. Before that, by living on a severely restricted diet, with nearly all sugar and starch removed, the end could be postponed. But it was a grim, losing fight. That is all changed now. With insulin, diabetes can almost invariably be brought under control. Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live normal, healthy lives. It has lifted adult diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to resume their regular occupations.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Diabetes may cause no pain and little inconvenience in the beginning. Sometimes its presence is unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. But it can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

When insulin is needed, it is dangerous to delay its use. Coma and other serious complications may result. Better and more effective compounds of insulin, which reduce the number of necessary daily treatments, are being steadily developed. Physicians, everywhere, who have become familiar with the new, slow-acting insulin, are rapidly making it available to their diabetic patients.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Diabetes." Address Booklet Department 637-C.

Keep Healthy — Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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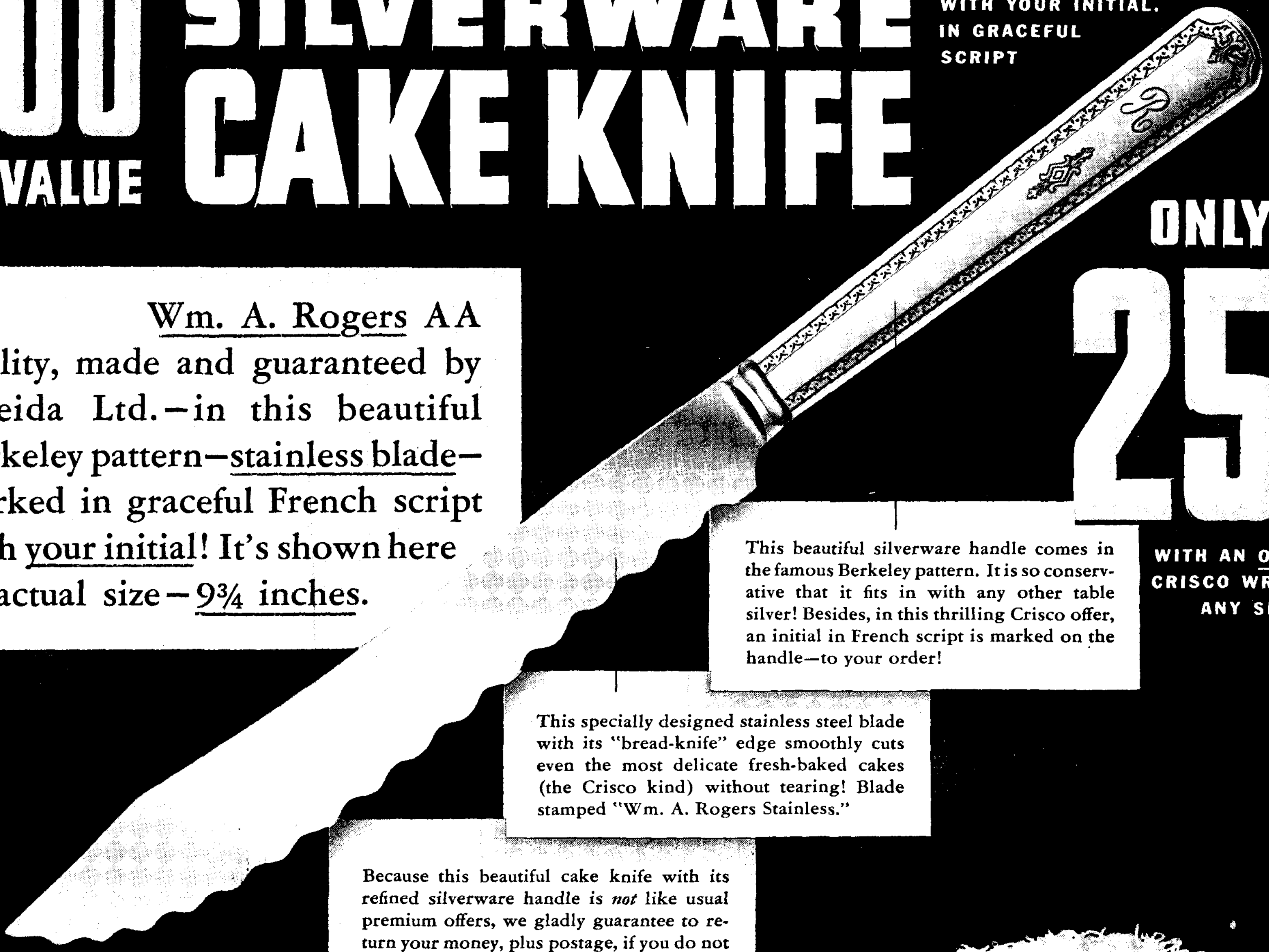

Wm. A. Rogers AA quality, made and guaranteed by Oneida Ltd.—in this beautiful Berkeley pattern—stainless blade—marked in graceful French script with your initial! It's shown here in actual size—9¾ inches.

This beautiful silverware handle comes in the famous Berkeley pattern. It is so conservative that it fits in with any other table silver! Besides, in this thrilling Crisco offer, an initial in French script is marked on the handle—to your order!

This specially designed stainless steel blade with its "bread-knife" edge smoothly cuts even the most delicate fresh-baked cakes (the Crisco kind) without tearing! Blade stamped "Wm. A. Rogers Stainless."

Because this beautiful cake knife with its refined silverware handle is *not* like usual premium offers, we gladly guarantee to return your money, plus postage, if you do not think this cake knife is worth $1.00.

Offer made solely to introduce new Super-Creamed CRISCO!

Important: Just say "Crisco" at your store and you'll get new super-creamed Crisco. The blue-and-white outside wrapper looks the same as always—send it to get this lovely silverware cake knife!

Look at the photograph shown above and you'll agree that Crisco's offer is too grand to miss—an unusual silverware cake knife that will cause "oh's" of admiration when you use it! And will your friends comment when they taste a cake made with new super-creamed Crisco! "Luscious!" "So much lighter!" they'll say. "How do you do it?"

How you do it is Crisco's brand-new secret. Crisco is not creamed just 2 or 3 times—it's creamed over and over to a miraculous creaminess! And the ease of it all! Why, super-creamed Crisco mixes with sugar and eggs in only 30 seconds! And cakes become miracles of lightness!

But don't save new super-creamed Crisco just for cakes or company cooking! This pure vegetable shortening has other miracles to offer you. It's so easy-to-blend that you'll roll out pie crusts that are meltingly tender! And what temptingly crisp fried foods, just as mellow inside as if *baked!* Of course, they're *digestible*, like Crisco cakes and pies! This miracle of Crisco's digestibility is famous in over 11 million homes!

Enjoy the goodness of super-creamed Crisco now—and put that outside wrapper in the mail with 25¢ so you'll enjoy the beautiful cake knife, too!

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IMPORTANT! Don't save new super-creamed Crisco for only one kind of cooking. Use it for *all* your baking and frying—get the best cakes, pies and fried foods you ever tasted!

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Cincinnati, Ohio

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(If no initial desired, leave above space blank)

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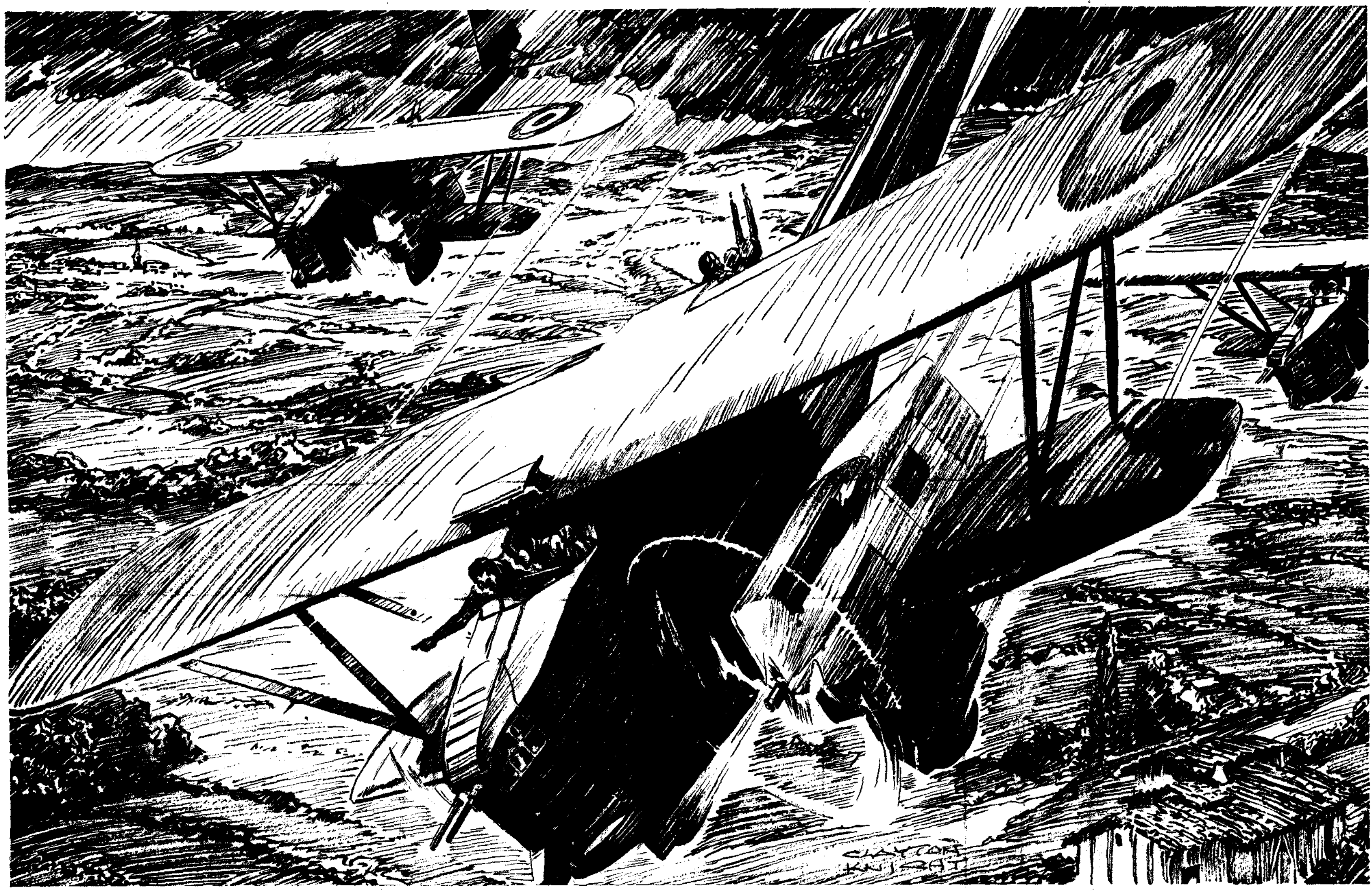


The peasant shouts. He yells, but does not speak, and with his finger points to a wood

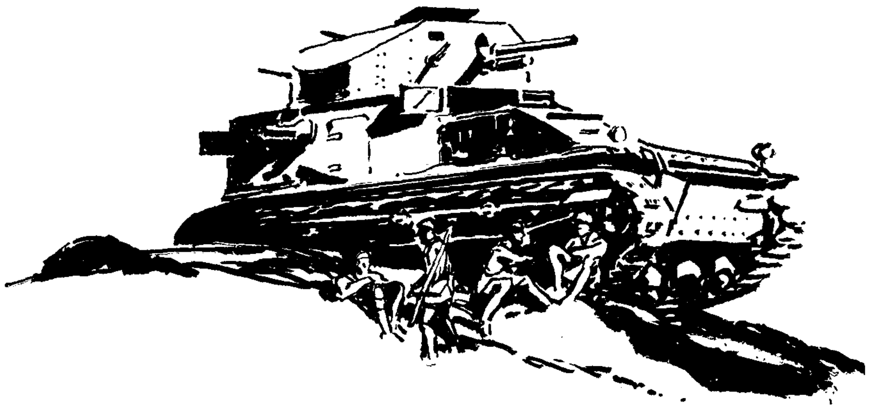
This is War

By André Malraux

André Malraux is commander of an air squadron in the Spanish civil war. In the past he has fought in China, made archeological expeditions in Cambodia and Siam, shared in the discovery of the legendary city of Sheba in Arabia. He has found time, between battles and expeditions, to become one of the foremost living novelists. Here he gives you some unforgettable scenes of Spain at war

IT IS the Epiphany, the feast of the Three Kings, the great festival of the children of Spain. In the morning when I came to the War Ministry all the streets were filled with armored cars. They have been passing by all day long, while one hundred kilometers away the International Brigade and the columns of militiamen captured, lost and recaptured the Teruel cemetery. It is the first children's feast since the birth of the new Spain, and the trade unions have wanted to give them a celebration such as they have never had before. For a week the workers have been busy all night making cardboard figures taken from the animated cartoons which the children have been clamoring for, and, in addition to the traditional cake fortresses, the old bulls, the kings and the playing-card characters, twelve-foot figures of Mickey Mouse and Felix the Cat have on this occasion invaded Valencia.

My car is taking me back from the War Ministry to the front. It is three o'clock in the morning. In the starlight that breaks through the clouds one senses the tall buildings around the great square, grounded in the night like the prows of old Spanish galleons. The blue wartime lights, like the blue lights of deep-sea fishes, cast a faint glow over the square and the shadows of Mickey Mouse figures are swallowed up by the asphalt that is wet from the last brief shower. When the automobile reaches the broad boulevards that encircle Valencia we are stopped by the heavy traffic. We turn on our headlights for a moment: all the characters that people the dreams of children, from the early dreams of Christianity to those of American children, from the Magi to Mickey Mouse, are there in a jumble; and between their legs some of the thousands of children who have come for the feast of the Epiphany have sought refuge from the rain that may start again any moment and have fallen asleep.



Here and there for miles we come upon these great phantoms of childish dreams abandoned in the night, as if the genii of all races were to come here to fetch them for the dreams of all the children who sleep. On each base, around their legs, the dimmed automobile lights reveal in passing a cluster of children, calmly asleep—stretched out like the wounded of Teruel a little farther on, on the same ground.

The dull explosions from the cannon of Teruel, that seem imperceptibly to shake the earth, seem at the same time to shake these frail phantoms above the serene slumber of all the motionless children, their arms relaxed in gestures of the dead.

A battalion of militiamen is leaving for the front. They are heading toward the Prado, and the loud strains of the Internationale draw nearer. When they are almost immediately below my window, at the moment when the singing should be loudest, it subsides, only to pick up again a little farther on, on a lower note, muffled. I go to the window;

a blind man, holding his white cane out in front of him, is walking down the middle of the street. None of those adolescents on their way to the battle front has dared to push him aside, and he advances against the current of the marching militiamen who go around him on both sides, and stop their singing. After they have passed him and gone on a little way their song again breaks out, in a more sober strain. The blind man continues forward, throwing back his shoulders as almost all blind men do, distressed by this crowd which he cannot see, and which is silenced by his presence—and, surrounded by an empty circle as by the respectful terror with which the blind men of old were regarded, not understanding and wanting to escape, he walks faster and faster; and the militiamen swerve aside before he touches them, as though to let Destiny pass by.

I saw him again. The Moors were in Carabanchel—at the gates of Madrid. Those of us who had fought in the infantry and were used to hearing the tom-tom of the Moors at night opened the windows to listen; but the wind was coming from Madrid, and we could hear nothing in the rainy night, not even the rattle of machine guns. After nine o'clock the patrol of the thoroughfares was extremely strict, and the streets were almost wholly deserted.

From the top of one of the big hotels, no doubt for the benefit of the police, a searchlight periodically swept the street. Suddenly before me, in the vast flood of light, appeared two enormous hands, hands fifty feet long, that vanished into the night. The police and the militiamen no doubt knew the blind beggar and had let him pass. He was without a cane and was protecting himself with his groping hands; he was barely visible in the beam from the searchlight, but his outstretched hands, trembling like those of a god of the night, seemed to be seeking the living and the dead with a frightful maternal gesture.

On the outskirts of a village between Madrid and Talavera the dynamiters were awaiting the enemy tanks.

Messengers would come and give them the warning signal. For the time being there was nothing to do but wait. They were in a deserted bar, telling each other stories.

Señor Gorde Retreats

"I took part in the retreat with Gorde and Sabranek. They are both miners in the country where they come from; they were assigned to the company at our rear back of the village. At that time there weren't any dynamiters. They had both been machine gunners in the army, and so they were put on the machine guns. The first day of the attack their company of machine gunners was detailed to hold a small wood. Hell was popping right and left, when they suddenly noticed that their two flanking companies had been pushed back and that they were surrounded by Moors. There was nothing to do but to take to their heels and try to get through; make a three-hundred-yard dash, stop, fire a roll, make another three-hundred-yard dash. So off they went, jumping like rabbits, taking their Hotchkiss with them. After the first three hundred yards they stopped and began to fire. It was Gorde who was at the gun. He shot his roll. The Moors were falling in their tracks, just like in the movies, but they were bound to catch up to them.

"'Beat it!' shouted Sabranek. The other continued to tinker with his roll.

"'Beat it, for God's sake!' He continued to tinker with his roll, sitting 'way back in the saddle, and then opened fire. The Moors once more began to go down. Exasperated, Sabranek let go with his booted foot and kicked him in the pants again and again. The other got up, hesitated a moment. And again Sabranek kicked him in the tail. Then with both arms Gorde grabbed his machine gun and took to his heels, running full speed right into the enemy, with Sabranek behind him still yelling at the top of his lungs. And they both disappeared over the ridge held by the Moors, like Laurel and Hardy. I can't get over seeing them again here. I thought they'd been killed."

Others, outside, are sitting or lying down with their horse blankets wrapped round them, giving the effect of a Mexican army, minus the sombreros. The flames at intervals light up the faces, as in engravings of the Napoleonic wars.

Bombs While You Wait

"Pedro was in the Asturias in '34 with Gonzales Pena. We were fighting with one bullet to every five men. When the cartridges were empty the women gathered them up, put them in their salad baskets, and the baskets went off in a truck to be reloaded with bullets. The enemy planes chased the armored trains that scurried into the tunnels, waited till the planes went back to refuel, and then made a dash for another tunnel. And so on. The peasants were fighting all around Miejes. It was the last day. Nothing more could be done. But they needed three hours to prevent the outer flanks of the Moorish guard which was advancing like a crescent toward Miejes from closing together, and to evacuate all who could be evacuated.

"There was still quite a bit of dynamite that came from the mines. But nothing to make bombs with. No copper, no steel. The Moors were advancing. In a little peasant hut the committee was deliberating. The Moors were advancing. A strange rumbling was beginning to make the walls tremble. It was not an earthquake: the walls were trembling, but not the ground. And it was not cannons: it was a dull, but multitudinous sound, like thousands of muffled drums. Pedro went outside, and the moment he opened the door the noise of machine guns, like the ripping of cloth, could be distinctly heard in the room beneath the rumble that was growing louder and was as mysterious as ever. Suddenly a cow appeared in the main street, hesitated, passed in front of the central committee shack and fled down the other end of the street. A bull ran after her, with the jerky, nervous gallop of the *corrida*. And when Pedro saw a rabbit scurrying toward him, he understood.

"To encircle the town, the Moors were advancing as for a roundup. Game and cattle, thrown back on Miejes by machine-gun fire, were beginning to pour in among the peasant huts on the outskirts, toward the center, and it was the sound of thousands of hoofs that was making the ground shake. The cattle were coming down the mountain with the rumble of great herds returning from pasture. And now, seemingly

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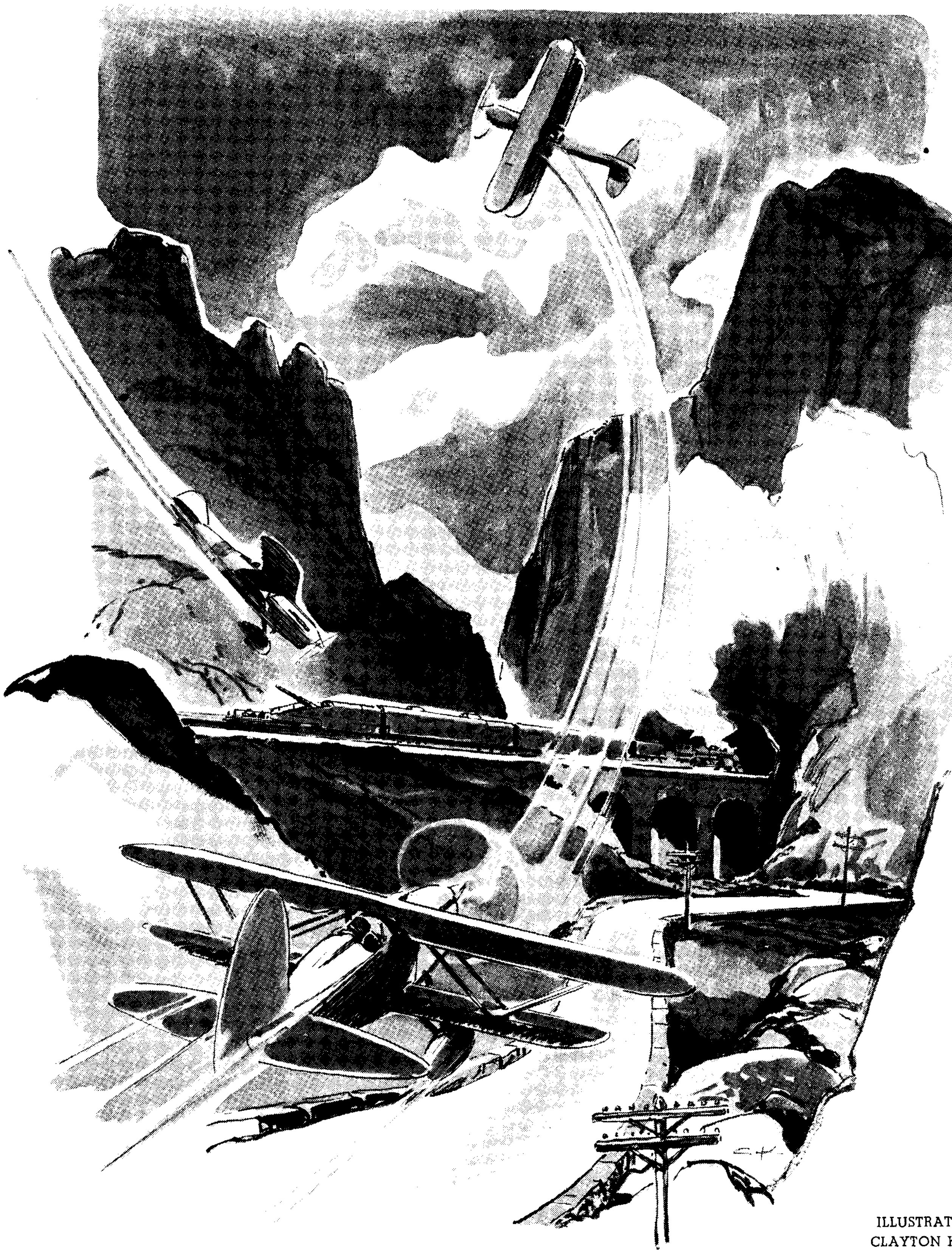
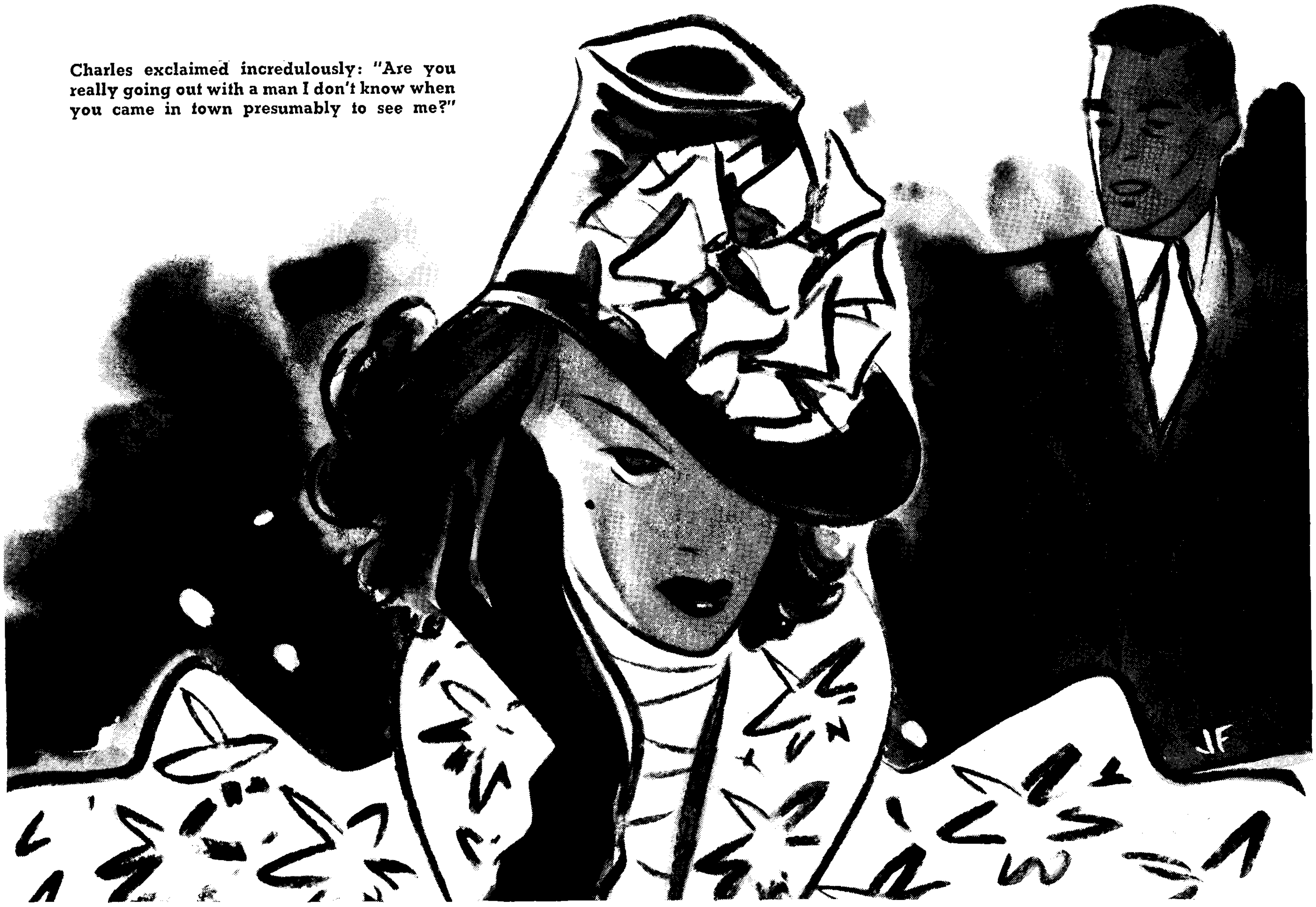


ILLUSTRATED BY
CLAYTON KNIGHT

The trains scurried into the tunnels, waited until the planes went back to refuel, and made a dash for another tunnel



Charles exclaimed incredulously: "Are you really going out with a man I don't know when you came in town presumably to see me?"

Men Are Difficult

By Burnham Carter

The science of married bliss, one phase of which concerns the torture of husbands, demonstrated by Mary Ellen Conroy, who knows her own strength

IT WAS raining in the country—for the third successive day—and Mary Ellen opened her eyes to a sodden morning, with a distinct feeling of depression. The bedroom window stuck when she tried to close it, and then came down with a bang, bruising the heel of her hand. Outside on the garden terrace, the flower beds were pools of water, and there were long tongues of mud running onto the lawn.

She went downstairs in her dressing gown for breakfast—an action of which she did not approve. She thought that one should either have breakfast in bed—which was a winter luxury—or else dress and go down for it; but today she could not face dressing without coffee. Peter, aged 4, ran in, all smiles, tripped over a toy wagon and became, immediately, all tears.

"You look just like that windowpane," Mary Ellen told him, pointing to the rain coursing down the glass.

The comparison diverted his attention so that he forgot his crying. He took the string of the wagon and began pulling it noisily around the table.

"I can't eat my breakfast if you do that," Mary Ellen said.

"Why not?" Peter demanded.

"It makes too much noise."

"I like noise," Peter said. "That's why I'm doing it."

"You can do it in your own room, Peter, but not here."

"No," said Peter stubbornly. "It doesn't make as much noise in my own room." He began to circle the table, but cautiously.

"Peter Conroy!"

"Oh, all *right,*" Peter said, and stamped out to the kitchen.

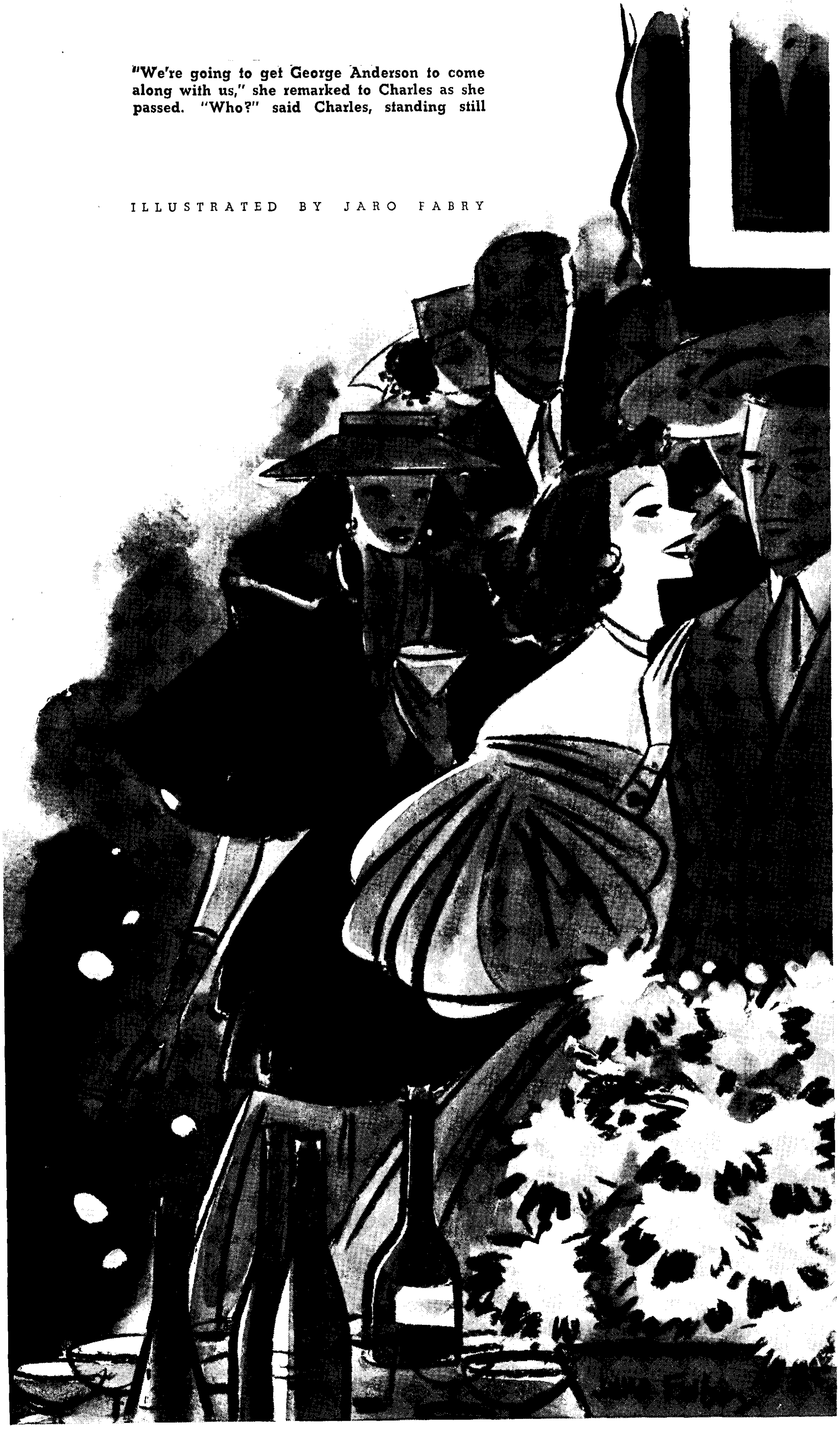
MARY ELLEN foresaw that he was going to be difficult. The whole day would be difficult. The whole week had been difficult. She had not seen Charles for ten days. He had not come up from the city the previous week end because of a business trip, and the coming week end was still three days off. It was one of those dull, headachey intervals in every summer when she suddenly wanted to get away from the monotone of the country—from the consultation in the kitchen, the automobile drive to the stores, the nodding to country friends, the unceasing prattle of Peter—wanted, more than anything else, to meet Charles in their city apartment and go to some very smart place for dinner and call up somebody they knew—anybody. To eat food she had not previously bought in the raw; to have it served efficiently, by people for whom she wasn't responsible; to wear a daring dress; to talk the banter of city people at a small table beside a glaring dance floor—

"Gosh," Mary Ellen said, walking up and down the long room, staring at the streaming trees, the sullen sky. "Damn!"

"Excuse me, ma'am." Agnes, the maid, spoke to her. "The bath in Peter's room seems to be broken and spills on the floor."

"I'll call the plumber," Mary Ellen said. There was an expression on her face which made Agnes omit any reference to the additional fact that Peter had just knocked over the coffee percolator.

Rebellion rose in Mary Ellen's heart



"We're going to get George Anderson to come along with us," she remarked to Charles as she passed. "Who?" said Charles, standing still

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

as she went to the telephone, and decision leaped almost simultaneously to her mind. She called the plumber and then telephoned Charles' office in New York.

"Who is calling, please?" his secretary asked.

"Mrs. Conroy."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Conroy." The polite impersonal voice tipped its hat, and put it on again. "I'll see if he's in."

Then Charles: "Hello."

THAT was one of the most irritating things about Charles, and Mary Ellen had meant to speak to him about it before, on several occasions; but she either forgot or it seemed unimportant when he was with her; he knew perfectly well who was calling, because his secretary told him, but he always said "Hello" in that businesslike way, as if she were a traveling salesman—never "Hello, Mary Ellen," in his cheerful home manner. Men in their offices were perverse creatures.

"This is your wife," she said primly.

"Yes. Is anything wrong?"

"No. I'm bored, and it's raining up here, and I think I'll come to New York."

"What for?" Charles asked.

She could have stamped her foot in vexation. Were all husbands like this in their offices? They acted as if you had not independent intelligence and were interrupting them while a dozen people waited to talk to them. "Oh," said Mary Ellen wildly, "I want to buy a new hat."

There was a silence at the other end of the telephone. She waited grimly. It served him right if the remark sounded ridiculous.

"Well," said Charles slowly, "it's a long way to come for a hat." He meant: "It's a pretty expensive trip, just for a hat." She knew that was what he meant, but she ignored it.

"I'll be down right after lunch," she said.

"All right."

"We might even have dinner together—unless you're engaged."

"Yes, sure. Are you spending the night?"

"Maybe. But don't let me interfere with your plans."

The sarcasm was lost on Charles, who at that moment was making a rapid mental survey of the condition in which he had left the apartment. He could not recall any misleading evidence. He loved Mary Ellen and he was no philanderer — but experience had taught him that wives tended to exaggerate the signs of gaiety in the apartments they had abandoned for the summer. "What time will you be at the apartment?" he asked.

"About six."

"All right."

There was a pause. He might say something about being glad to see her, Mary Ellen thought. He didn't.

"Well, goodby," she said.

"Goodby," Charles said calmly.

ONCE on the train, conscious of being neatly dressed in a brown summer suit with alligator shoes, Mary Ellen felt better. The new hat was not such a bad idea, either, and her spirits rose as she shopped for it in New York. It wasn't until she took the bus for their apartment that she felt a slight pang of conscience at having spent the money. But it probably hadn't cost any more than one or two of those night clubs she occasionally overheard Charles discussing with her friends in an unguarded moment. Besides, the apartment was in dreadful condition—which seemed, in some curious way, to justify the hat: there were little piles of cigarette butts in the trays—a couple actually on the

(*Continued on page 42*)

Sam Snead - Golfer

By Quentin Reynolds

Sam Snead, a young man who, by all the signs, is going places in golf

"He's going to be the greatest golfer who ever played." That's Gene Sarazen's guess. But you don't have to wait for the future. Young Mr. Sam Snead is doing pretty good right now

Lining up a long one, Mr. Snead; in the background, Admirer Gene Sarazen

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR COLLIER'S

SAM SNEAD picked up something which looked like a shepherd's crook. He was on his way to school but he was early, so he examined the stick. Then he took it into his two hands by the end which wasn't curved and swung it carelessly at an acorn that was lying there in the road. The acorn soared proudly into the air—and Sam Snead had given himself his first golf lesson.

This was Hot Springs, Virginia, and Sam was a twelve-year-old kid who had never heard of Bobby Jones or Paul Runyan or Gene Sarazen or Ralph Guldahl, all four of whom are talking a great deal about Sam Snead today. Sam kept that crooked stick and every time he saw an acorn or a small stone on the road he'd send it flying with a crack of his stick. No one ever told him that he should keep his head down, his eye on the ball, and that the clubhead should always be under control up to the moment of impact. Like a natural baseball hitter, Sam Snead "just swang." He kept on swinging and then after a while he got a job caddying on the links at the Hot Springs club and he found much to his surprise that he had been swinging at those acorns just the way the good players swing at a golf ball.

Well, golf was all right but he hadn't time to play much, what with his high-school football. He was a good football player too, and when he finished high school he played a few games for a club team. At high school he'd been on the golf team but he never had any ambitions along that line. But he kept on caddying and playing a little—this time with a club. This was only six years ago. Today? Listen.

Snead was playing in the four-ball matches at Miami a few weeks ago and I was standing there with a chunky black-haired man and we were talking about his farm in Connecticut when Snead hit a nice one down the alley. The black-haired man stopped talking about his corn and his beets to say very calmly, "He'll be the greatest golfer of all time."

I shook that one off and said, "Who will?"

The black-haired man, whose name was Gene Sarazen, said, "That kid there. That kid Sam Snead. He never took a golf lesson in his life, yet he does everything right. He's been playing seriously only a few years, yet he's beating the best players in the world. When he's red hot you can't stop him. He's not red hot all the time but within a couple of years he will be. Then—remember I told you—he is going to be the greatest golfer who ever played."

I put it down to genial Gene's well-known propensity for giving his fellow golfers every possible break. I put it down to that until a few days later when I heard Bobby Jones say something. Someone asked Bobby Jones, "Who is the most promising of the youngsters now playing golf?"

Bobby laughed and said, "That's easy. Sam Snead is. I saw him at Bellair, when he was losing, by the way, but I forgot about the score; all I could watch was his swing. He has the absolutely perfect swing. He hasn't one mechanical fault that I can see." Jones hesitated and then said slowly, "He ought to be a very great player within a year or so. Very great."

In the locker room at the Hollywood Country Club during the Hollywood Open, some of the golfers and golf writers were talking of this and that and then someone said, "That young Snead seems to have blown up. Just a morning-glory, I guess."

Paul Runyan, the former P. G. A. champion, laughed right out loud and said, "Listen, give him another year and he'll be running everyone dizzy. He hits the ball too far and too straight to be anything but a great golfer. He doesn't look so good today maybe, but do you know he drove all night to make this tournament?"

Denny Shute, present P. G. A. titleholder, nodded his head. "He not only hits a ball almost as far as Jimmy Thompson does but he hits it straighter. He has great control of his shots, especially with his mashie-niblick. That never seems to miss. He's got heart, too. He showed me that in the Oakland Open when he needed two pars to win. He just stepped out and sank two long ones for two birdies."

One more witness before we talk to the young man himself. Ralph Guldahl, who did nothing during the winter but win the Western, the Augusta and the Miami Biltmore Open titles, is another who is loud in his praises of the youngster.

"He's going to be one of the greatest players the game ever saw. He's still a

(Continued on page 56)

HUNTING

By George Creel

In Collier's for December 26 Mr. Creel gave authoritative expression to "Roosevelt's Plans and Purposes." Here he discusses the men from among whom the six new members of the United States Supreme Court will be chosen—if Congress enacts the President's plan

WIDE WORLD

ACME

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Four whom Washington opinion holds certain of appointment to the Supreme Court if President Roosevelt's plan for enlarging the court is approved. In the picture at the upper left is Stanley Reed; at the right, Felix Frankfurter; below him, Donald Richberg, and, lower left, James Landis

WHO, what and where are the Six Young Men, oozing energy and vitality from every pore, that could be called upon to take over the Supreme Court burden, carrying the Constitution on their broad shoulders as though it were a feather? From the moment that President Roosevelt came forward with his reorganization plan, stinging Wheeler, Burke and other senators as with the bite of an asp, there has been a riot of speculation as to the justices that he would appoint in event of victory.

The opposition has not hesitated to charge that the new men would be supplied by Armour, Swift or some other large packing company, while Rooseveltians have been equally insistent that no appointment would be made that did not lift the Supreme bench to heaven-kissing heights. Scores of names have been suggested, many of them by the modest candidates themselves, but the inner circle of the Administration is finally agreed that selections will be made from this list:

Felix Frankfurter, aged fifty-four; James M. Landis, thirty-seven; Donald R. Richberg, fifty-five; Stanley Reed, fifty-two; Robert H. Jackson, forty-five; William O. Douglas, thirty-eight; Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., fifty-seven; Joseph Warren Madden, forty-seven; Robert M. Hutchins, thirty-eight; Judge Sam G. Bratton, forty-eight; Lloyd Garrison, thirty-nine; Charles Fahy, forty-four; Dean Acheson, forty-four, and Judge John J. Burns, thirty-six.

As will be seen, all are under sixty, the age limit intimated by the President, and while few are what might be called national figures, none is an unknown. Felix Frankfurter, of course, stands least in need of introduction, for the Harvard professor of law has been both hailed and attacked as the moving spirit behind many New Deal policies. Out of his classrooms, too, have poured Tommy Corcoran, Francis Biddle, Ben Cohen, Jim Landis, A. A. Berle, Jr., Charlie Wyzanski, Alger Hiss, Tommy Eliot and other important New Deal figures, all bearing the Frankfurter brand, for along with the law the slim, high-domed Viennese teaches social and political philosophy. After the Harvard years, the pick of the lot are usually handed over to serve a term as Justice Brandeis' law clerk, an association that adds nothing to their conservatism.

Landis was one of these, but instead of going on into private practice, went back to Harvard as an instructor in the law school. In 1933, however, he was called to Washington to aid in drafting the securities bill, then did a chore as a member of the Federal Trade Commission, and in 1934 changed over to the Securities and Exchange Commission, eventually succeeding Joe Kennedy as chairman.

From the time that he hung out his shingle in Chicago, Donald Richberg identified himself with the cause of the worker, and vied with Clarence Darrow as a special pleader for organized labor, representing the railroad brotherhoods in some of their greatest legal battles. Brought to Washington in 1933 as general counsel for the NRA, he displaced General Hugh Johnson in presidential favor, and for a while sat at the right hand of the Great White Father, spectacular in his exercise of supreme authority. Blamed for the "sick chicken" case, he lost his mandarin button, and is now the law partner of Joseph E. Davies, our ambassador to Russia.

Stanley Reed owes his higher education to Yale, Columbia and the University of Virginia, missing Harvard through an oversight. Although a Democrat, and not ashamed of it, no less than President Hoover lifted the Kentucky lawyer out of private practice in 1929, first appointing him general counsel of the Federal Farm Board and then transferring him to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the same capacity. Made solicitor general in 1935, it is generally conceded that he received the promotion by reason of his record rather than any political endorsement.

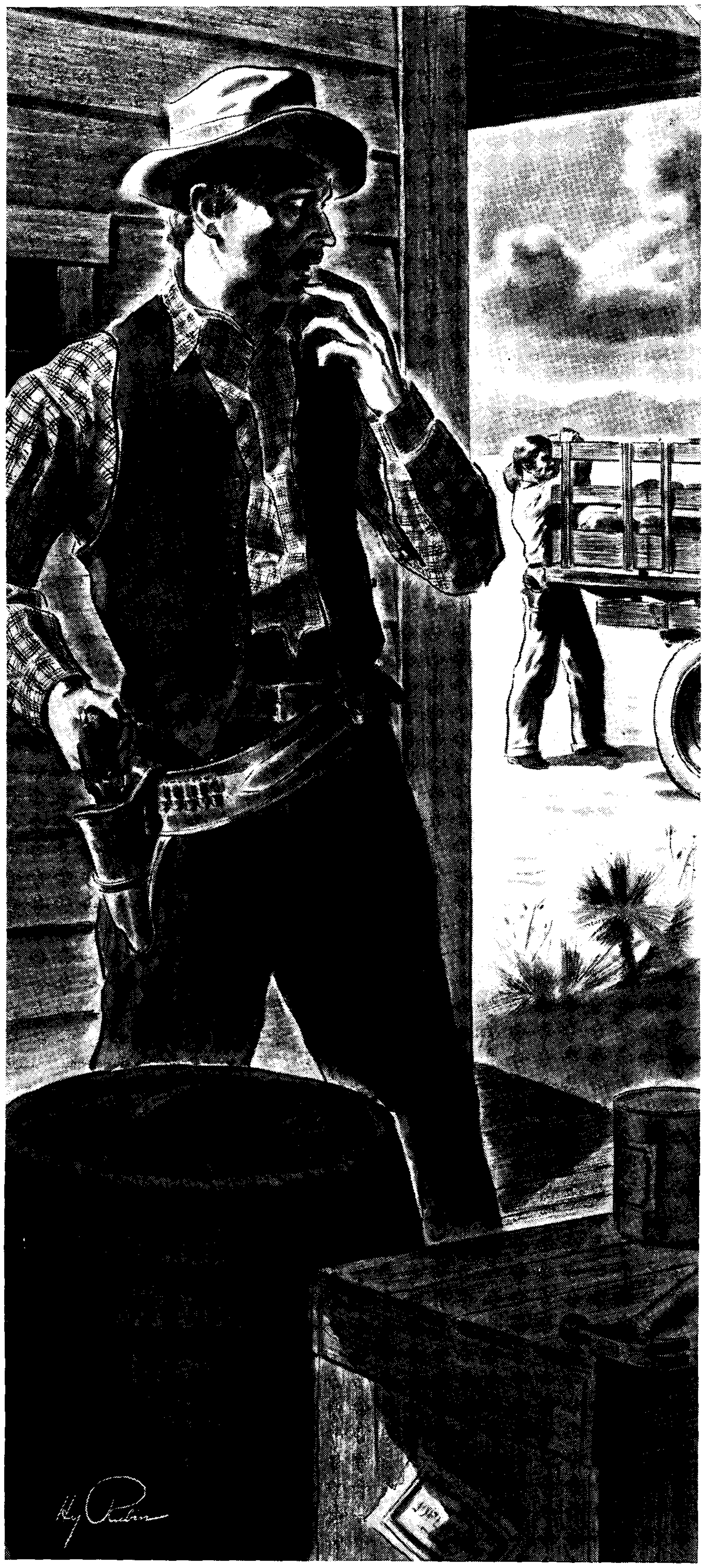
More than all others, Bob Jackson is the comet in the New Deal heavens. Jerked out of the comparative obscurity of Jamestown, New York, in 1934 to be counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue, he flashed into national prominence by his conduct of the $3,000,000 income tax case against Andrew Mellon. Loaned to the Securities and Exchange Commission, he won more headlines by

(Continued on page 84)

Safe and Easy

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN



With a noose waiting at the loser's end one chance in a million was one chance too many. He decided finally against the gun

THE holstered gun against Joplin's hip offered him a simple, easy way of winding up his partnership with Murray, but Joplin couldn't persuade himself to use it. He knew himself too well, knew that he hadn't the right kind of nerves, knew that his wrist would shake and his finger flinch on the trigger. Even if he managed to go through with it Murray might live long enough, with a bullet in his back, to turn and draw and shoot. Or there might be somebody else out here in the seemingly empty desert, somebody who would turn up just in time to ask questions that even Joplin's glibness couldn't answer. Joplin could feel an imaginary rope tighten on his throat at the thought. With a noose waiting at the loser's end one chance in a million, in a hundred million, was one *chance too many. He decided finally* against the gun.

He didn't let go of his resolve, though, to be rid of Murray. He couldn't give up that idea. This strike of theirs was big, so big that it mustn't belong to anybody but Rick Joplin. He couldn't bear the thought of having only half of it, of letting the other half be thrown away on a desert rat like Murray, a man with no more use for money than a burro, with no better notion than a burro's about what to do with it.

Helping Murray lift sacked ore to the bed of their truck was hard work for Joplin's spindling body, but he worked his wits harder still. There must be a right way to kill a man, a way that didn't need courage or strength or steady nerves, a sure way, and safe. Safe. . . .

Joplin almost laughed as the idea flashed into his mind. There was something comical about the absurd ease and simpleness and sureness of it, about its beautiful, perfect safeness. It was so safe that he could face the knowledge that he was going to use it without feeling even a little scared.

HE DIDN'T make the mistake, though, of taking safety or certainty for granted. Step by patient, plodding step he acted out the scheme in his mind, testing every inch of it for hidden flaw or danger. He could find no smallest danger in it, but there were a few dim possibilities of failure. Against one of these he saw how to take immediate action, the crafty, indirect kind of action that he liked.

"Another four days of eating alkali and getting the teeth jolted out of me," he grumbled, using the whining key that he knew always annoyed Murray most. "Ain't it about time you made one of these trips yourself, Murray? Don't I ever get my turn at laying around here, taking things easy, while you do a little of the dirty work, for a change?"

Murray only grunted, but it was answer enough for Joplin. Maybe there hadn't been much chance of Murray's taking it into his head to drive this load of ore to town, but it was better to make sure that he wouldn't. And Joplin was sure, now. He'd worked the trick before. Pigheaded, Murray was, and you could always head a pighead north by giving him the notion you were trying to drive him south. Even if Murray had been keen on making this trip he'd give up the idea, sooner than let it seem that he was giving in to Joplin, taking orders from him.

The device gave Joplin a pleasant feeling of foresight and cleverness. He kept on grumbling, to make still surer of Murray's staying, but inwardly he wanted to laugh. He was in such good humor that for once it didn't irritate him when Murray, after the last sack of ore was loaded, set about a slow, painstaking inspection of the truck and cargo. Always before this precaution of his had annoyed Joplin; it was as if Murray had said in words that he didn't think Joplin could be trusted to have motor and tires in order, to carry extra cans of oil and gas and water, even with his life depending on these things. Today it only whetted a finer edge on Joplin's secret mirth. In a little while Murray would find out just how careless Rick Joplin really was, just how dumb and short of sight!

"The pump ain't in the toolbox," Murray said. His voice always sounded rusty, as if it didn't get enough use to keep it in shape. "Must have forgot to put it back when you got through blowing up them tires last night."

"I'll go get it." Joplin managed to look and sound sulky, but more than ever he *wanted to laugh. If he hadn't forgotten* that pump, if Murray's fussiness hadn't found out about it, he'd have had to think up an excuse for going back to camp. His luck must be in, he thought; even his mistakes were working for him. He didn't run until he turned the angle of the hill's foot that hid him from Murray. Another lucky break, that pigheaded notion of Murray's to locate the camp in the narrow box canyon on the far side of the hill, out of sight of the mine. Joplin had grumbled about that, never guessing how well it was going to suit him.

THE two water barrels stood under an overhang of the rock wall. Joplin could hear himself laughing, low in his throat, as he pushed them over, as he stood back and watched Dan Murray's life splash down on the thirsty gravel and disappear.

He'd always supposed that if he ever killed a man he'd be afraid, afterward, and sorry, maybe. But he wasn't scared, now, not even a little, and as for being sorry—he laughed again at the thought. Sorry for having thought out a scheme like this and put it over? Sorry for owning all of the mine, instead of just a measly half of it? Sorry to have squared his score with Murray, to have wiped out all those little, well-remembered grudges, to have satisfied at last all the separate small spites that fed upon them, the one big, abiding hatred into which those little hates had merged and grown?

Sorry? Joplin's mouth twisted to a grin as he thought of Murray, sweating and grimy after his morning in the mine, leaning over those empty water barrels, starting on his useless, hopeless walk out into hundreds of miles of desert, the sun melting heat wrinkles in the air, the earth a slow fire underfoot. Even a desert rat like Murray wouldn't travel many of those thirsty miles, live through many of those blistered hours.

IT SEEMED comic now that he had ever been afraid to commit murder. If you had brains and used them it was easy; easy and safe. He laughed at himself as he started back, for those absurd fears. He was still grinning when he turned the last corner and saw the little cloud of white dust, a long, long way off, stared down at the scrawled message Murray had scratched on the flat stone propped on its edge between the tire prints.

> Herd you beef one time to menny stay heer yourself this trip and see how you like it.

Joplin ran, knowing the uselessness of running, after the vanishing, distant dust cloud. Easy. Easy and sure and safe. It seemed as if he could hear somebody echoing the words and laughing.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Go-Between

By Thomas Monroe

The story of Johnny Gallegher, who put his own life in forfeit for the happiness of the woman he loved

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

THE rain was coming down in straight thick lines and bouncing off the hood of the car so hard it sounded like a drum rolling. I swung up into Julie's long driveway and I was just thinking how nice it was going to be to get inside from the wet and outside a long stiff one when I saw every light in the house was blazing. That was funny; even with the storm it wasn't dark enough for all that. I had pulled up close to the steps and cut the motor before I noticed the front door was half open. Then I shoved my collar high around my neck and ran for it through the slushing gravel and I saw two cars parked I hadn't noticed through the streaming windshield. They were black sedans and by the red lights on the front they couldn't be anything but police cars.

The hall was empty. I pulled off my coat and slung it over a chair and started for the stairs but I was only on the first step when a big cop stepped out from nowhere and grabbed my arm.

"Who're you?" he said. He didn't look as though he wanted any fooling. I told him.

"Not your name," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm making what's known as a social call on Mrs. Gardner," I said to him, "and if I'm not too fresh, what are *you* doing here? Somebody steal the family silver?"

He didn't crack an eyelash and he didn't let go of my arm either. "No," he said, "but somebody stole the kid. I'm asking you, what's your business?"

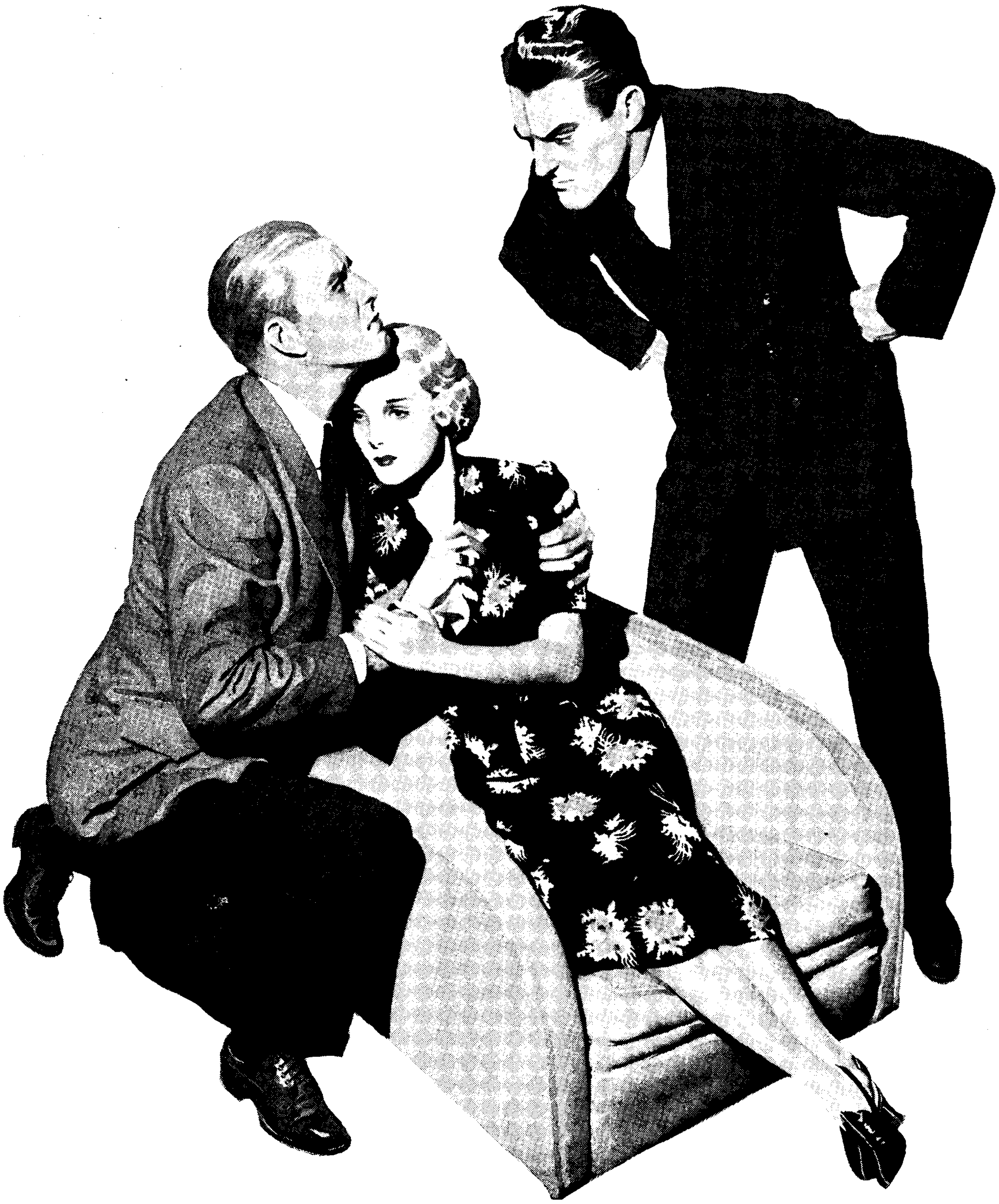
Then I had my arm twisted out of his hand and I was taking the steps two at a time. "Where is she?" I yelled at him, but he just stood there looking up after me. I kept going but I had a feeling it was only even money he wouldn't take a pot shot after me for luck. He had that kind of a face.

Julie was in the upstairs living room with a couple of flatfeet. She was a little pale and her eyes were wider than usual but she seemed to have everything pretty well under control. The dicks gave me a quick once-over as I came in but I went right on to Julie and knelt down by her chair and put my arms around her. Then I felt the way she was breathing and I knew she wasn't so much in control after all.

"Easy, darling," I said. "Hold everything now. We'll get her back all right."

The younger dick took his eyes from me to Julie and waited. He was a big guy with shoulders like a football player.

"This is Mr. Gallegher," Julie said to him; "a friend of mine." Then she dropped her head on my shoulder and she was shaking like a racing car. "Oh, Johnny," she said, "I'll die if they hurt her!"



The big dick started to answer me but Julie put her head up. She was trying hard to be steady

I TIGHTENED up my arms and asked what happened. The big dick started to answer me but Julie put her head up. She was trying hard to be steady.

"I was at the hairdresser's," she said, "and Wong had the afternoon off. They must have come in the back door. Nana was giving Jinny her bath and they hit her with something. She didn't even see them. Then they must have picked up Jinny and—" Julie choked a little but she went on. "She didn't have her clothes on, Johnny, they threw a couple of blankets around her—my baby." She started crying then, long, deep sobs. I pulled my arms around her tighter. The older dick was walking around the room but the football player nodded.

"Just like that," he said. "Clean."

"Any note?" I asked him.

"Nope." He looked out the window at the rain smashing down. "They sure picked a nice day for it," he said.

My knee was getting stiff from that floor but I didn't want to let go of Julie. I eased her back in the chair and sat on the arm. The football player stood there with his hands in his pockets and eyed me.

"Look," I said to him, "I think maybe a doctor. She's going to need one."

"On the way." He didn't move. Julie was still sobbing but not as hard. I saw lights flashing in the driveway and cars on the gravel. Then there were feet pounding in the hall and I figured the press had arrived.

The older one gave the younger the office and they both went outside. I had a feeling it wasn't far. That football player didn't seem to like me much.

"Julie," I said, "Julie, you've got to keep the chin up. We've got to get Jinny back. There's no time for crying."

She lifted her head after a minute and looked at me with those dark brown eyes brimming. I pulled her close and kissed her on the cheek where it was all wet and salty. Then I gave her my handkerchief without saying anything and she did things with it. She looked up again.

"Okay, Johnny," she said, and grinned. It was a pretty good grin, considering. I kissed her and got up.

"That's my girl," I said. "Now—I'm going and make sure the Government boys get going on this. I'm not impressed with the local talent."

"Won't these—these people that took Jinny want money?"

"Chances are," I said. "They usually do. But—"

"But what?"

"Oh, we'll see when they ask for it." I'd been going to say it was a sucker trick to give it to them when you never could be sure you'd get your child back. But I realized where that sort of conversation would lead. I took out my cigarettes and gave Julie one.

"No," I said, "there isn't much we can do until they make a contact. But I'm going to find out about these boys from Washington—right now." The door opened and the football player came in. By the way he looked I was sure he'd heard me.

"THE doc's here," he said to Julie. "Better let him take a look at you." A guy stepped in carrying a bag. The dick looked at me.

"Step outside, will you?" he said. I told Julie I'd see her later and went into the hall. He was right in back of me.

"What's the setup," he asked me when the door closed. He jerked his head back at the room. "You going with her?"

"You might call it that," I said. The older dick came down the hall and joined us without saying anything.

"Known her long?"

"About three months," I said, "She just came out then. From Chicago."

"What do *you* do?"

I told him I was in publicity. I could feel his eyes moving over me when I wasn't looking at him. And I could almost guess the next question.

"Got any idea what Mrs. Gardner's worth?"

"No. I never asked her. I imagine pretty well off."

"Why?"

"That's a little obvious, isn't it?" I said. "This house—all the rest of it."

"That why you're running around with her?"

I got sore then. "Listen," I said, "if it were, it wouldn't be any of your business, would it? Why don't you do something about finding that baby instead of asking me damn' fool questions?"

"We'll get around to that," he said. They were both eying me hard enough now. The older one spoke up for the first time. "Where were you this afternoon, sonny?" he said.

"Driving around making some calls. Want the list?"

"We might." Nobody said anything for a minute and then the football player went downstairs. I lit another cigarette and waited.

THE door opened and the doctor came out. He nodded to the dick and started down. "How's Mrs. Gardner?" I asked him.

"Pretty good. A little shock but she's holding up remarkably. I gave her something to quiet her nerves and put her to bed."

I looked at the dick. "Want me any more?" I asked him.

"If we do I guess we can find out." He sure wasn't very pleasant. I went down the stairs.

The hall was full of people and I was almost down before they spotted me. Then about seventeen flash bulbs went off and there were more cameras pointed at me than a visiting duchess would get. They didn't know exactly who I was but they weren't taking any chances.

I saw Shad Dugan of the Examiner and went over to him. "Tell the boys to give me a break, will you," I said. "After all, I was a reporter once."

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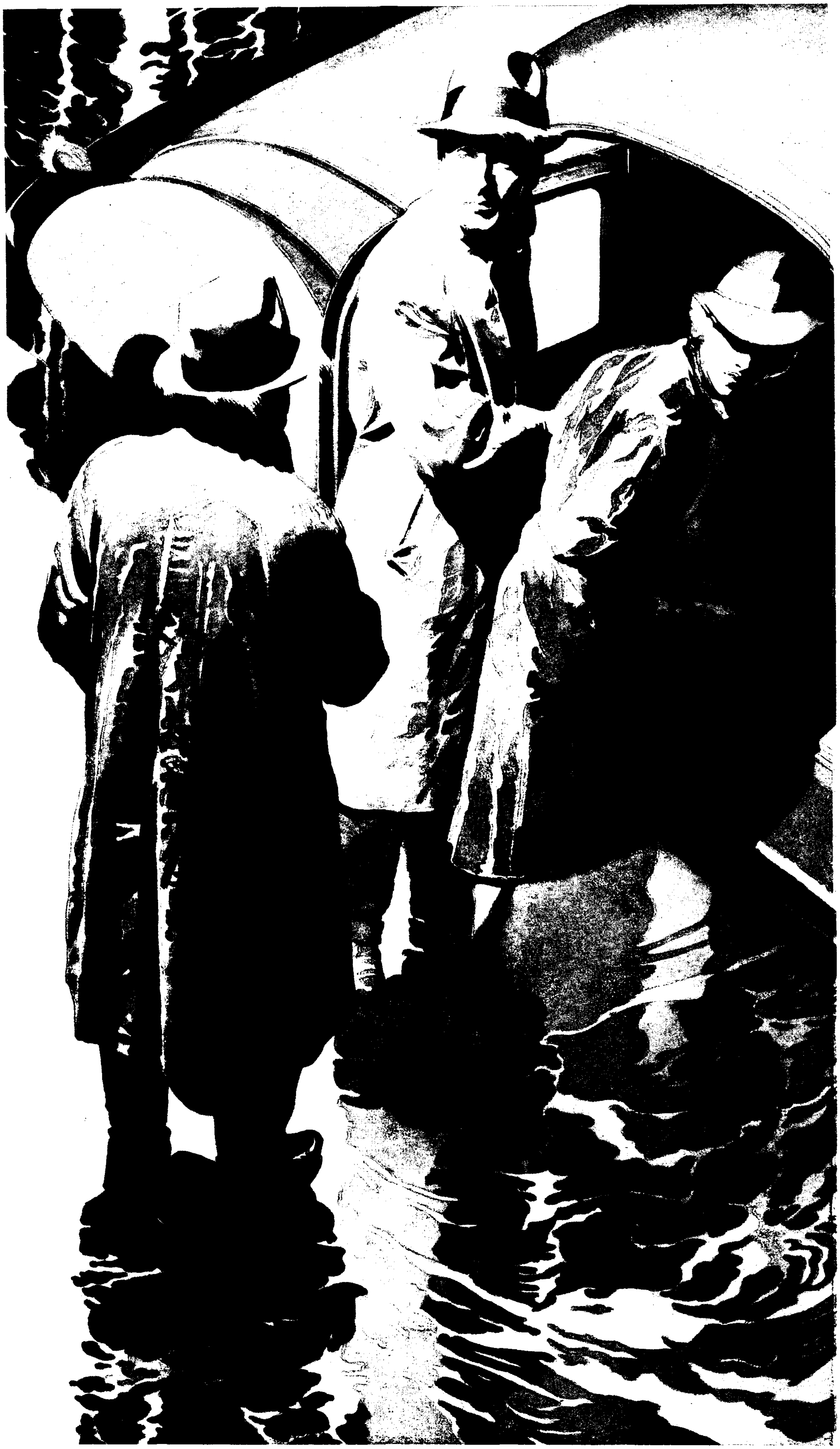
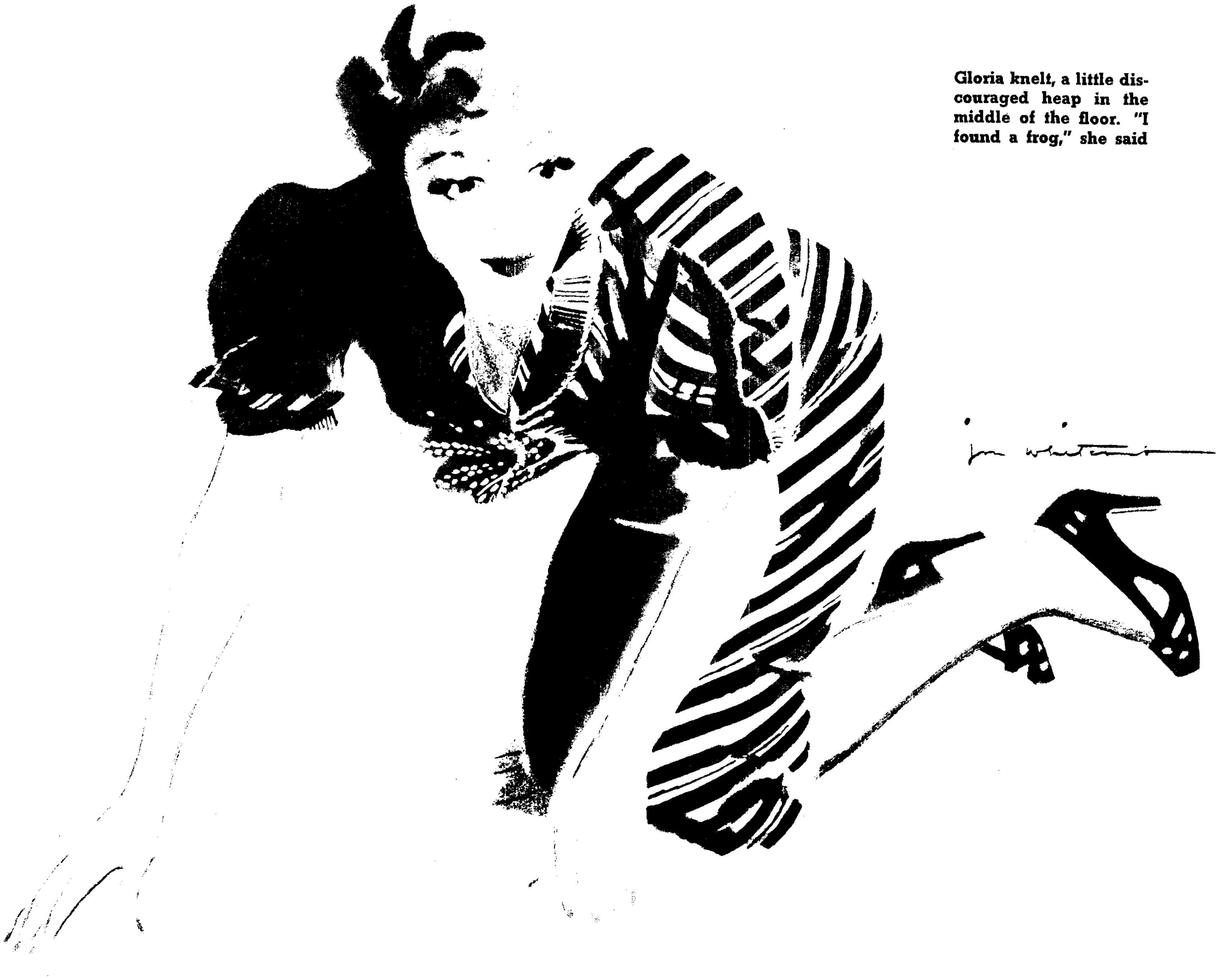


Cooley hung back. "I won't go," he said. "They may be spotting you. Good luck, Gallegher"



Gloria knelt, a little discouraged heap in the middle of the floor. "I found a frog," she said

Love for Sale

By Hagar Wilde

The curious case of Bill Hendricks, who came close to being an outsider at his own wedding. A highly surprising love story in which truth, money and greed play equally important parts

GLORIA HAYWARD'S basic cart-before-the-horseness had made itself evident twenty years earlier when she kept her parents waiting for three palpitant weeks and then arrived backward. As she progressed, angelic and toothless, through a wilderness of silence into the clearing of volition and a vocabulary it became palpable to her parents that they had committed an unpardonable blunder. They had produced a child who persisted in telling the truth.

Gloria stated facts in a loud, clear tone and let social procedure take care of itself. She was the kind of little girl that cautious parents hide in the nursery when an important dinner party is in progress. If she escaped it was more than likely that Mrs. Ellis would discover that it was ridiculous for a woman her age to dye her hair, that Mr. Talbot's golf game was a source of great annoyance to her father when he was forced into a foursome as Mr. Talbot's partner or that Mrs. Littleton played the most fantastic game of bridge her mother had ever encountered. She was not a diabolical child. She was merely fiendishly simple.

It was this simplicity in Gloria which, at the moment, had the Desant family by the back of its collective neck and was shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat.

Very few things could shake the Desant family to its foundations. In 1929 it had been roundly jounced when the bottom fell out of the stock market. In 1935 Carl Gifford of Baltimore had married and given it another jolt (they'd had plans about Leila's marrying Carl Gifford but he had eloped with an English aviatrix) and in 1937 half the remaining mortgages that gave them their perilous security had collapsed with a resounding thump. Something had to be done and quickly.

Leila became engaged to William Hendricks, a young man who had recently come into a spectacular fortune which had been made in a chain of dance halls by an aunt he had never seen.

Fortunately the Desants had held onto the Sea Island house. Now, in the drawing room, they were holding a council of war.

Leila paced the floor and said, "Why we had to have Gloria just this winter I don't know. Uncle Philip couldn't get sick last winter and send her. No. He had to get sick this winter and then have no money. I call it rotten luck." She glared at her parents as though they, personally, had contrived to have her uncle get sick, close the New York apartment and send them Gloria with her little hatchet in search of family cherry trees.

"If only," Leila said, "I hadn't made fun of him. But I did. Everybody did. And Gloria'll tell him. You watch. Oh, why, why, do I have to have her hung around my neck?"

"If we spoke to her—" James Desant said.

Leila threw up her hands and her eyes simultaneously. She did an imitation of her father speaking to Gloria: "Gloria, my dear, Leila didn't mean that Bill Hendricks was a fool to think that he'd be accepted by her friends. If he knew she'd said that he might not want to marry her. Isn't that so?"

Agnes Desant said, "It's quite true,

James. Gloria will say just anything and everything that pops into her head. I never did like the child."

"She's my dead sister's daughter," said James Desant, doggedly.

"She'll be your dead sister's dead daughter if she gums this for me," said Leila. She whipped out of the room. Bill Hendricks, with his look of eager friendliness and perpetual gratitude and wonder at his good fortune, was coming as their house guest. His letters to Leila after she consented to their marriage had been humble and awe-struck. She had torn each of them into shreds, furious and sick at the prospect of spending the rest of her life with a man who asked advice about the sort of tie he should wear with a wing collar.

Gloria came in from the patio, grinned amiably at her aunt and uncle. "When does the fatted calf arrive?" she said.

"What's that you have in your hand?"

"It's a frog."

Her aunt rose in unconcealed horror. "You are to get that frog out of the drawing room."

"He's a cute one," Gloria said. "Look." She opened her hand and the frog jumped out. "Oops," said Gloria, making clutching motions, "he got away."

Agnes stood, a tower of outraged matronhood, in the center of the room. "You are to get that frog out of the drawing room."

"Have to find him first," said Gloria, with admirable calm.

"And you are not to bring any more in."

Gloria nodded.

"And you are not," her aunt went on, "to discuss anything pertaining to—uh—family affairs with Mr. Hendricks."

"Oh, does he speak English?" said Gloria. "I got the idea that all he did was stand in corners and pay the check when it came around."

JAMES DESANT took a hand. He rose, adjusting his well-tailored-but-not-paid-for lapels. "Your aunt means that you are to maintain a decent reticence about things which are of no interest whatever to Mr. Hendricks," he said.

"I should think he'd want to know how much a year he's getting in for," said Gloria. "Look at Carter Bostwick. He was sore as anything when he found out he'd married Elsie's family."

"Your cousin Elsie married a bounder."

"A rich one," said Gloria.

Agnes put her hand to her forehead. "I feel a headache coming on. I think I'll lie down." She went away from there.

James Desant drew a deep breath, looking at his watch. In just one hour William Hendricks would arrive. He said, "It scarcely seems necessary for me to tell you, Gloria, that it will be most painful for me to find that you have pursued your usual course of telling a perfect stranger everything you know by the time you've been with him an hour."

Gloria blinked and pounced at a shadow. "Damn," she said, "where could he have got to?"

"And," James said, "after consideration of the matter, I feel it only fair to warn you that *if* you do I shall have to—uh—"

"Bounce me," said Gloria cheerfully.

"Send you back to your father. Have you found that frog?"

"No, sir."

"Well, find it."

"Yes, sir."

"And keep your mouth shut!" said James Desant savagely.

When Leila brought Bill Hendricks back from the station Gloria was crouched on the floor of her bedroom with her chin hanging over the windowsill. She watched them coming up the walk. Up to that moment her picture of Bill had been a weird one. Each time she thought of him she had seen a creature resembling a turtle wearing a dinner jacket that didn't fit properly.

Now she saw a tall young man in a brown suit with wavy brown hair and pleasant eyes helping Leila over the cracks in the sidewalk. Gloria felt a peculiar little chill up and down her spine. "Gosh," she said.

WHEN they reached the veranda Gloria lifted her voice to say, "Don Pierce called you up, Leila."

Leila said, "Thank you," between her teeth. Bill Hendricks looked up and smiled at Gloria. It was a most eager and friendly smile. Obviously Bill Hendricks liked and approved of everybody in the world and wanted everybody in the world to like and approve of him.

A moment later, without knocking, Leila came into her room. Gloria was still sitting on the floor in front of the window. Leila stood with her back against the door. "You are not to mention Don Pierce again in front of Bill."

"You mean I'm not to give you any messages?"

"You're not to *mention* him."

"If you're worried about that time I saw you kissing him in a car at the club,"

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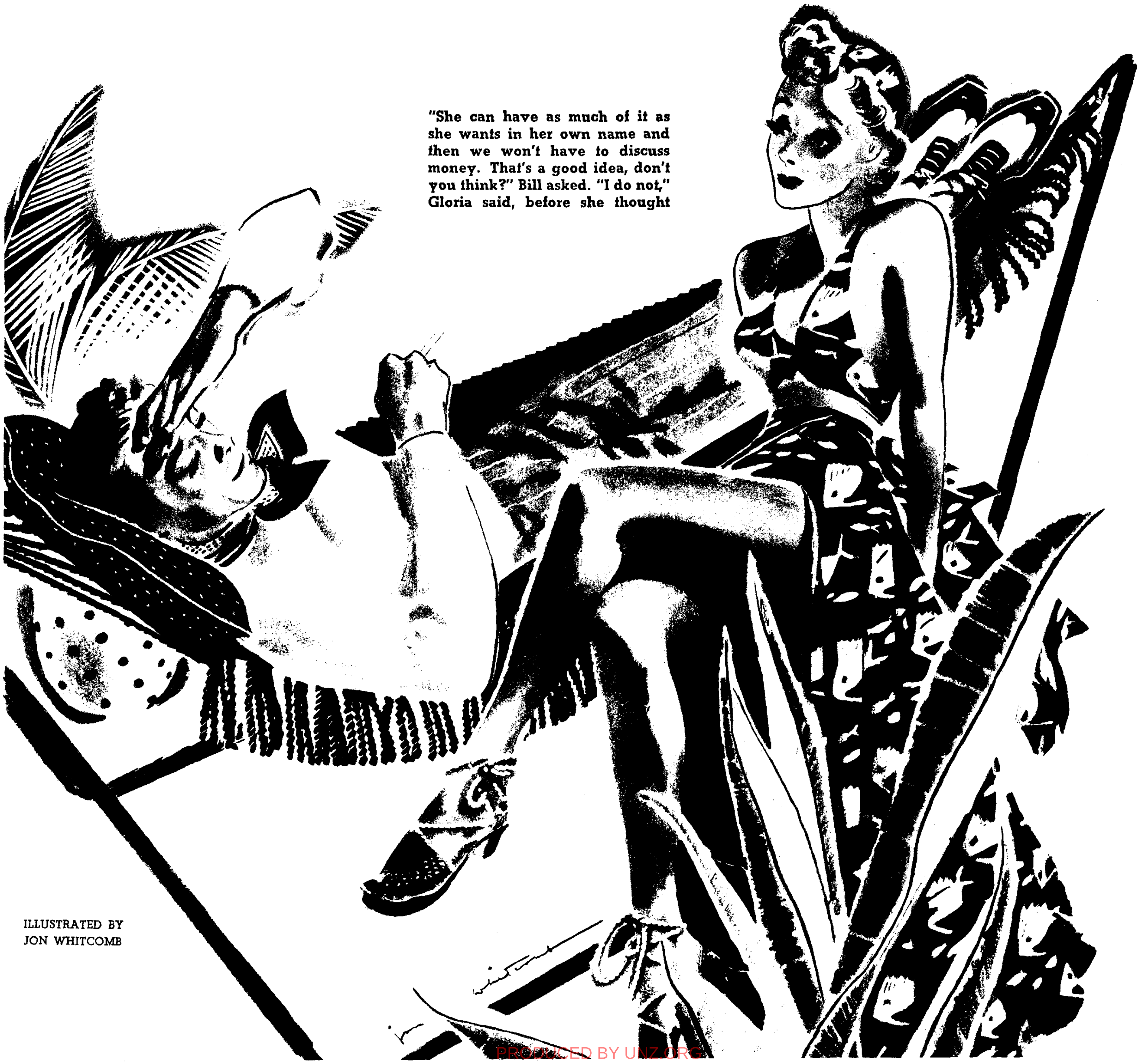
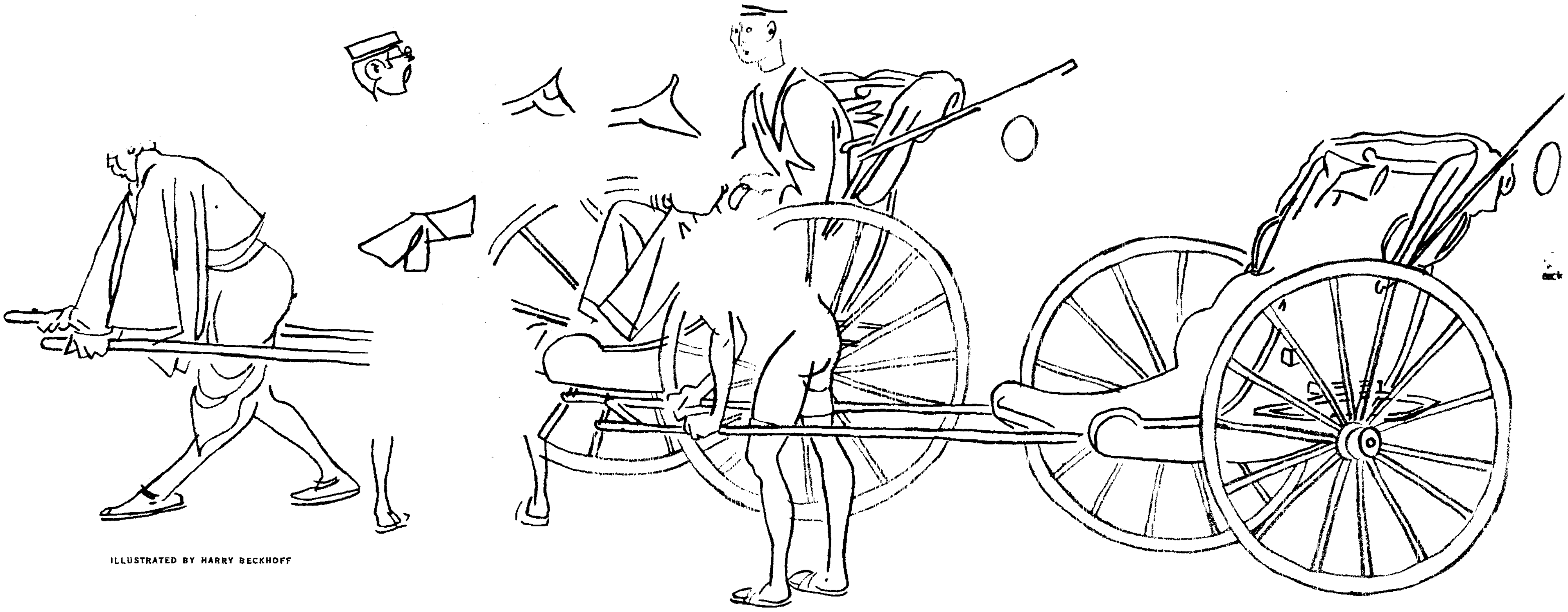


"She can have as much of it as she wants in her own name and then we won't have to discuss money. That's a good idea, don't you think?" Bill asked. "I do not," Gloria said, before she thought

ILLUSTRATED BY
JON WHITCOMB



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Chinese spies, usually being broke, won't like you if you don't provide them with transportation

Hi, Spy!

By Jim Marshall

Here are the rules for acquiring a spy in the Orient and keeping him happy. You must know the peculiarities of Chinese spies and Japanese spies; otherwise they may desert you. And, above all, remember it's against the rules to mislead your spy, who is probably a nice guy

EIJI AMAU, who was then spokesman for the Japanese foreign office in Tokyo, recently asked your correspondent: "Who is spreading all these stories in your country that all American tourists in our country are spied on?"

"Why," asked your correspondent, innocently, "aren't they?"

It turned out this was the wrong answer. Polite as they are, generous as is the foreign office, hospitable as is the Japan Tourist Bureau, it is quite impossible for them, in the present state of Japan's finances, to provide a spy for every tourist. It is only selected tourists, who have passed the immigration examination with high marks, who get spies.

The trouble comes because of our American habit of bragging about ourselves. Every tourist who comes back from Japan gives himself a build-up for the home-town folks with exciting stories about having two spies assigned to him. So of course, when the listeners go to the Orient, they expect spies to trail them, too. When they don't get a spy, they get sore, and this makes the Japanese very sad.

To make up for the disappointment, the Nipponese will sometimes arrest a visitor for taking a picture of two cows eating clover in a fortified zone—but that's just a transient thrill, usually all over in a few hours. The thrill of being spied on lasts the entire visit and includes looking under the bed for dictagraphs, peeking through keyholes to see if someone is prying through your papers and helping your spy to get drunk.

In recent years, China has awakened to the possibilities of the American tourist trade, and it is now possible to be spied on in some Chinese cities. The honor is worth having, too, because the oversupply of labor in China results in the honored guest getting not one spy, as in Japan, but three or four.

Chinese spies are not very thrilling, because they won't admit they are spies and don't seem to give a hoot what their charge does. It is their story that they are guards, seeing that nothing happens to the tourist, although the chance of anything happening to an American visitor in a Chinese city is about that of one's getting himself bombed at a Sunday-school picnic.

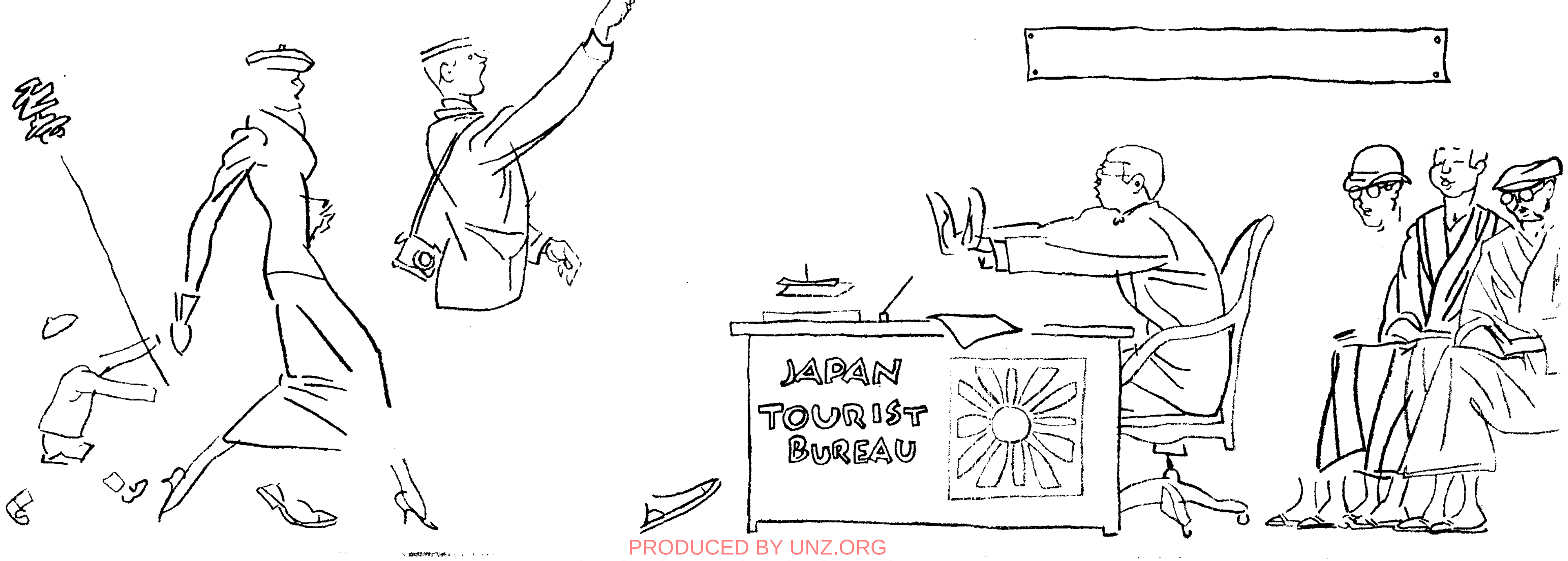
Japanese spies usually have expense money and board themselves, but Chinese spies move right into restaurants with their victim, eat heartily and go sound asleep when the chit comes. Also, if the visitor wants to ride, he must hire rickshas for his spies, too. All told, it comes rather high.

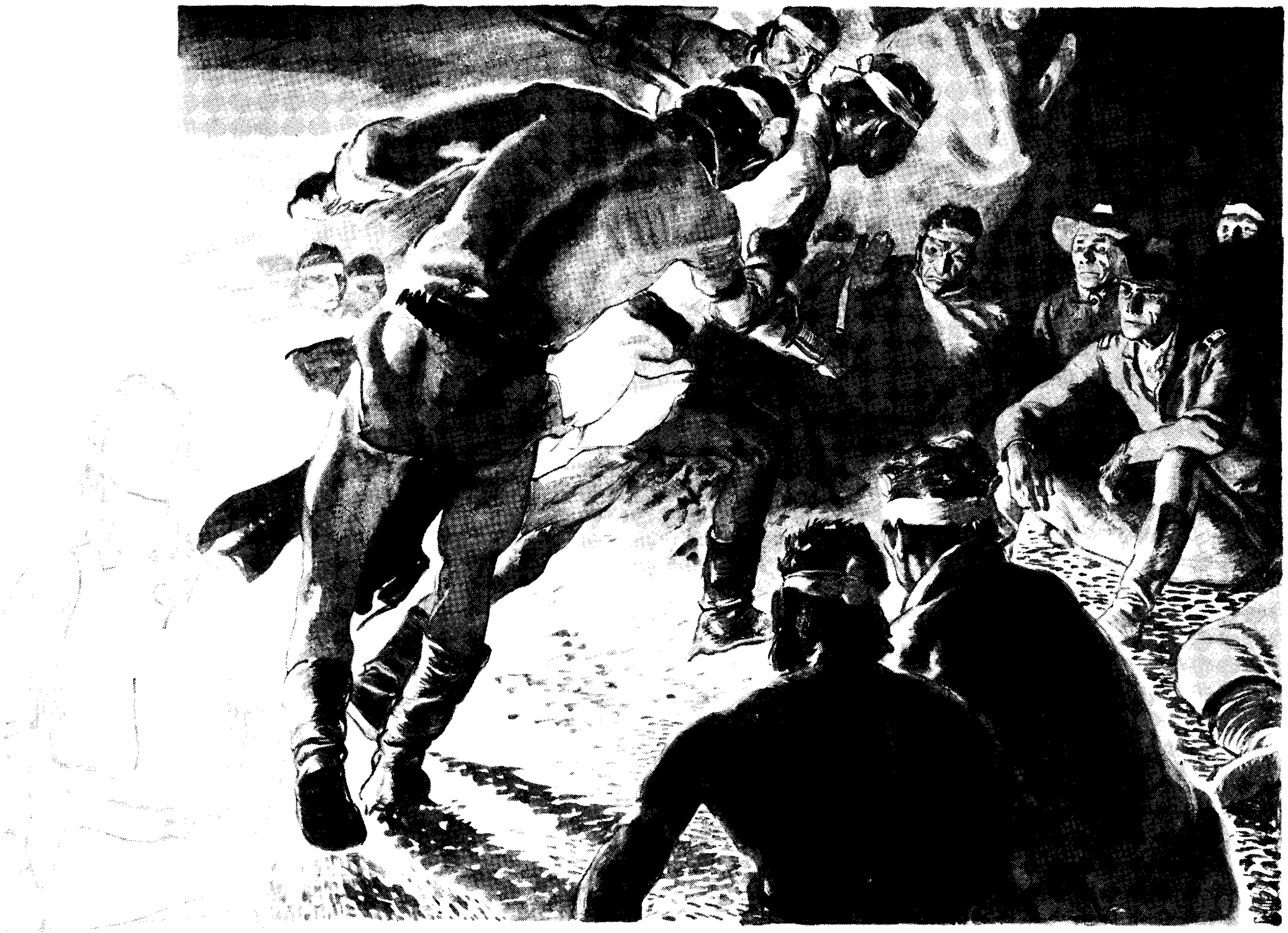
In Japan, the best way to get a spy attached to you as standard equipment is to tell the immigration squads at Kobe or Yokohama that you are a writer, or have some vague connection with the armed forces of the United States—and then be unable to prove your story.

Saying you are a teacher is fatal to acquiring a spy. All teachers are pets of Japanese bureaucracy. They get squired about by secretaries. They are taken to orgiastic feasts and lectured on

(Continued on page 40)

In the present state of Japan's finances, it is impossible to supply a spy for every tourist





The Colonel's Daughter

By Ernest Haycox

The story of Taisie Belknap—a girl of the frontier who learned that fighting in battle is not always the full measure of a man's courage

About daylight, when everything was calmed down, Tobeel stood up and drew a knife and ran at the lieutenant. Then Kaminzin lifted a gun and killed Tobeel

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

THEY had eaten in the sultry heat of the house and were now on the porch to catch the evening's first breath of air, with the colored light of the hanging Chinese lanterns shining pleasantly down, and the gentlemen smoking the colonel's cigars. The guests were Major and Mrs. Grant, Captain Keil of A Troop and his wife, Lieutenant Reading with his Baltimore bride of six months, Doctor Jury, and Lieutenants Cavour Watkins and Jeff Lee. And Taisie Belknap—for the colonel had a daughter.

This was at old Fort Tonto in the summer of a year the Apaches were particularly bad. The boots of the guard relief sharply struck the iron-hard parade ground in passing by and the challenge of post number three was a drowsy, taciturn murmur as the relief reached it. The blackness of this night was very deep, and further thickened by the shadow of Mesquite Mountain hovering over the post; and above was the ageless, cloudy glitter of stars.

The colonel's wife said: "Well, suppose we have the masquerade party on Saturday night. That will give us time to invite our friends down from Prescott."

"I shall come disguised as a scarecrow," asserted Lieutenant Reading's young bride in a tone of sulky discontent. "It will require so little alteration in the way I look, or feel." She was new to the Army ways and hadn't forgotten Baltimore yet. The colonel's wife was gently amused. "I recall the same despair thirty-seven years ago."

CAPTAIN KEIL'S wife added: "When you have worn your best dress for five years, you will no longer mind it."

The major's wife said: "I have not left the frontier since 1869." And silence came on them, for everybody understood how bitter the major's wife was from knowing her husband would never reach a higher rank.

Taisie Belknap swayed in a rocker whose motion rhythmically racked the heat-warped floor boards. Her blond head lay comfortably tilted and her legs were stretched out in a manner that would have been improper in Baltimore. Taisie had been born in an Army ambulance five miles behind the battle of Bull Run, cradled in trunk lids through babyhood. She was a thorough Army girl, now definitely arrived at a tawny, silent and graceful beauty.

The colonel was speaking in a husky, idle voice of the Custer campaign of '76; and Taisie, silent and in the shadows, could see how his talk affected Cavour Watkins, and seemed not to affect Jeff Lee. There was this deep difference in them that pulled strongly at her interest. Cavour Watkins listened with his ears and his eyes and his heart. She

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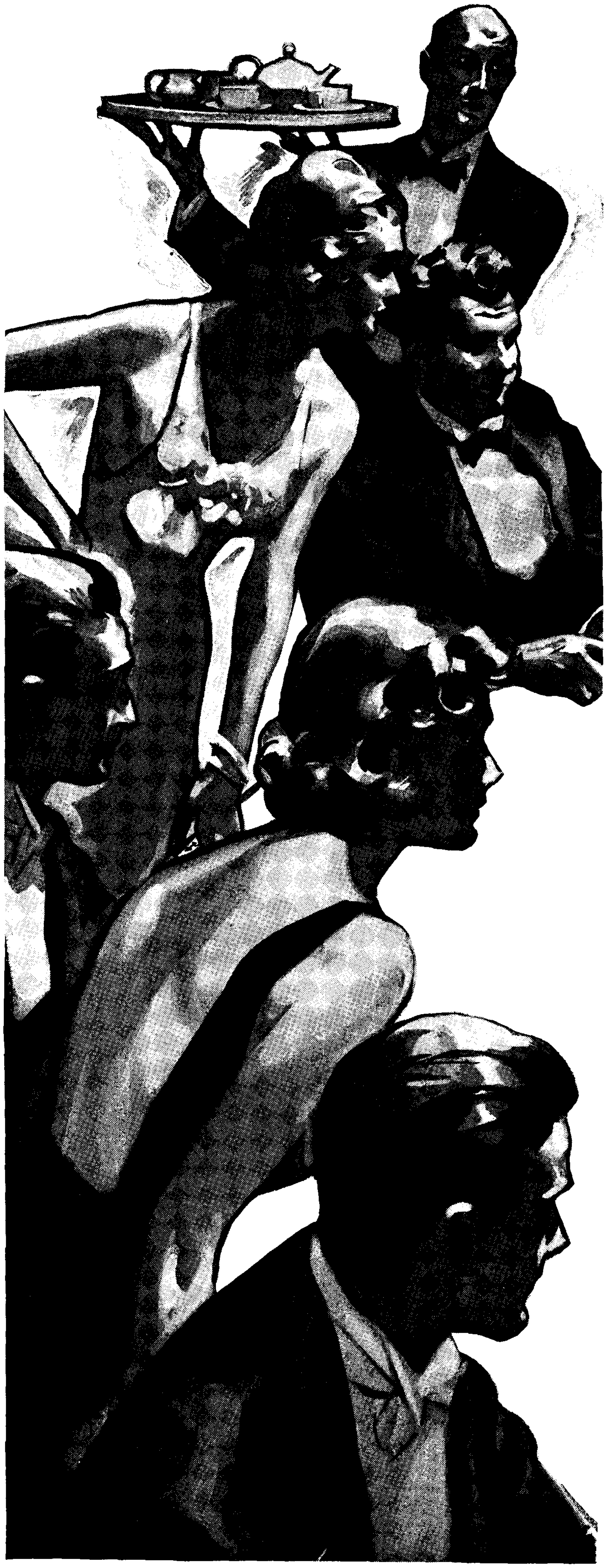


"It's Dorrie," moaned the Countess Lalo. "It is Dorrie. Or her ghost"

Six Golden Angels

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE New York penthouse of his uncle, "J. J." Leggett, young David Ryder, just returned from Europe, is the guest of honor at a brilliant dinner party. There are six women present, all beautiful blondes: the Countess Lalo, Marene Sutherland, Sydney Galloway, Leslie Carton, Elspeth Claussen and Eileen Durante.

As the dinner starts, Leggett rises and makes a startling announcement: Among his guests is a secret enemy, someone who has betrayed him; a messenger is now on the way to tell him who that enemy is!

The messenger arrives. Leggett excuses himself and leaves the room. A few minutes later (after the guests have left the table), Martin, Leggett's valet, leads Ryder to "J. J.'s" study. Leggett is there—*dead.* He has been shot. Beside the body is a small golden angel, one of six identical favors distributed among the women at the dinner!

Before Ryder can interview the six women, they leave the house. Whereupon—after the police have decided it is a case of suicide—Ryder applies himself to the task of learning which of the guests had dropped that angel. His first step is to hire a veteran detective: Hans Seelig. Seelig makes a list of all the guests—the six women and four men: lovable old Mike Ravenna, Leggett's closest friend; Jimmy Hickey, a noted columnist; Porter Brant, a theatrical producer; and Elspeth Claussen's husband, Eric. After which, assisted by a corps of sleuths, he shadows them night and day.

A series of startling adventures, during which numerous attempts are made upon his life, soon convinces Ryder that he is dealing with a conspirator, or conspirators, who will hesitate at nothing. He succeeds in finding the mysterious "messenger" to whom Leggett had referred; but the man is murdered before he can be interviewed. He regards Porter Brant as a suspect—and Brant, too, is murdered.

For a time, he feels sure that at least one of the women does not require watching: Leslie Carton. Admiring her, trusting her, he presently learns to his dismay that she is involved in some sinister manner with Elia Gonelli, a criminal with an evil reputation. And the one golden angel he fails to find is the one which she, seemingly a sweet, innocent girl, had been given in "J. J.'s" apartment on the night of the murder!

While lunching with Millicent, Countess Lalo, Ryder has a narrow escape from an assassin: Gonelli! Millicent, terrified, warns him to leave New York at once; but she will not tell him all that she knows—and she knows far more than she should.

Seelig reports, by telephone. Ryder listens. Then: "They're closing in on me fast. Goodby." *A few minutes later he is in bed, asleep.*

VIII

WHEN Ryder wakened, Martin was sprawled asleep in a chair which he had pulled back against the door. The chair faced the window, and in the lap of Martin lay a heavy automatic. The picture filled a well of emptiness in the heart of Ryder.

A hand tapped lightly on the door. Martin roused with a start, catching the gun before it dropped to the floor.

He rose, opened the door a crack, and whispered.

"For the chief," said the murmur of Gains.

"Sleeping!" whispered back Martin.

"Lady to see him," said Gains.

"To hell with the ladies," whispered Martin.

"This one he's got to see," said Gains.

"Who says so?" asked Martin.

"It's that Durante gal with a Christmas look in her eyes," answered Gains.

"Oh, her? Okay," said Martin.

He turned, saying: "I beg your pardon, sir. But Miss Durante . . ." Then he saw Ryder grinning as he climbed out of bed.

Ryder put his head under a cold shower and toweled himself vigorously.

"For Miss Durante the world has to stop, eh?" he growled at Martin. "And a man never can have a chance to take his sleep?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Martin again. "If it had been anyone else, up to the President. . . ."

"Why should she have a special pass?" demanded Ryder with a still darker frown.

Martin studied him curiously.

"I'm wrong, then," was all he said.

BUT Ryder began to laugh as he jumped into his clothes.

"You're not wrong," he said. "You're not *that* wrong."

"I thought not, sir," said Martin.

When Ryder was dressed he said: "Martin, she was my uncle's choice."

"Yes, sir. His choice in the world, for you."

Gains, with extraordinary tact, had placed her in the little French room. Seen with her head down in her straw hat and linen coat, she looked like nothing at all. But when she lifted her head and the slanting afternoon sun got at the gold of her hair, she seemed to Ryder permeable by light, of a different and a finer essence than other human creatures.

She had a rather frightened look, clutching her purse with both hands.

"What's the matter, Eileen?" he asked.

"Uncle Mike told me . . ." she began. She stopped and faltered.

"All right," said Ryder, sitting down and smiling at her. "Good old Mike told you what?"

"He told me that his heart was broken because you needed money and he had none for you."

"He shouldn't have talked about it," said Ryder.

"He was only talking to *me*," pleaded Eileen. "Does it make you angry?"

"How could Mike do anything that would make me angry?" asked Ryder.

"He *is* dear, isn't he?" asked the girl, half laughing in the greatness of her relief.

"He's all of that," said Ryder. "And then?"

"And then I thought," said Eileen Durante. "That is to say, I wondered if . . ."

"What have you done?" asked Ryder sharply.

She held out the bag to him suddenly with both hands.

"Why, I brought the money!" she cried.

Ryder leaned slowly forward as he demanded: "Five thousand dollars?"

"I have it here!" she cried, and opened the mouth of the purse, laughing with pleasure. "There; you see? It's in hundred-dollar bills! Fifty of 'em. I never *saw* so much money!"

He took the bag so that it would not be between them.

y Max Bra

LUSTRATED

RY MORSE ME

"You haven't a penny in the world," he said.

"No, but—"

"What have you done?"

"I haven't done anything wrong, David!"

"What have you done?" he demanded again, with a hand closing hard about his throat.

"But it's all right. And there's the money you need!" cried Eileen.

"It isn't all right. It's not one damned part of all right. Suppose I dropped dead. Where would you ever get your money back?"

"But what do I care about the silly, silly money, David?"

"Listen to me—Eileen—how did you get this money?"

"It doesn't matter how. It was just perfectly right, that's all. And I have to *run* to get home, now."

AS SHE stood up he took her hands and lifted them, and turned them, seriously studying.

"Now I think I know," he said.

She turned her hands into fists.

"You don't know. It isn't true," she cried.

"You had a diamond on that finger; and you had a ruby ring on the other. The stones weren't big enough to blind anyone. But they were worth something, weren't they?"

"They were—they have nothing to do with anything," said Eileen.

"And at home," said Ryder, his voice growing louder, "you had a whole mother's jewel casket full of heirlooms —jeweled pins, and brooches, and the whole category of stuff. That's what you had!"

"David—"

"Don't talk!" said Ryder. "I feel a little sick."

"David, I never would have worn the old things," she said. "They were perfectly out of date and . . ."

"You couldn't afford a decent room to sing in. Why? Because the old stuff in the jewel box was sacred. That's all. That's the only reason. Your mother and Aunt Bess had worn it and you remembered it on 'em—and Father's diamond studs, too—or pearls, were they?"

"They were pearls," she said.

"Take this money as fast as you can trot back to the infernal pawnshop. . . . It *was* pawned, wasn't it?"

She stared at him.

"You didn't dare to sell it, did you?" cried Ryder.

"David, I only thought. . . ."

"Give me the address," said Ryder.

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind what I'm going to do. Give me the address!"

"You'd go and buy them back—and break my heart!" said Eileen.

"Tell me where you sold 'em," he said.

"I won't," said Eileen.

"You won't tell me?"

"It's not your business," she cried. "You haven't a right to force me to tell you."

"I'll see about that," said Ryder.

"I don't care. I'll never tell you!" she answered.

"Very well," he said, glaring at her with an ache in his heart. "I have other ways of finding out. Now take this money and put it in a bank."

"You won't use it?"

"I'd rather eat a handful of hell fire."

"Haven't I a right to give you anything I have? Mike loves you. So do I."

"You don't love me," he told her. "I'm not fit for you to love. Take this stuff."

She slipped down into the chair and bowed her face into her hands.

"Eileen, I can't let a woman pick me up when I've fallen and then. . . ."

"David, if I were your wife," said her trembling voice, "would you take it?"

"Stop it, Eileen," he pleaded.

"I love you as much as though I were your wife," she said.

"I'm going to take it," he said.

"Will you?" cried the girl. "Will you?"

He picked the bag out of her lap and emptied it on the table. The sheafs of money, stiff in wrappings of brown paper, fell out in solid chunks.

"I love you for taking it!" said Eileen. "And now I do have to go. Are you happy about it, too? You will be, David, when you see how right it all is."

He took her out to the elevator and when she disappeared into it he remained in curious thought for a moment, remembering the clear, cold childish wisdom with which she had studied him.

WHEN Ryder reached the rooming house of Leslie Carton, the declining sun was throwing the shadow as far as the picket fence, and above the darkness the upper branches of the chestnut tree burned with a smokeless fire. A maid whose glasses gave her an intellectual look showed him into a little parlor with lace curtains tied back from the open windows. He turned his back on the mournful respectability of that room and leaned on the window sill over the green odor of the lawn.

Then he heard steps descending and wandered into the hall. Leslie Carton waved to him from the head of the stairs. She wore a tailored dress of thin white stuff and a white hat with a peach-bloom lining that gave more color to her brown face. She carried a navy-blue flannel jacket over her arm. He was carrying in his mind the thought of Eileen Durante like an amulet but her image grew dim and then whirled away among the forgotten things when he saw Leslie.

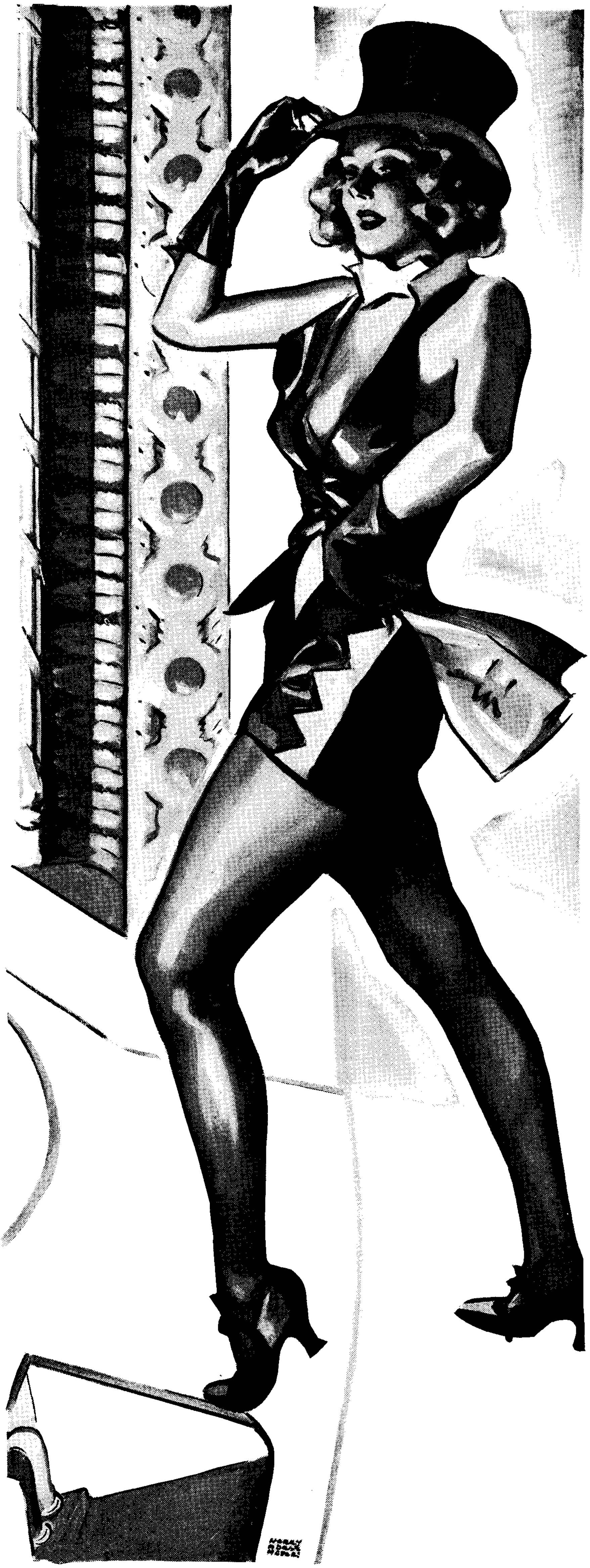
She came smiling to him and shook hands.

"We're just going to ride and ride?" she said.

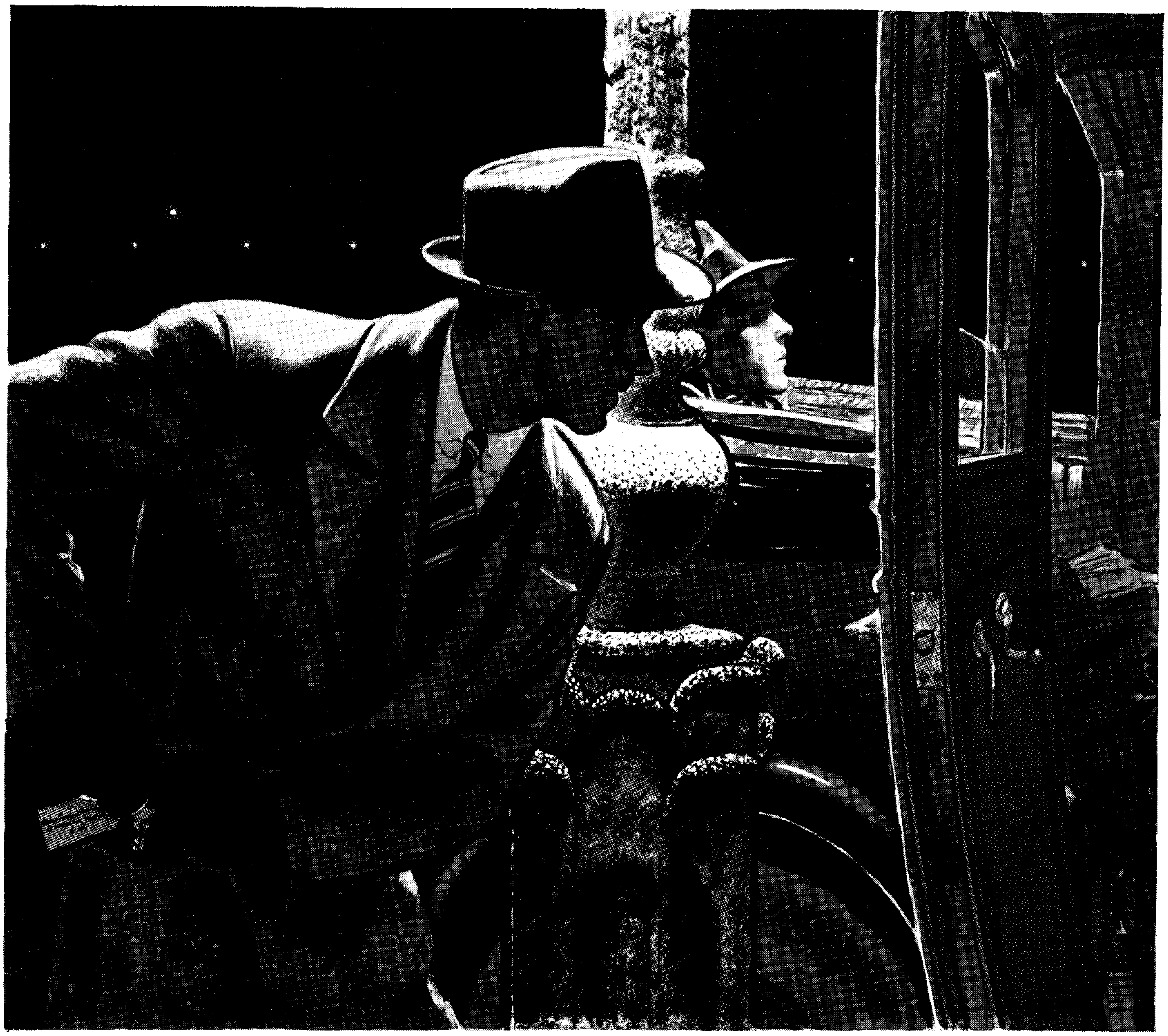
"That's it. Do you like that?" he asked.

She said she did and they got into the first open cab that went by, taking it north up the Drive. She said: "You're going to ask me about that dinner token . . . you've asked all the rest, I know . . . but it was stolen from me, David."

(*Continued on page* 30)



The song ended with the entertainer dancing off into the wings



She gave him a latchkey, and this is it, Hero thought. He dropped the key in his overcoat pocket and was back and into the taxicab in two seconds

Emergency Wife

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

The Story Thus Far:

LINNET MARCH has an excellent job in London—a job which enables her to support a number of her relatives but which she will lose if she marries. Adoring Kenneth Basil, a young engineer, she refuses to become his wife; she cannot, will not, let her dependents down.

Clare Lent, her secretary, presently gives her some disturbing news: Max Faverel, an official in a great firm headed by Sir Andrew Porter, has an excellent job for Basil in Roumania—*if he is married!* (Secretly in love with Basil, Clare has somehow wormed this information from him; she fancies herself Linnet's rival.)

A few hours later, Linnet goes to Basil's rooms for a final talk. Basil is out. While awaiting his arrival, she answers a telephone call—*from Max Faverel!* Realizing that Basil must produce a wife, or lose the job, she informs Faverel that she is "Mrs. Basil"; she gives him their address—her own, and invites him to drop in for dinner that evening.

Faverel accepts the invitation. When Basil arrives, Linnet tells him what she has done. Appalled, he is forced to accept the situation. The three dine together, in Linnet's flat. The untimely arrival of Hero Winter, an aggressive suitor who soon guesses what is going on, adds to the complications. And when Faverel finally makes his departure, he gives Basil the job, he feels sure that the young man is a bachelor.

The following evening, Linnet and Basil are guests at a dinner which Faverel gives in honor of Sir Andrew and Lady Porter. Before telling Basil good night, Linnet gives him a key to her flat—a key which he may need, sooner or later, to convince some skeptical person that he is really her husband . . . Max Faverel is not among the skeptics. *He knows the truth.* And he makes no attempt to hide his interest in Linnet.

Once, while they are lunching together, he says quite frankly that he is sorry if Linnet (who skillfully evades answering his direct questions) happens to be in love with Basil. "I am sorry," he says earnestly, "because I am going to be rather in love with you myself." Then, a few moments later: "I believe you are spending a week end at Sir Andrews'. I—yes—I shall be there, too."

IV

IN HIS mind, while fairly assessing Kenneth Basil's qualities, Faverel had not quite forgiven him for letting Linnet bear the brunt of the risky situation. He neither asked how it had all come about, nor on whom the blame should fall; but placed the onus naturally on the man. She owes him nothing, he thought reasonably.

He drove her after luncheon to the Cyclamen office and left her there.

When Linnet returned to her own office, Mr. Penley had a surprise for her. "We know you're a good driver if you have a chance, Miss March. We're placing a small car at your disposal; to be used for our business of course, as well as your private pleasure."

She exclaimed her delight; and realized again how, in all things, they generously showed their appreciation and the way they valued her.

It would cost a woman grave thought, great sacrifice, to give up these mounting benefits!

Clare Lent reported expressionlessly: "Mr. Basil has telephoned, and will call at your flat at six-thirty."

Dinner alone with him then? Dangerous, but irresistible! When he came she would keep him there.

Falling to the womanly temptation, she was foolishly, gaily happy, shopping on her way home. Expensive asparagus; a tender steak. . . . He shall do the vegetables and I'll cook.

Clare Lent could guess. She could see the pictures of the two of them, moving about that pretty flat which she herself had seen with envy, on the occasion of one of the Sunday night parties. They would be alone; happy; lucky. She broke two pencil points, and afterward assuaged herself by sharpening the pencils to death.

WHEN he came to Linnet's flat, Kenneth was ready to stay, and expectant of the invitation. The flat with Linnet in it was at once a lure and a despair; but the lure won. And he had come to detail the next events; to lay his little remaining time before her. Buttoning herself into an apron while he fell to work, with pleasure and shaking hands, upon the potatoes, she listened.

Their separate plans seemed to belong by right to both of them. Life took on deceptively the lovely aspect of a mutual business. They shared it, knowing all this for the mirage it was, yet able to vibrate to the joy of it. Danger hung a flag of beautiful colors before their eyes and they looked, smiling, on the flag. "I'd rather be like this, Linnet, than at your parties." "So would I." "Listen. I've got till Tuesday night free for my own affairs, such as they are. I've got duty and you've got duty, Linnet, and we both know it. That little brother of mine—"

"Yes? Yes?"

"I'll have to go down to see him tomorrow at school; and stay the night."

"Well, that fits in rather wonderfully, if you're thinking of me. Of course I *haven't* the next few days free for my own affairs, since I can't explain to my owners that something in the nature of a husband is soon leaving for abroad and makes a claim on me! However, anyway, tomorrow, that's Saturday, I'll be busy with my sisters all day."

"I shall get back from the kid on Monday morning."

"Call me up at the office when you do."

"You bet I will. Poor kid—only eight

Rx-for a happier world:

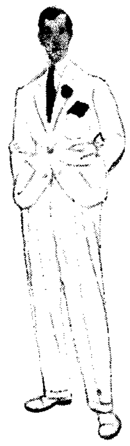
SPRING AND A CHEVROLET!

Now that spring has come 'round again, and all the world's in tune, take a vacation from worry! Get into a new Chevrolet, and get out of old ruts, old habits, old places. This car will take you wherever you want to go more smartly, more smoothly and more securely than any other automobile of its price; and it will save you money all the way. Buy a Chevrolet—*today's spring tonic*—the modern prescription for a happier world!

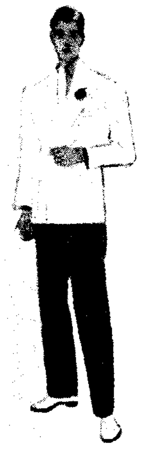
THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING—PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND—GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*. *Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse. CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

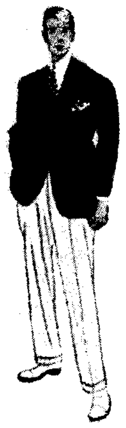
CHEVROLET



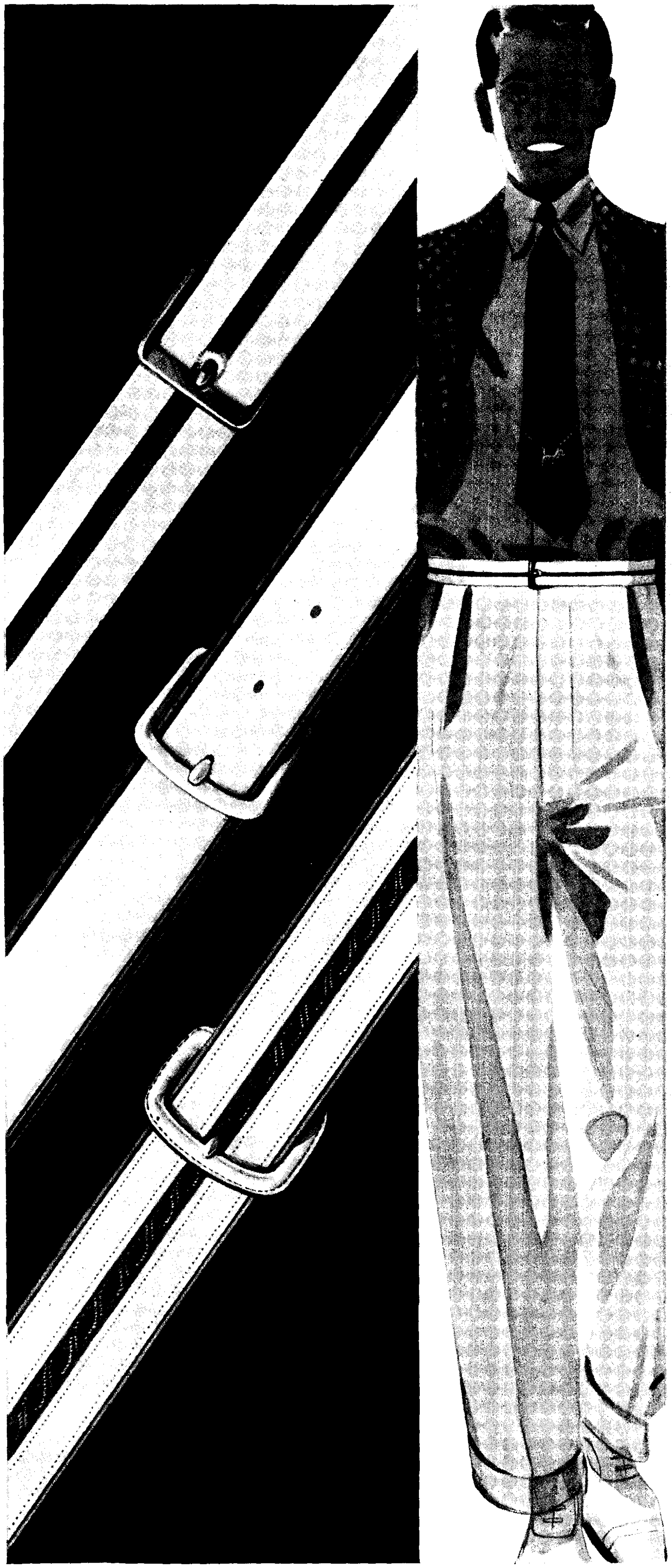
Noted for coolness, fine appearance and lasting wear, genuine Palm Beach cloth is found only in HICKOK sports belts. Belt shown is one of a wide variety of plain and striped designs . . $1 Many other patterns $1 . . . $1.50 . . . $2



Fine white cowhide, edged in brown or black — durable, smartly soft. Easily cleaned The modern buckle is all-white. Complete . . . . $1 A similar belt in genuine calfskin with leather covered buckle $2



The smart braided cord center provides "air-cooling." Matching cord outlines the edges, contrasting the selected white Cowhide leather. Buckle in same white leather. White combined with black, brown and other colors $1.50



Right you are

. . . WEARING THESE SMART

HICKOK BELTS

This is more than a fashion hint—it's a *rule*: Only the right belt can make your Summer clothes *exactly* right.

Among latest Hickok belts you'll surely find just the style that best sets off your clothes — for sports, business, evening events. Your smart "lightweights" are sure to be all the smarter with a genuine Palm Beach belt — made exclusively by Hickok.

In new white and light-toned leather belts, Hickok styling brings you new designs — new color contrasts — new finishes — new buckles. And on *through the season*, every Hickok belt will *keep its style*. For the Hickok name always means trustworthy materials, thorough craftsmanship, fine finish that endures. At all smart stores. HICKOK, Rochester, New York.

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STYLE LEADERSHIP

years old, or rather, eight on Sunday—I always give him the best birthday I can. Clever kid. He'll get scholarships and take himself off my hands just as soon as he can. And that rotten father of his is due to turn up again soon, and do something about it."

"You mustn't let that child down on my account."

He began to be more deft with the potatoes. "You know, before I met you, I once thought in a very vague way of marrying for his sake. To give him a home of some sort."

"Your wife wouldn't have liked a ready-made family eight years old."

"I had an idea that might be so. You mean . . . ?"

"She'd want small babies. New out of the mint. Belonging to her and you."

"I suppose so," he said; rather gruff.

The pictures which she raised in his mind were unutterably and unbearably sweet. In the sheer common sense of her swift understanding of all things human—and he didn't believe that merely a business training could have taught her so much that was womanly and vital—she had said what she had just said. But the simplicity and beauty of it drew him, and he knew that they were not her pictures only which had been painted with a brush of lightning on his mind; they were his pictures, and every natural man's pictures; and the color for them had always been lying put away in his soul. It was a great picture which he saw suddenly in the air before him—Linnet in the foreground of it; wifely and maternal too.

"I dare say it's much as you say," he added, and completed the preparation of the potatoes.

IT WAS a delicious meal with all its implications. The tender steak and the baked tomatoes just bursting from their skins; and the asparagus for the second course; and, to drink, cider, simple and sparkling. It meant: we are just the two of us, simply at home together; after the day's work; no fuss; no ceremony; no pretensions; no effort at entertainment; no frilled maid; no white wine and red wine; no oysters; no dinner jacket or formal gown. Here we are; just us; we two together.

They talked a little—Kenneth determinedly beginning it—of her own new contract. He did not want to have her thinking of him as a small-minded man; petty, or jealous of such a thing.

"When you told Faverel at dinner last night, it simply stunned me at first."

"I know, Kenneth. But it was best to tell him—he had to be convinced of a really good reason why we didn't marry openly."

"Was he convinced?"

She looked closely at Kenneth. Had he felt what she had felt—that Faverel had made himself perfectly aware of the truth; was too clever for them? "Don't you think he was quite satisfied?" she exclaimed, guilelessly.

And guilelessly, Kenneth granted that. "Oh, he seemed absolutely satisfied when I saw him off in his gorgeous car! And at the Ritz too."

She wondered as other women—either sweethearts or wives—have wondered in like delicate situations, whether this man—her man, for she thought of him as hers—could not understand what was happening under his very nose. But she said to herself: No. He doesn't guess at all why Faverel seems so *absolutely satisfied*. . . . Ah, well, I can deal with that when it comes.

She thought too: Hero would have guessed . . . and turned it to advantage. If he were Kenneth he'd want me to play Faverel up.

Pride swept up in her for Kenneth. If Kenneth guessed, he would not turn any such facts to his advantage. He would sweep the whole proposition off his earth! Gone would be the big job, the big chance. . . . Ah, my dear, she thought, you shan't have the least bit of an inkling.

So she did not tell him of the luncheon with Faverel at Duke's.

And the evening rushed by. At ten-thirty, having washed the dishes with her—and finding in all of it unimagined revelations of tenderness and fun—he stood in the microscopic hall, ready to go. No, not ready. Unready—but knowing that it was time for a working woman to go to rest.

"Linnet, we'll see each other again before I leave on Wednesday?"

"My dear, of course! You're to call me up on Monday at the office, and we'll arrange."

"I will; thank you. As I say, my time's my own—and that means yours—after I've seen the kid this week end. It's actually his half term as well as his birthday. It's rotten for a kid to have no one to come to see him at school at half term with all the other fellows having a grand time with friends and relations."

"Give him a grand time."

"Linnet."

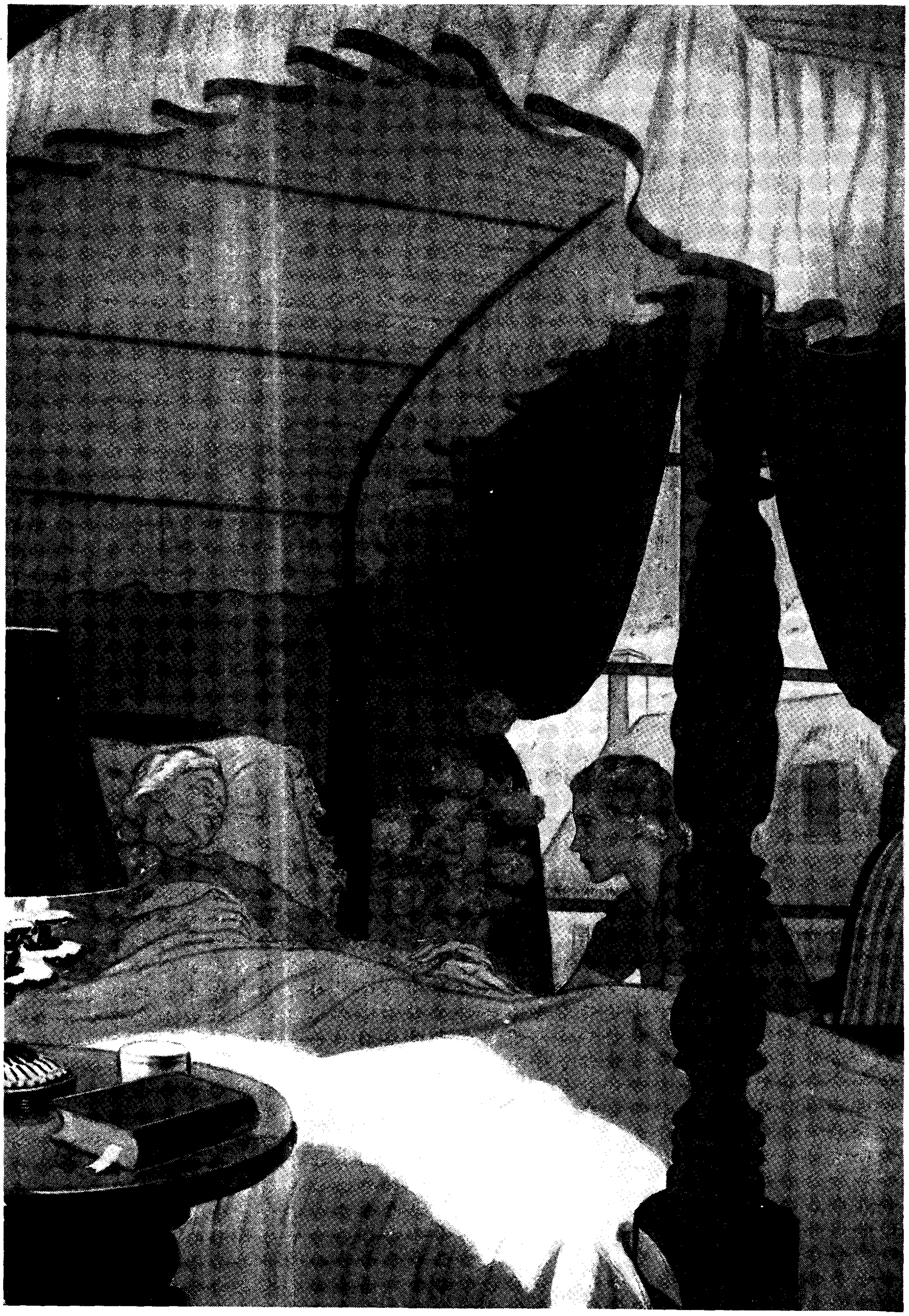
"Well?"

But she knew what was coming; something which had never been before between her and Kenneth. Between her and other men—lightly—oh, yes! But he was so different; and with him and for him she was so different, too, from any of the other Linnets whom other people were allowed to see.

"Let me kiss you. And again next time, when I see you just before I go."

She let herself be swept into his arms.

(Continued on page 50)



"I'd better tell you now, love." She smiled with a roguish irony that said: " 'Presently' may never come"

“MOBILGA

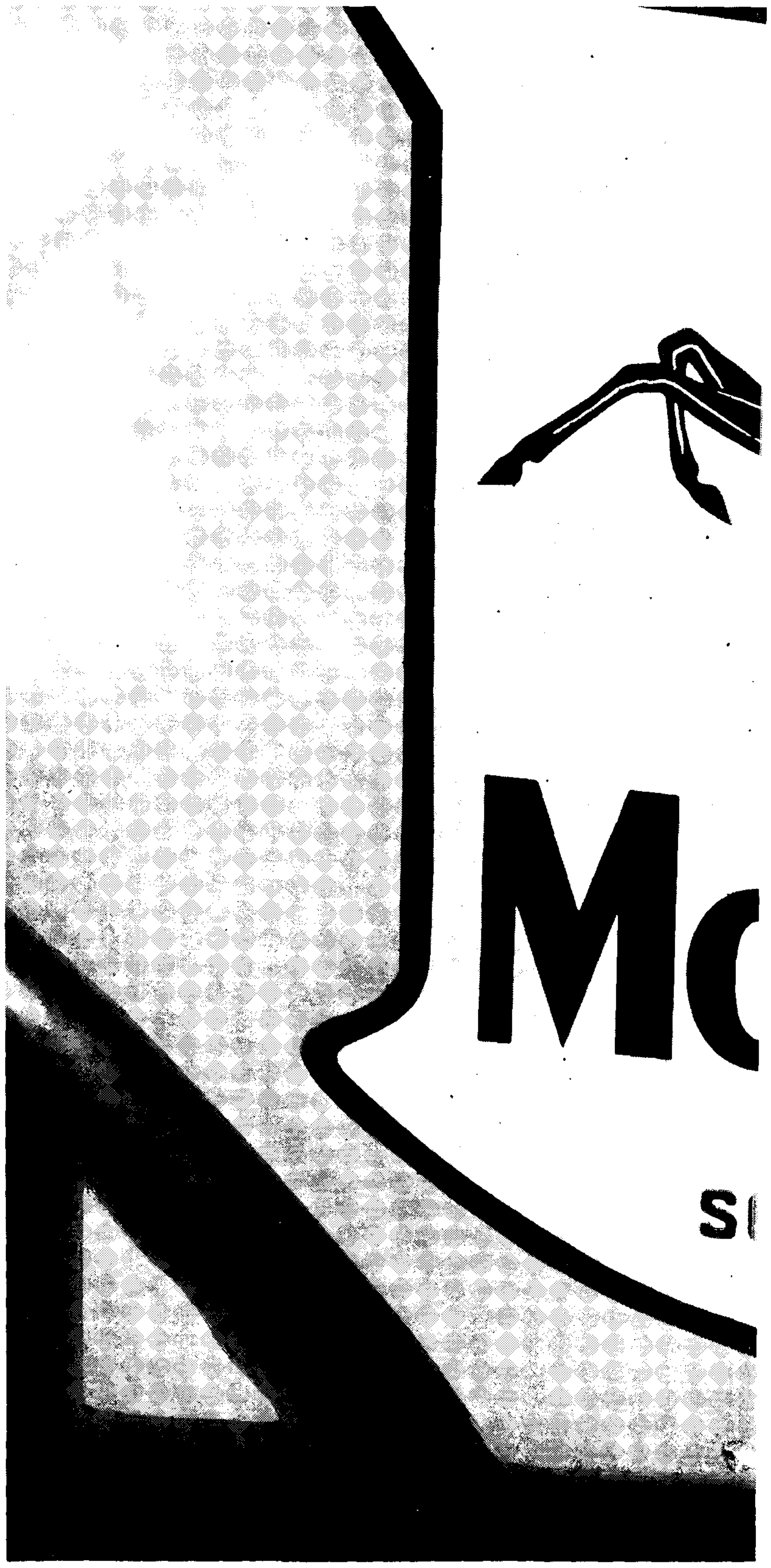
1,000 CARS A MINUTE EVERY HOUR OF EVERY DAY... STOP FOR AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING GASOLINE!

WHAT'S THE "BIGGEST" STATE in the U. S. A.? Texas, of course! "Biggest" river? Mississippi. "Biggest" building? Empire State. Now here's one! What's the "Biggest-Selling" Gasoline in America? You're right . . . it's MOBILGAS!

Frankly, that's the first purpose of this ad. To impress upon your mind the word MOBILGAS. And to associate MOBILGAS with that "Red Horse" sign you see in the picture. They both go together.

The second purpose is this: to get you to try MOBILGAS. Remember, millions of motorists choose this gas over all others! It fires faster. Develops more power. Runs smoother. Saves money.

Gasoline as good as that is *worth* trying, isn't it? Next time your gas gauge reads "low"—fill up at the "Red Horse" sign.



MOBILGAS AND MO

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LOIL **SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.**

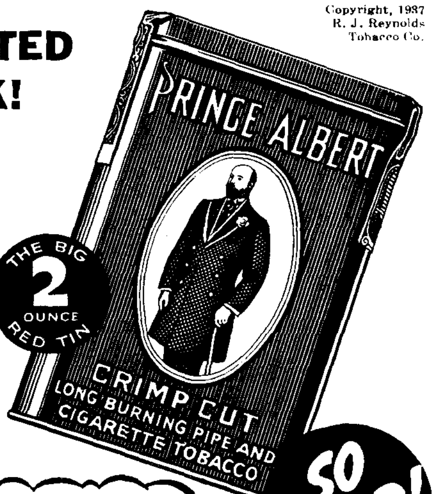
Mobilgas Mobiloil

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE AND CHUBBINS VISIT AN OLD FRIEND WHILE ON THEIR TRAILER TRIP
WH-O-O-A FOX HUNTING IS GRAND, NANCY - BUT I'M AFRAID MY HORSEMANSHIP ISN'T UP TO IT - I CAN'T RIDE LIKE YOU
WHY, CHUBBINS - YOU'RE DOING FINE. BUT LET'S STOP ANYWAY. I'M A LITTLE TIRED TOO
WHUP- PULL UP, LON - THE GIRLS HAVE QUIT THE CHASE
YES, SIR - THAT'S A MIGHTY SMART TRAILER YOU HAVE, JUDGE - I RECKON YOU'RE HAVING A GREAT TIME
YES, MAJOR - AND THIS VISIT AT YOUR PLANTATION MAKES IT WONDERFUL. AH, HERE ARE OUR DAUGHTERS NOW
WHERE'S YOUR PIPE, LON? DIDN'T LOSE IT IN THE CHASE DID YOU?
NO - I'M JUST GIVING MY TONGUE A REST - SEEMS LIKE EVERY TOBACCO I TRY BITES WORSEN THE LAST ONE - AND DOGGONE IT - I LIKE A PIPE TOO
SIR, I CAN'T HELP NOTICING HOW YOU ENJOY THAT PIPE. IS THAT SOME SPECIAL TOBACCO YOU'RE SMOKING?
IT'S 'SPECIAL' ALL RIGHT, FAR AS MILDNESS AND GOOD RICH BODY ARE CONCERNED. HOW ABOUT TRYING PRINCE ALBERT YOURSELF, SON?
WELL-WELL SO THIS IS PRINCE ALBERT! I'VE HEARD IT WAS MILD. BUT I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD SMOKE SO SMOOTH AND EASY ON THE TONGUE
P.A.'S SECRET IS THE 'NO-BITE' PROCESS THAT REMOVES HARSHNESS, AND THE 'CRIMP CUT' MAKES IT BURN SLOW AND DRAW COOL

Copyright, 1937
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

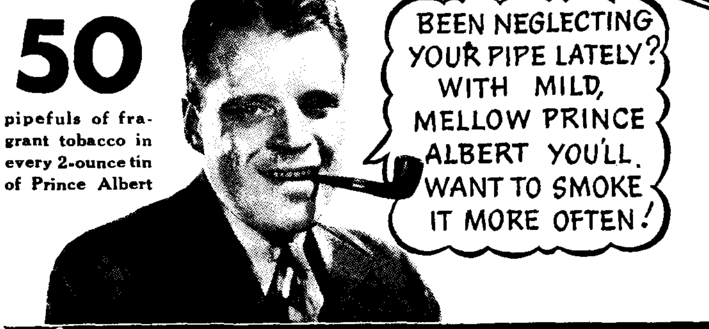
IF NOT DELIGHTED
GET MONEY BACK!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

SO MILD!

50
pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert


BEEN NEGLECTING YOUR PIPE LATELY? WITH MILD, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT YOU'LL WANT TO SMOKE IT MORE OFTEN!

ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS, TOO, GO FOR P. A.'S MILDNESS AND GRAND TASTE

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Six Golden Angels

Continued from page 23

"Stolen from you? From your purse?"

"No. From my room."

"Ah?" Ryder queried. "Somebody cleaned out your room?"

"No. It was only the golden angel that was taken. There were some other things they might have stolen. . . . David, *what* is the importance of the golden angels?"

To whom except to himself could the golden angels have the slightest significance? He smiled at Leslie Carton.

"You don't believe me?" she asked.

"You lie back and rest," said Ryder. "You're tired out. Go to sleep. I'll tell you when to wake up."

Before they reached the George Washington Bridge she was asleep. Ryder leaned and said to the driver: "Go on over the bridge. Here's money for the toll. Don't use your horn. Don't make any sudden stops. The lady's asleep."

After that he moved close to her and slipped his arm over the back of the cushion so that her head rested in the crook of his elbow. She had lied about the golden angel, of course, but even if there had been murder in her, he was happy to have the sleeping face at his shoulder.

They crossed the low, swift arch of the great bridge, wound through the converging battery of highways, and continued up a road through the New Jersey woods, where the hills begin to swell toward the New York border. As the afternoon grew old, a chill wind came across the trees and presently, when he looked at her, the girl was awake.

"You'll need your jacket," said Ryder.

"Yes, if you please. . . . I've slept a long time. . . . I'm sorry."

He helped her into the coat silently.

"Are you coming to my dinner tonight?" he asked.

"It's impossible, David."

The heart went out of him. He could see all the other faces, and none of them had any meaning for him.

"You ought to sleep again," he said.

"I'm too happy to sleep," she answered. "Will you talk to me?"

"Yes."

"Am I a lost soul, David?"

"In my eyes?"

"Yes. In your eyes."

"You go about with the Italian cutthroat, Gonelli. . . . You know something about the disappearance of Dorrie Innis . . . and you've lied to me about the golden angel."

She drew the flannel jacket closer about her. She was silent.

"Turn back to New York," Ryder said to the driver.

THE day began to close, pouring color up the Hudson as they ran back over the George Washington Bridge. She sat up, suddenly, and laid a hand on his arm.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" she said. "And I'll never see it again!"

"Why not?"

"With you, I mean."

"It's the last time we're together?" asked Ryder.

"You'll never waste yourself on me again," she told him. "Tomorrow you'll think it over. You'll remember that I didn't lift a finger to make an answer. Then you'll be ashamed. Then you'll be proud. After that I'll be only a dead thing in your mind. Isn't that true?"

"Perhaps it is," said Ryder. " . . . Leslie, did you ever love a man?"

She looked away from him as though she needed to search her memory.

"Yes," she said at last.

"Be big-hearted, Leslie, and tell me about the blighter, will you?"

"He's big," said the girl, and paused. Gonelli's large frame dawned sharp on the brain of Ryder.

"With a rather hard look. Do you mind that in a man?"

"Go on," said Ryder.

"I don't know where to go from there."

"We're only a block from the house," he warned.

But though her lips were parted for the next word, she said no more as they dismounted and went up the path toward the porch. He still was expectant when she held out her hand.

"It was a lovely ride," she said. "Goodby."

"We'll let it go with his name, then," he said.

"His name is David," she said, and the door closed slowly and latched.

AS RYDER dressed, he said to Martin: "You know the people who will be at my party tonight. Which of them could do a murder?"

"Miss Sutherland could do anything for fear; Miss Durante from obedience; Mrs. Claussen for money and her husband the same; Miss Galloway from boredom; Countess Lalo through real hate; Mr. Hickey from malice; and Mr. Ravenna—"

"Stop there!"

"Yes, sir. I merely was going to say: For political reasons, sir."

"Do you mean that you think every one of the eight of them would be capable of murder, Martin?"

"Yes, sir."

"How well do you drive a car?"

"It is my avocation, sir."

"Where were you trained?"

"Running rum from Canada, sir."

"Get that light car of my uncle's. You'll drive me tonight," said Ryder. "And when we get to Francesco's, I want you to take a table in one of the side aisles—anywhere so that you can watch my party. Keep an eye on them. Something may happen. I don't know what. But my trust is that when I juggle so many depth bombs together, one of them may explode and blow up the whole lot."

Martin bowed. "I shall be close by."

When the car stopped at Francesco's, Ryder went to the bar and found Mike Ravenna overflowing one of the high chairs. He turned his rosy face to Ryder and exclaimed: "Here he is! Get Francesco, somebody! Get Francesco! . . . Sit down here, David. The rest of them will drift in. Do your drinking before Hickey has a chance to put poison in the glass. Here's Francesco now."

Francesco came hobbling on feet flattened by fifty years of "waiting." He gave to Ryder a moist, cold hand.

"You give the party for nine, this evening?" he said. "But why didn't you tell me that Mr. Ravenna was one of them?"

"He won't let old Mike break a way for him through the crowd," said Ravenna.

"I have a surprise for you, tonight," said Francesco.

"In the kitchen, I hope," said Ravenna.

"No, on the stage."

"I don't care for what happens on the stage," said Ravenna.

"But you'll look at the stage tonight," chuckled Francesco.

"Now what the devil do you mean, Francesco?" asked Mike Ravenna.

"A little surprise; that's all. For Mr. Ryder's party and specially for you, Mr. Ravenna. Don't ask me any questions. Good appetite . . . and good night!"

He went away as the Claussens entered the bar. Ryder gave his hand to tall Elspeth and a word to Claussen. While the cocktails were coming up, she said to Ryder: "I had to work hard to get Eric to come. But here he is. It was nice of you to want him."

"He looks happier, tonight," said Ryder.

"Of course," she answered. "Haven't you heard?"

"Not a word."

"He's plunged again. Yesterday. On 'Carom' at five to one. Starting at thirty-to-one, and beating the odds down all the way. So we're rich, today. . . . Oh! here's Eileen—and Jimmy, and Millicent, and Sydney; and, for heaven's sake, here's Marene Sutherland. Marene, darling, where *have* you been all this while?"

MARENE had made up with care but the damage told in her eyes and her cheeks. She gave to Ryder a brittle smile and barely touched his hand.

He murmured: "Marene, will you talk tonight?"

She answered, loudly: "Oh, I've been resting—that's all, David!"

But she hated him, suddenly, with her eyes; and he knew that fear was still with her. Whatever she knew, it was double-locked in her breast, now.

Jimmy Hickey had commenced to rattle in his venomous way.

"Ah, David," he said. "Here we have you again, the man of many souls, or should I say, of many shadows?"

Sydney Galloway drew near to Ryder, murmuring: "I know you've arranged everything, David."

"I've had to scratch around a great deal," he answered, "but I've managed to put my hands on five thousand."

"Only five?" she sighed. "Well, I expect that it will fit into this bag."

"You don't expect me to carry that much around with me at night, do you?"

"Well, shall we be explicit?" asked the girl, rather sharply. "Shall we say tomorrow morning, before ten?"

"Tomorrow morning before ten," said Ryder.

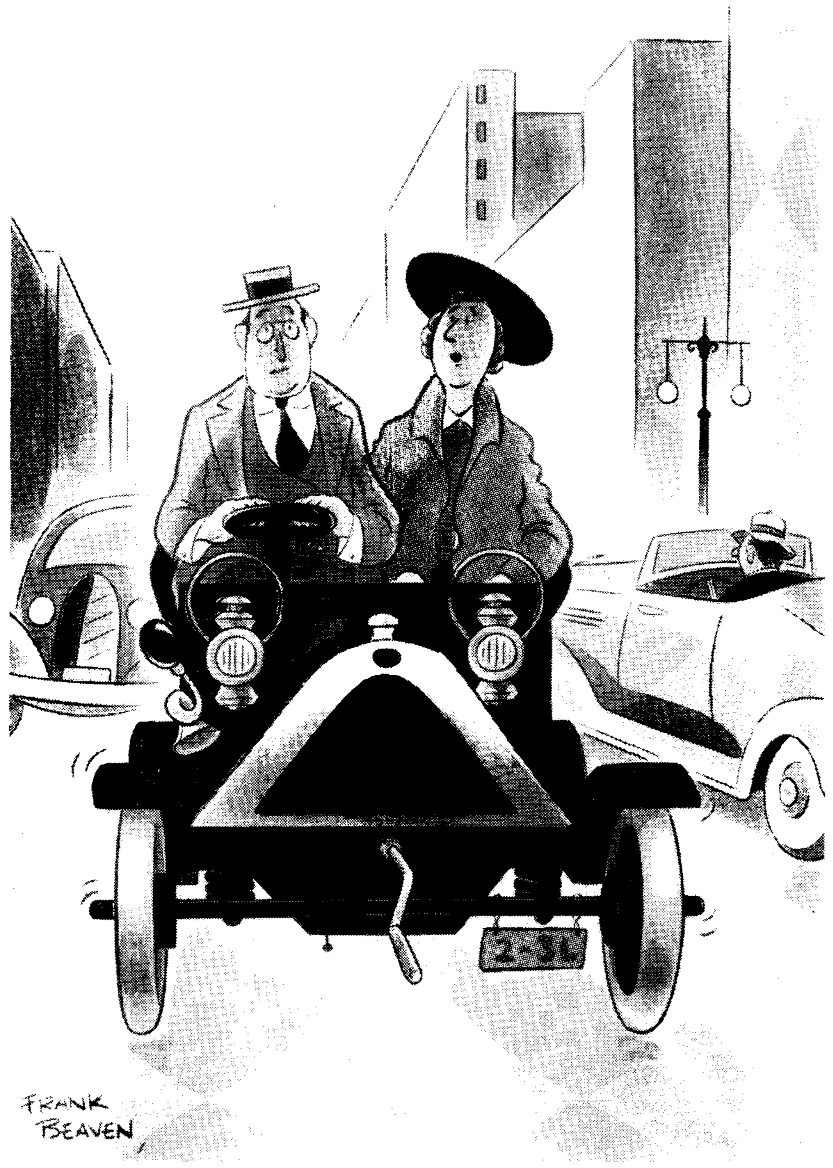
"You're *such* a good sport about it, David," she told him, letting her smile come through. "But of course we all know a *man* when we see one. . . . Doesn't it look like a jolly party this evening?"

Then they went in to the table. Bombo's orchestra was doing strange things to a piece of jazz as Ryder settled them at the table. He looked carefully among the cheaper tables in the side aisles without seeing the face of Martin, but at last he spotted the alert back and the high head of the Frenchman.

On the stage a tumbler vainly tried to win the eye of the audience; a gong sounded with a soft reverberation; the unlucky athlete crept away into the wings.

Mike Ravenna began an anecdote about old days in Vienna, so that all eyes at the table were drawn to him and only Ryder saw the next entertainer come on the stage. She was a pretty girl with an arch to her eyebrows that gave her a naive expression, and a tousled head of auburn hair. The orchestra at once struck up an old fox-hunting tune while she sang the words and tap-danced. Only the booming voice of Ravenna held the group at Ryder's table until Claussen suddenly jumped up from his chair and cried out: "It's Dorrie! My God, it's Dorrie come back to us!"

As the song came to the chorus, the music muted and the girl hushed her singing to a husky murmuring which nevertheless was perfectly audible



"Sometimes I wish you didn't keep this in such good repair"

FRANK BEAVEN

Confidence . . . in what?

WITH EYES that know no fear, no doubt, no questioning, she looks to you for guidance.

How important, therefore, it is to be sure that she has the benefits of modern science to guard her against the hazards of life that would rob her of health and happiness.

One of those hazards is the almost universal prevalence of dental infection.

A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance—even actual loss of teeth—is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development—contribute to serious illness of vital organs—even shorten life.

Most Tooth Decay Can Be PREVENTED

Because of these facts the House of Squibb recommends a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented. Part of this plan is the use of a scientific dentifrice.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder are scientific dentifrices providing effective home aid in the care of the teeth and gums.

Both these products contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. And you will like the refreshing cleanliness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

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1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.

2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb . . . Specify—

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—*a safe, internal regulator.*

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SQUIBB
DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

throughout the place. The guests of Ryder had turned to stone. Countess Lalo, clutching Ryder's arm, clung to him and moaned: "It's Dorrie! It *is* Dorrie! Or her ghost! She sang that same song here a year ago!"

The song ended with the entertainer dancing off into the wings.

"It's Dorrie or her ghost!" cried Claussen, and started on a run among the tables to get to the stage. Except Ravenna, the rest followed.

Ryder followed them. Behind the stage, he found Claussen demanding Francesco of a waiter.

"Mr. Francesco has gone home, sir," said the waiter.

"Then—Miss Innis. Where is she?"

"She is in her dressing room, sir."

"Take us to her, will you?"

"Mr. Claussen, I am very sorry, but the rules of Mr. Francesco . . . it is not really a theater any more!"

Claussen stuffed money into the man's hand.

"Now go on and take us to her, will you?" he asked.

The waiter hesitated. He had a starved, whimsical face, and now he lifted his eyebrows as he tried to make up his mind. His fingers kept gathering and loosing the bills.

Ryder heard Marene Sutherland say: "There's something wrong . . . I think I'm going to faint!"

"Well," said the waiter, "I suppose I'll lose my place tomorrow. But come this way, please."

They went back to a long alley of dressing rooms, and the waiter asked of a burly man in a sweater: "Miss Innis in here, Jack?"

"Yeah. Number seven. Whatta all these want?" answered Jack.

"All friends," said the waiter.

"Friends, eh?" said Jack, and laughed a little. "How they come to barge back in here, anyway?"

The waiter already was tapping at the door. He received no answer.

"I knew!" whispered Marene Sutherland. "She's gone!"

"She had just the same clothes," Elspeth Claussen was saying. "Down to the same buckles on her shoes. Did you notice?"

Ryder lifted his head suddenly, when he heard that.

"She's not in?" asked Claussen of Jack.

"Ah, she's in all right," said Jack.

He approached the door with authority and banged his fist on it.

"Hey, Miss Innis!" he called when the rap went unheeded.

Then he turned to the others.

"That's kind of a funny gag, ain't it?" he asked.

"What's the matter?" asked Ryder. "She's not in there?"

"Not in there? Sure. She's gotta be in," said Jack. "Hey, Miss Innis!"

He banged heavily on the door again.

"BREAK that door down," commanded Ryder. "There's something wrong. Break it down or unlock it. Have you got a key?"

Jack was already fitting it into the lock. Then he pushed the door open and they looked in on an empty dressing room with the powerful electric light oscillating slowly on its cord.

"It was her ghost! It was her ghost!" breathed Marene Sutherland.

Ryder went in and tried a door at the back of the room. It gave at once under his hand onto a dusty, unlighted passage.

"Hey, I forgot about that!" said Jack. "Did she take the old back way out? Wait till I ask at the door!"

He hurried off at a run. The others of Ryder's party filed slowly into the room and looked gloomily around at the green paint, the naked boards, as though they were inspecting some ancient Egyptian tomb.

Jack came back to them, sweating, laughing.

"Yeah, she sneaked out on us," he said. "She went out five minutes ago, the doorman says."

"When did she come here?" asked Ryder. "Did you see her?"

"Sure I saw her. She came in all made up for the stage," said Jack.

"Where's Francesco?" demanded Claussen.

"Maybe at his home, sir," said the waiter.

They went back into the restaurant.

"What do you make of it?" asked Ryder of Elspeth Claussen.

"I don't know. It makes me a little weak in the knees. I don't believe in ghosts. . . ."

The orchestra was thundering into a new jazz piece as they returned to the table.

Ryder went to Ravenna and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What in the world has happened?" he asked.

Ravenna lifted a white face that shone with sweat, and grief, and horror.

"Did you know about this, David?" he asked.

"About Dorrie reappearing? Not a word!" said Ryder.

Ravenna got himself to his feet, using both hands on the edge of the table.

"I'm going home," he said. "Have we seen a ghost? I'm going home. . . ."

"I'll take you along, Uncle Mike. You look sick," said Eileen.

"Goodby, Ryder," called Hickey. "I've got to get this into print while it's hot."

THE whole party ran suddenly through the fingers of Ryder.

The Claussens went out with Millicent and Sydney Galloway.

Elspeth Claussen was saying: "I'm sorry, David, but I need about twenty-four hours to recover. . . . It isn't like Dorrie."

"If she came back to town, she would have let us know. She wouldn't have dropped a bomb on us from the stage, this way," said Millicent. "I think I'm going out of my mind!"

Ravenna murmured to Ryder: "Can a fat man be in love, David? I think I loved her . . . and she's come to life and gone again!"

"Why, it was only a trick of hers," said Ryder. "A joke on all of you! She'll be on the phone by the time you get home."

"David, I'll never lay eyes on her again, I fear," said the Italian, and went slowly out from the place with Eileen Durante beside him. She gave Ryder a frightened smile over her shoulder; and then they were all gone.

He paid the bill and went to the side table where Martin sat. He slumped down into a chair, heavily.

MARTIN did not rise. He simply poured himself another glass of wine and swallowed it off. In his thin, sallow face his eyes had enlarged.

"Did you see?" asked Ryder.

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"My whole table of guests scattered like a bomb?"

"No, sir."

"What were you watching, then?"

"Gonelli, sir. He was down there at that table—where the wine is spilled across the table. You see?"

"What about Gonelli?"

"When he saw the girl on the stage, he slid out of his chair onto his knees."

"Got down on his knees?"

"And covered his face with the napkin that's on the floor, there."

"Martin, have you any idea what it all means?"

"I can't guess, sir. I've seen Miss Innis. I've heard her singing. All I know is that I never saw *her* dance so well."

"You watched her dancing?" asked Ryder. "You've just said you did. Then you had an eye on her feet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Notice anything about her slippers?"

"No, sir. Except that they were red and fitted with big, square, diamond buckles."

"Ah!" said Ryder. He was remembering the buckles which he had found wrapped in tissue paper in the dresser drawer, with the engraved ring beside them. "Do you know anybody that resembles Miss Innis?"

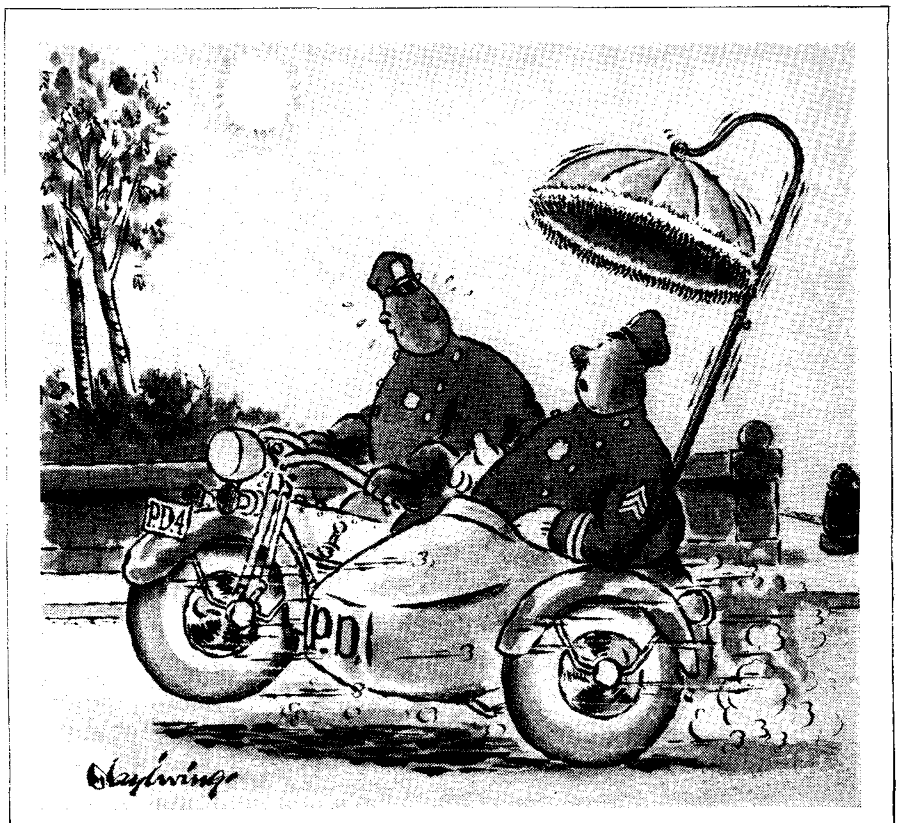
"Not particularly, sir."

"Think it over. Is Miss Carton close at all?"

"No," said Martin. Then he started and added: "In a wig, with a few things done to her face . . . yes, sir!"

"Maybe I'm crazy, Martin," said Ryder. "But we're going to Miss Carton's house and talk to her if we can."

They went out to the little white, old-



"I never tan . . . I freckle"

JAY IRVING

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—say men everywhere

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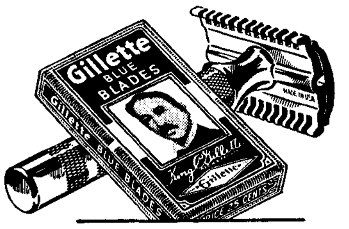
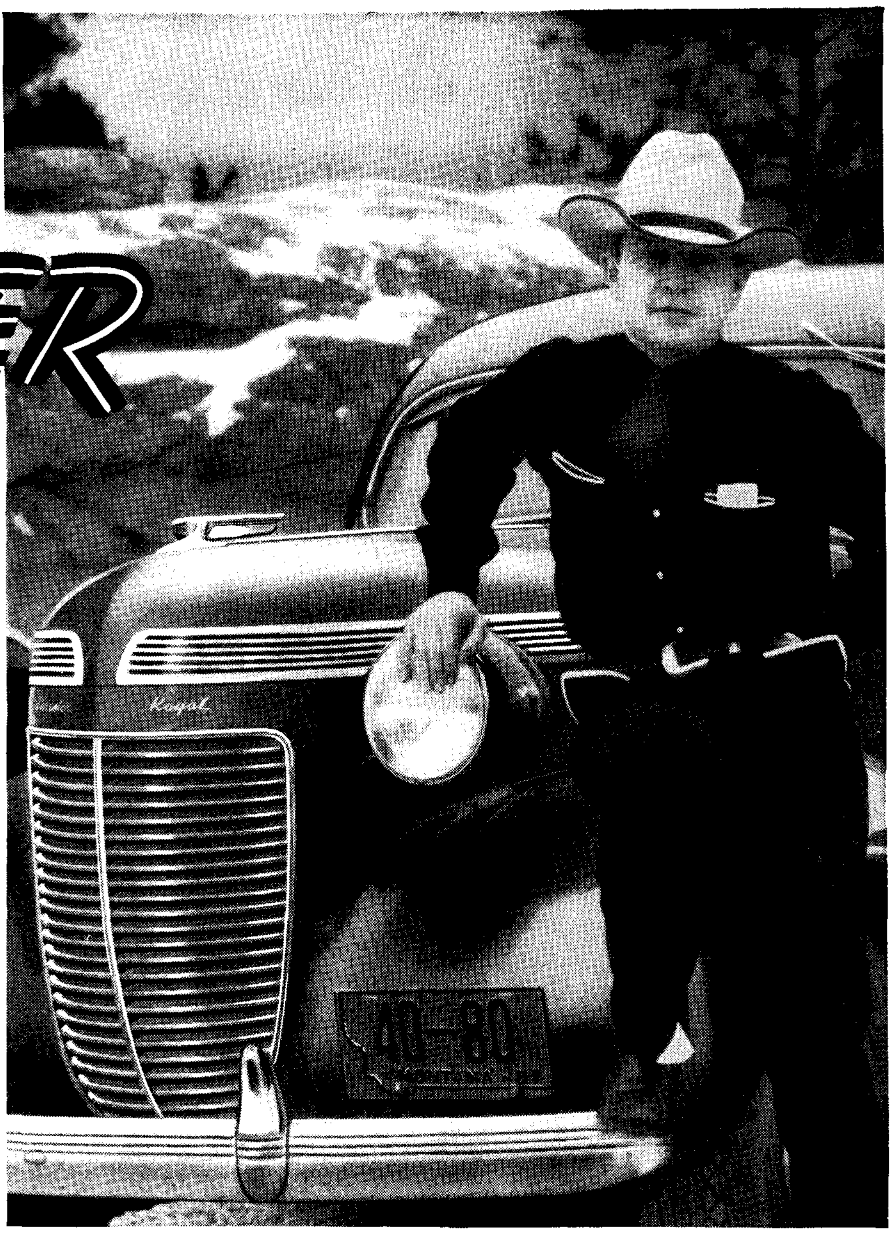


Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor



"MY CHRYSLER SURE CAN TAKE IT WHEN THE GOING IS ROUGH!"

Says— **WILLIAM MAGELSSEN**
BIG TIMBER, MONTANA

Mr. Magelssen is general manager of the Big Timber Live Stock Company . . . dealing in lambs, sheep and cattle. His experiences with his new Chrysler Royal are typical of the reports of thousands of owners in all parts of the country.

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11,000 MILES IN TWO MONTHS!

"My vocation is buying and selling cattle . . . my business takes me over the entire state of Montana and part of Wyoming . . . over all manner of roads, good, bad and indifferent. The average man would classify me as a rough and hard driver . . . however, I do take good care of my cars.

"In just two months I have built up a mileage of 11,000 on my new Chrysler Royal. I change oil every 2,000 miles without the loss of an ounce between changes.

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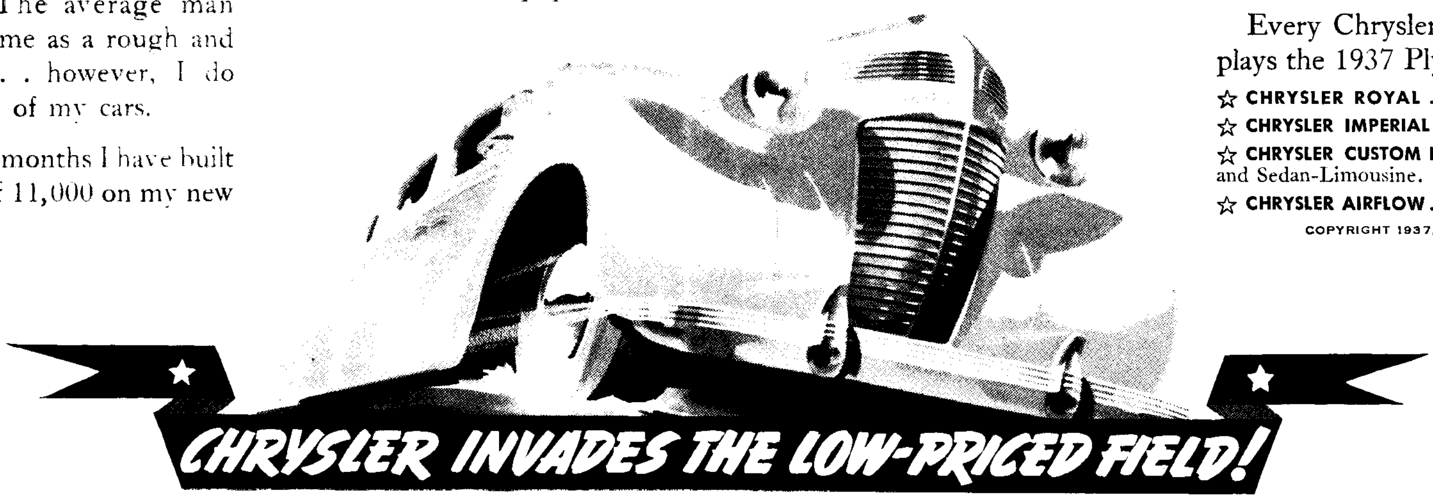
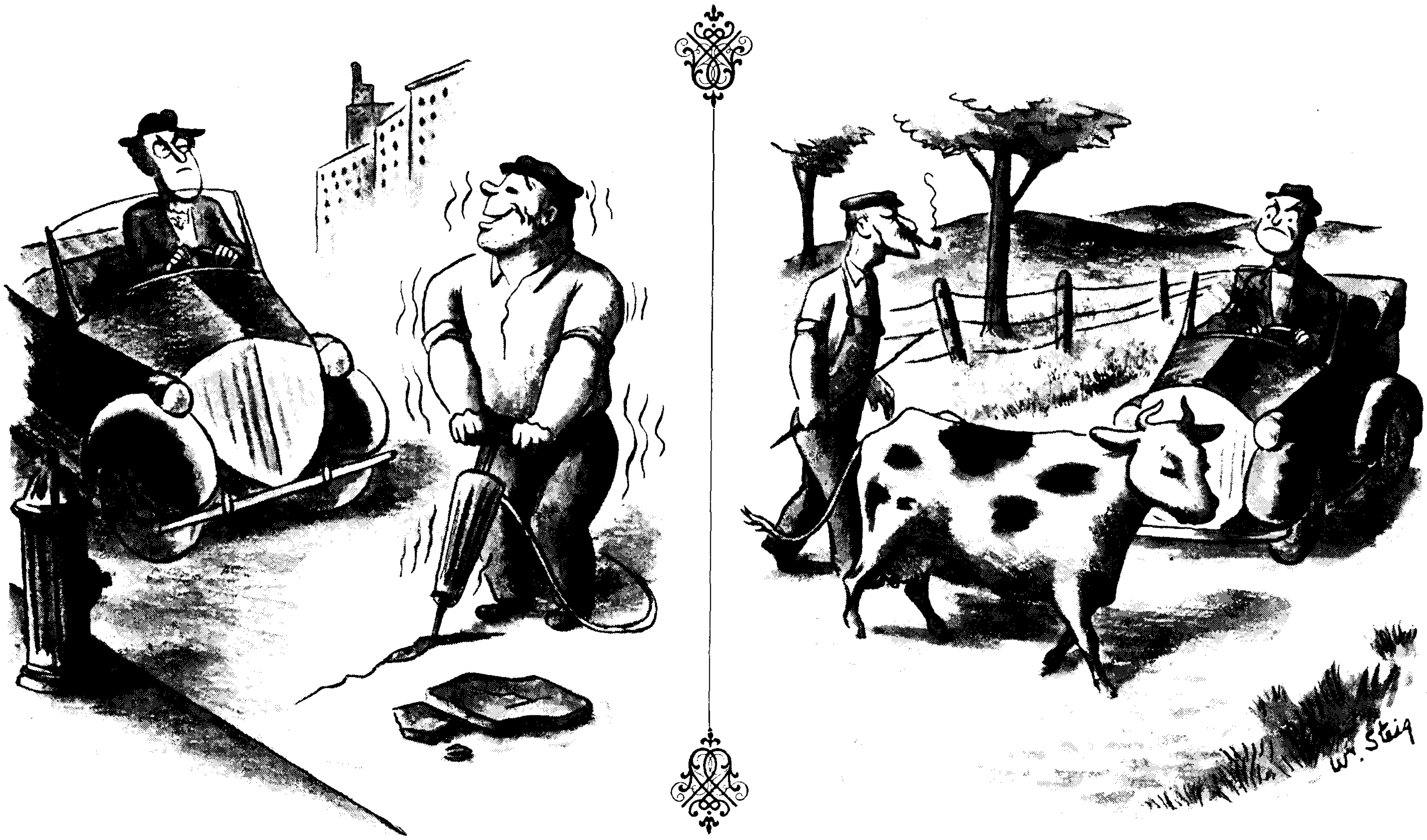

CHRYSLER INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

In TOWN and COUNTRY

4 out of every 5 miles you drive are **Stop** and **Go**



In the crowded city, and out on the open road, too, you can't GO very far these days without STOPPING!

The average motorist makes 30 stops every single day!

That's what runs up your daily driving costs. One stop can waste enough gasoline to take you a third of a mile!

Shell engineers, recognizing the high cost of stop and go, have developed a way to "balance" gasoline.

By completely rearranging its chemical structure, this balancing process does to gasoline just what cooking does to some foods—makes it "digestible."

Under all driving conditions—starting, shifting gears, accelerating—your engine gets the full benefit of Super-Shell's high energy content.

And you get the savings!

Super-Shell is the "motor-digestible" gasoline that cuts the cost of stop and go!

Try Super-Shell next time. There is a Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

SUPER-SHELL SHELL

fashioned house with Martin jumping the car like a running animal through the traffic.

"Gonelli on his knees!" said Martin.

"On his knees!" muttered Ryder. "A blind man would start guessing at dirty work, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin, overrunning a red light.

"But what is the tie-in? Dorrie Innis and Leslie Carton . . . Gonelli . . ." muttered Ryder. "Have they all something to do with my uncle's death? . . . Martin, was my uncle very often with Miss Innis?"

"Whenever he could be, sir," said Martin.

RYDER stared at the valet; then he looked forward up the glimmer of the street. He was remembering the J. J. inside the ring.

"What did she look like? Like Leslie Carton, you say?"

"They are simply the same type. She was not as beautiful as Miss Carton and she was not so intelligent."

"Do you think Dorrie Innis is alive?"

"I know that she's not, sir."

"You know that she's dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what way do you know that? In what way *can* you know it?"

"She's not the sort of person who would disappear."

He slowed the car, approaching the block in which was the little white rooming house.

"Go on to the corner," directed Ryder. "I'll get out there and walk. Lock the car and come back. Stay across the street, somewhere near that apartment house. And keep your eyes open."

Ryder dismounted at the corner. He walked back slowly down the block. He waited a moment at the gate, looking in over the lawn. Dim paths of light silvered it. The wind rushed in the chestnut tree like a coming storm. . . . Leslie Carton was a closed house to which he lacked the key.

He opened the gate and went to the front door of the house. As he rang the bell, he looked right and left. The thought of Gonelli kept stealing up on him out of the darkness.

A middle-aged rosy-faced woman opened the door. She thought Miss Carton was in and would see, she said, leaving Ryder in the front room. A moment later she returned.

"Sorry I was wrong," she said. "Miss Carton is out, after all."

"I'll leave a message for her," said Ryder.

He scribbled on a card: "Please change your mind. It may be important for you."

He gave the card to the landlady.

"I'll see that she has it when she comes in," she said.

"I'll wait here for the answer. I only want her for a moment," he added, smiling.

"Well—" said the landlady. At last she laughed and answered: "It's none of my business, is it?"

"It is, though," said Ryder. "You have to do the climbing."

She was still laughing halfway up the stairs.

Afterward, he stood in the doorway, listening, looking at footmarks on the hall runner, at the hats on the rack, at the green plush seats of the chairs in the parlor across the hall. It seemed to him that the air lived with knowledge that he needed like breath in his nostrils.

At last the footfalls began, and only one pair of them descended. His heart sank. There was the smiling landlady in the doorway, saying: "Sorry, Mr. Ryder . . . but she asks you to wait another moment."

She laughed and went away a step, and came back again to say, "*All* girls are dreadful little liars, aren't they?"

"Aren't they!" said Ryder, and was glad to laugh with her. The tight shudder of nervousness passed away with the breath of it.

She disappeared. A light, steady footfall came down the stairs. Leslie Carton stood in the doorway as he never had seen her before. She was stone-pale. He realized suddenly that for the first time he saw her grave without even that faint smile which the Greek sculptors loved.

"I was very tired," she said. "That was why I said that I was out."

"I know," he answered. "Tap dancing must take a lot out of you."

THIS answer she considered with her straight, steady eyes for a moment. She had grown paler still.

"I didn't recognize you," he said. "It was Martin."

"Did the others know?" she asked.

"I think not."

She sighed. Her whole body loosened with relief.

"They were all in a panic," said Ryder. "The shock of it turned them sick. Nobody remained with me at the table."

"Not even Hickey?" she asked.

"He rushed to get it into print. Martin watched Gonelli. Did you know that he was there?"

"Yes," she said.

He went on: "Gonelli, when he saw you, dropped to his knees behind his table as though he were afraid of the ghost."

"Did he do that?" she murmured.

"Then he got out of the place on the jump."

She nodded again.

"You're not saying what it all means?" he asked.

"I can't talk," she said.

"You're as brittle as ice," said Ryder. "At a touch you might go all to pieces. Will you let me stay with you a while?"

"I have to be alone."

"I'll go," he said.

"Until tomorrow morning. Will you ring me up then?"

"As early as I may."

"At eight . . . at seven . . . I don't care when. Will you ring me?"

"I shall. Leslie, what are you doing between this time and the morning?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"You know but you won't tell me," he said.

He listened to his own harsh breathing.

"But now you want me to go?" he asked.

"Yes, please."

"Leslie, you're sick with fear. What is it?"

SHE held up her hands so that they passed around his neck as he took her in his arms. And even in the taking of her he noticed a casual and practiced air, he thought, as though she were in a stage scene, a mere rehearsal. Or perhaps it was only the fatigue that comes with long strain and that let her head fall back against his arm now.

"Tomorrow morning?" she said.

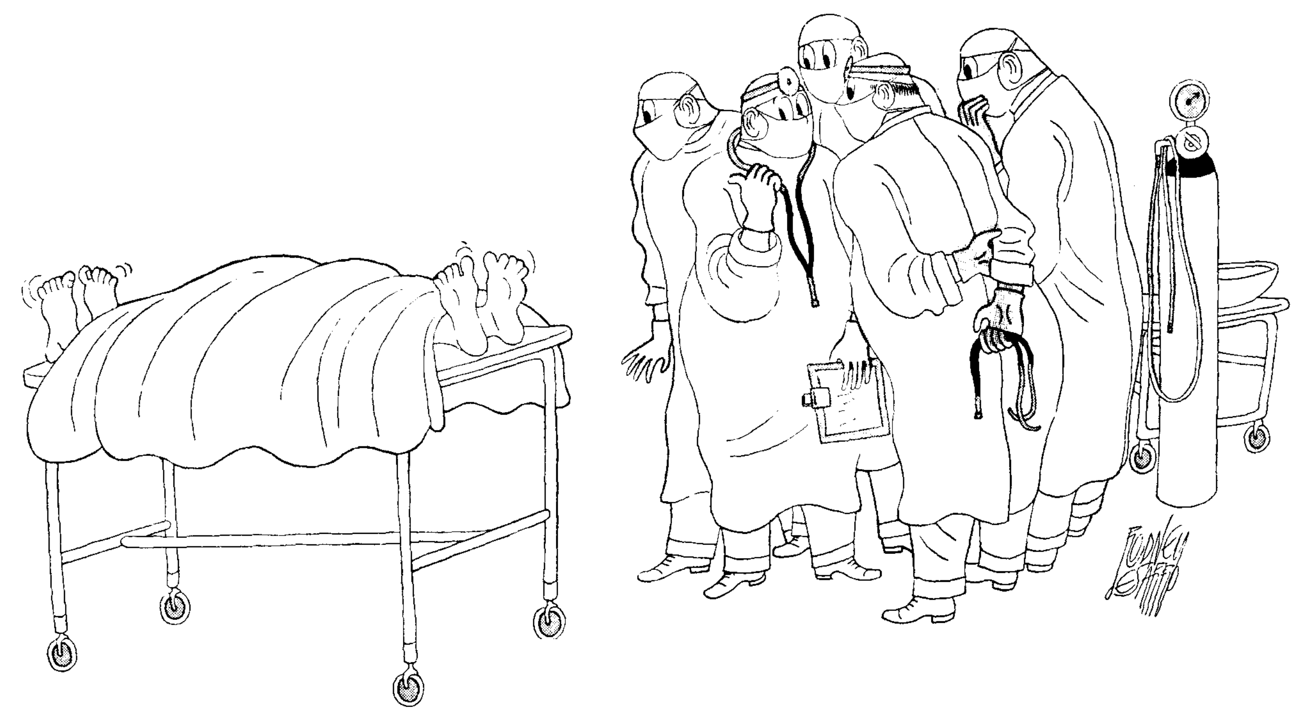
"Yes. I'll telephone. . . . Arguing with you now will do no good?"

She shook her head.

"I'll go, then," he said, and pulled his arms away from her.

He went quickly, hurrying down the path a half dozen steps from the house until something stopped him. When he turned, he saw that she was still on the threshold looking after him. Then the swinging edge of the door darkened the picture.

(To be continued next week)



"Ah, yes! The magician's assistant—a very interesting case"

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GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

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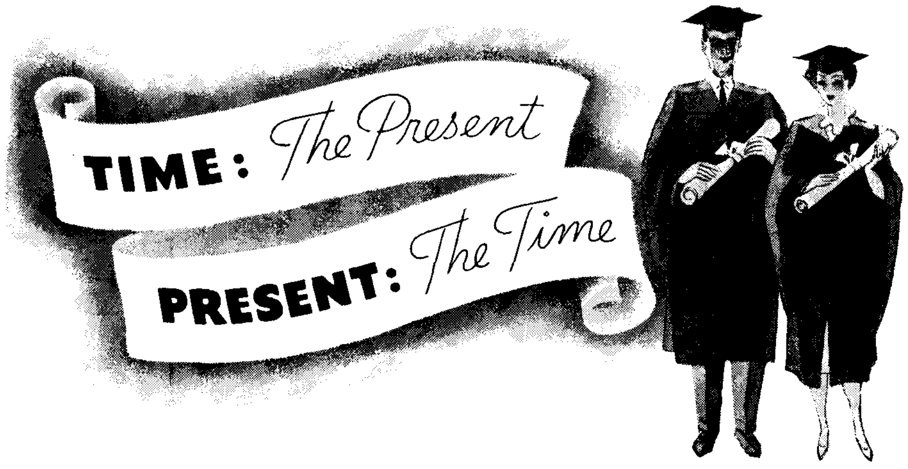
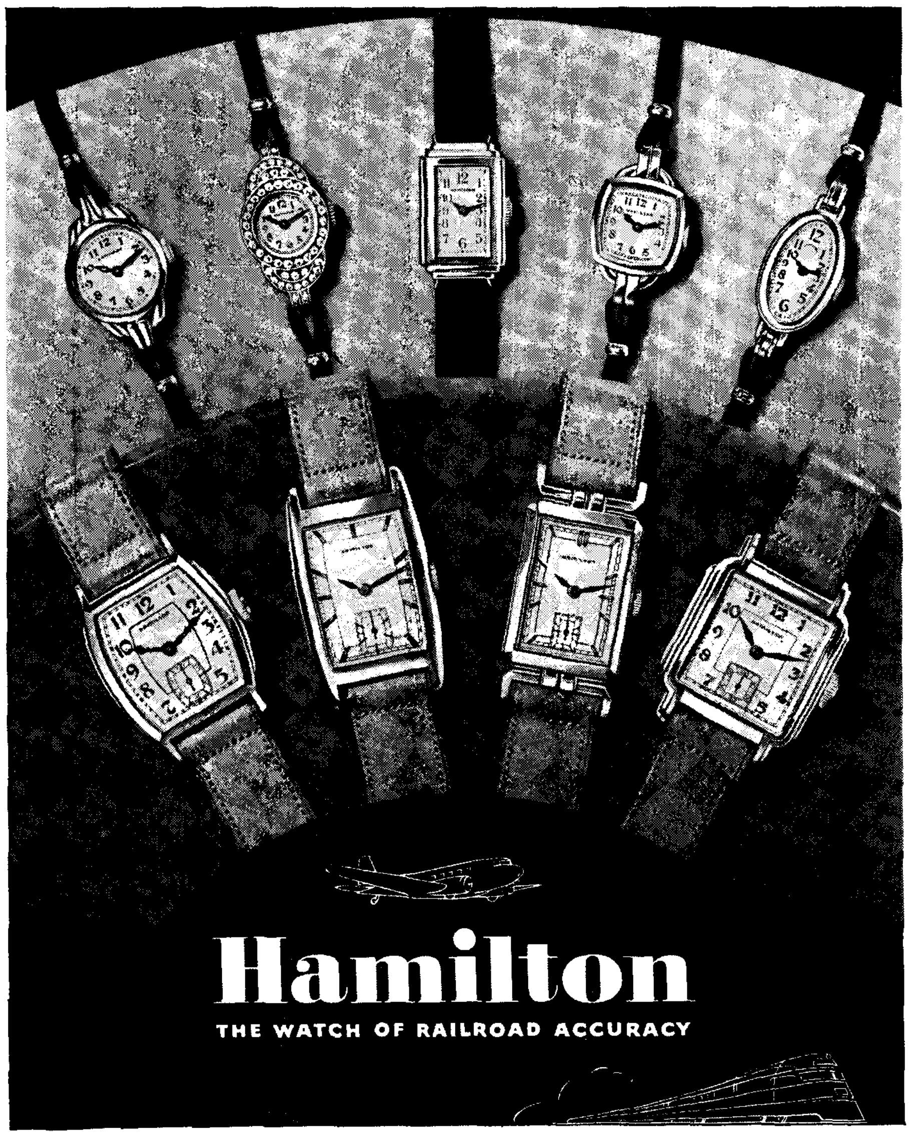


A fine watch is the traditional gift at graduation. But you may ask, *which* watch shall it be? Remembering that a once-in-a-lifetime occasion merits a once-in-a-lifetime gift, remember also that there is only one American watch of which it can be said, "There are no watches of this make with fewer than 17 fine jewels, no watches of this make cased in less than platinum, solid gold or gold filled." And every watch is cased by the manufacturer. Yet, prices begin as low as $37.50. The watch that answers your question is the Hamilton—the standard today for accuracy on land and in the air. Write for our illustrated folder of graduation watches. Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Avenue. Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

* * *

Elinvar hairsprings safeguard Hamilton accuracy against magnetic currents. temperature variations, rusty hairsprings. (Exclusive license under U. S. Elinvar patents.) Accuracy doubly checked by the exclusive Hamilton Time-Microscope. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.)



Ladies' Wrist Watches *(Left to Right)*

EILEEN. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled, white or yellow. With silk cord, $40. FRIEDA. 17 jewels. 10% *iridium* platinum case. 52 diamonds, $275.* PAULA. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled, white or yellow. Silk ribbon, $37.50. SONYA. 17 jewels. 14K gold, white or yellow. Solid gold fittings, $60. SUZANNE. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. With silk cord, $47.50. *Price subject to change.

Men's Strap Watches *(Left to Right)*

MORLEY. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled. With black *numeral dial*, $37.50. CUSTER. 19 jewels. 14K solid gold. Applied gold marker dial, $80. TAYLOR. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. Applied gold marker dial, $52.50. HEYWARD. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled. Applied gold numerals, $40. Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men, wrist watches for women, from $37.50 to $1500.

This is War

Continued from page 10

rising from the ground, the sound of bells could be heard.

"The animals all carried bells—the heavy, deep-sounding bronze bells of mountain cattle, like those of the Moslem herds. In a moment tables, chairs, boards, objects of all kinds were thrown out through the windows of the hut or brought from near-by houses. The rumble was growing louder: the cattle were coming. The materials gathered for the barricades were feverishly piled up. From all sides the peasants were converging for the building of a new barricade—the barricade against the cattle herd.

"The herds were stopped. One by one the peasants unfastened or tore off the heavy bells, which sixty dynamiters transformed into bombs. And they began to take their places in all the hollows in the rocks along the path of the Moors.

"For more than three hours they held them off by hurling cowbells from the hollows. The fighting population scattered into the interior of Spain or crossed the frontier into France. Fifty-eight dynamiters were killed."

"I was in Talavera," said another. "We were being bombarded by their planes as we had never been before. Around Saragossa there are holes like those in the valley of the moon; here there were twenty-five-pound bombs all over the place—unexploded. During the bombardment only one out of ten went off. It was an amazing sight. The Fascists were bombarding almost entirely with light bombs. No doubt they had no heavy ones left. The bombs came out of their holes like handfuls of grain, fell right on us, and here and there one of them would burst, as if by accident. It was as if the Fascists were bombarding us with enormous darts. On the embankment of the road where our trucks passed they must have bombarded us fifteen times, in small squadrons of five to nine; on both sides the bombs were piled up as if they were there ready to be carted away. They had fallen on top of each other and had not exploded.

A Message from Portugal

"It was rather odd. When a few don't explode it's more or less natural; but with so many it was uncanny. Some of our men had been aviation mechanics; they had often helped with loading the bombs on their planes. They began to unscrew the percussion fuses to examine the bombs. The first one turned round, excited as a windmill, holding out a little slip of typewritten paper to show to the second one who, no less excited, was holding a similar slip. It was the message of the Portuguese workers: 'This bomb will not explode.' "

The messengers had just arrived. It was the signal for action. The dynamiters scurried off with their bombs. I thought of an Annamite I had known several years back who had been killed in his first elephant hunt: the animal was charging, and it had seemed to my friend that a man was so slight a thing before this great mass that he had dropped his gun and run; the elephant had killed him with one blow of his trunk. So slight a thing before the mass that was coming down on him. . . . The men continued to advance to the firing line, one behind the other, their bombs on their backs or under their arms. We heard what sounded like distant motors. And with our eyes fixed on the broken crest of the hill in front of us we waited for the first armored car to appear.

"There's a peasant who wants to talk to you. He's come over from the Fascist lines."

I follow him to where the peasant is standing, surrounded by aviators who are questioning him. His answers come reluctantly. As I approach I see his face in full profile—the long, dark, lean profile of the Spanish peasant: of the men who fought Napoleon; to complete the illusion one has merely to imagine the visored cap he is wearing replaced by a knotted kerchief.

"You say you want to speak to me?"

"No. I've come to speak to the commander of the air squadron."

"That's him," the aviators tell him.

The peasant is suspicious. My outfit—the planes will be leaving in half an hour—bears no insignia of rank.

"Can you give the word for the planes to take off?"

A Dangerous Enterprise

The pilots stand round him, some friendly, others suspicious; he comes from the enemy lines. I draw him aside. He has been sent to me by the People's Front of Leon. The Fascist planes are in the vicinity of his village. He has just gotten through the lines and has gone to notify our people in Leon; they have immediately sent him to me.

I have one of the men get a phone connection through to the People's Front headquarters in Leon to check the story, and come back to the peasant.

"Where are the planes?"

"In the woods. The Fascists have made clearings under the trees where they can keep them out of sight."

"What's the field like?"

"Where they take off?"

"Yes."

He makes a drawing. Long and narrow.

"The soldiers have been working since yesterday to make the field wider."

"How does it run?"

He thinks for a moment.

"East and west."

"And the wood?"

"To the east."

This means that the enemy planes have to take off from east to west. The wind, which is very strong, comes from the east, and it is undoubtedly the same in Olmedo. The enemy planes would have a hard time taking off from the field which the peasant has described.

"How many planes are there?"

"There were twelve large ones and six small ones last night. We managed to find that out through some of our boys."

We have only four planes at our disposal. If the peasant is telling the truth it is worth attempting to surprise the enemy camp. If he is lying the enemy planes will be able to take to the air before we discover them, and we will not return. A telephone operator comes, bringing the answer from Leon. The man does, in fact, come from Olmedo, but the Leon people don't know those in Olmedo. It is up to us to decide what to do.

"It's near Olmedo," he repeats.

I show him a map; as I supposed, he is unable to read it.

"Take me to Olmedo," he says: "I'll show you. I can guide you right to the spot."

"Anyone in your family been killed by the Fascists?"

"No. Take me in your plane."

In such a situation spies are likely to betray themselves—in aerial warfare enemies cannot choose their victims. Olmedo is an hour and a half away. Our planes hold enough fuel to last five hours.

"Have you ever been up in a plane?"

"No."

"Aren't you nervous?"

He didn't quite understand.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No."

"You think you will recognize the way?"

"From Olmedo, yes. I know the country better than a dog."

We have no pursuit planes, but the sky is overcast and we may be protected by the clouds.

The three other planes that follow us in triangle formation disappear from minute to minute in the clouds that grow increasingly dense as we approach the Sierra. The inverted plowshares of the highest crests rise above the great expanse of piled-up snow; up there the enemy scouts are awaiting us with the rockets that will warn their pursuit planes. But no doubt the sea of clouds is compact on the other side and separates the scouts from their observers. We fly amid the clouds, emerging from time to time so as not to crash into the mountains—as sperm whales come to the surface to breathe. Above us and the enemy scouts, far above the subterranean agitation of war, is a wonderfully clear sky of autumn morning. An almost biting cold finds its way into the plane: these combats that were to have lasted only a few weeks settle on the invisible earth like wounded men in their beds, and in the wind that strikes our faces winter once more passes its hands over the old face of war.

The clouds draw nearer. The peasant looks at me. I know that he is thinking: "How am I going to guide you if I can't see anything?" But he asks nothing. I yell into his ear:

"We'll cross above Olmedo."

He looks at the Sierra, looks below him and waits. In each plane the crew commander, his eyes on the crest rising above the clouds, watches for the rockets.

We are now above the Sierra. On the other side the sea of clouds forms a compact mass.

We navigate by the compass, but the compass does not record the drift caused by an oblique wind. If we are carried twenty to thirty kilometers out of our course the enemy planes may have a chance to take off. I will try to reconnoiter the country without completely getting out of the clouds, rise again to pick up the other planes, rectify our course, and head for Olmedo. Then it will be up to the peasant to show the way.

We have passed the Sierra; we are over enemy territory. Now any accident to the motor is fatal. The Moors have a special predilection for wounded aviators. Beneath the radiant sky, buried under the clouds, lie torture and death. Behind us the other planes, still in triangular formation, follow us with the comradeliness of two arms of the same body.

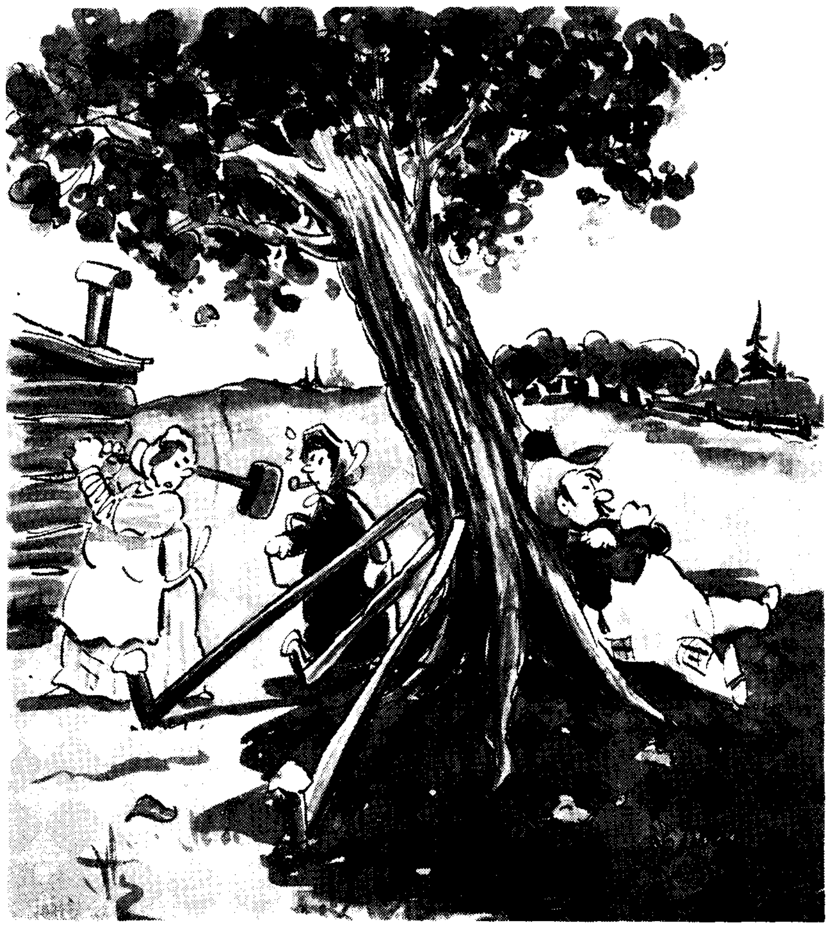
Away from the Earth

We are approaching Olmedo. The clouds, the sky, still the same serenity. . . . We enter the clouds. As soon as the mist envelops us it seems as if the battle were beginning. The plane descends slowly, so as to stay within the clouds as much as possible; at the fighting posts the machine gunners and the bombers are now on the lookout. And the pilots and I watch the compasses and the altimeter with more intensity than we ever watch a human face.

The altimeter drops: 800—700—500—400—375—350. We have not yet pierced through the blanket of fog. If we continue to drop and we are not exactly over Olmedo (which is probable) we are going to crash—there are hills throughout this region.

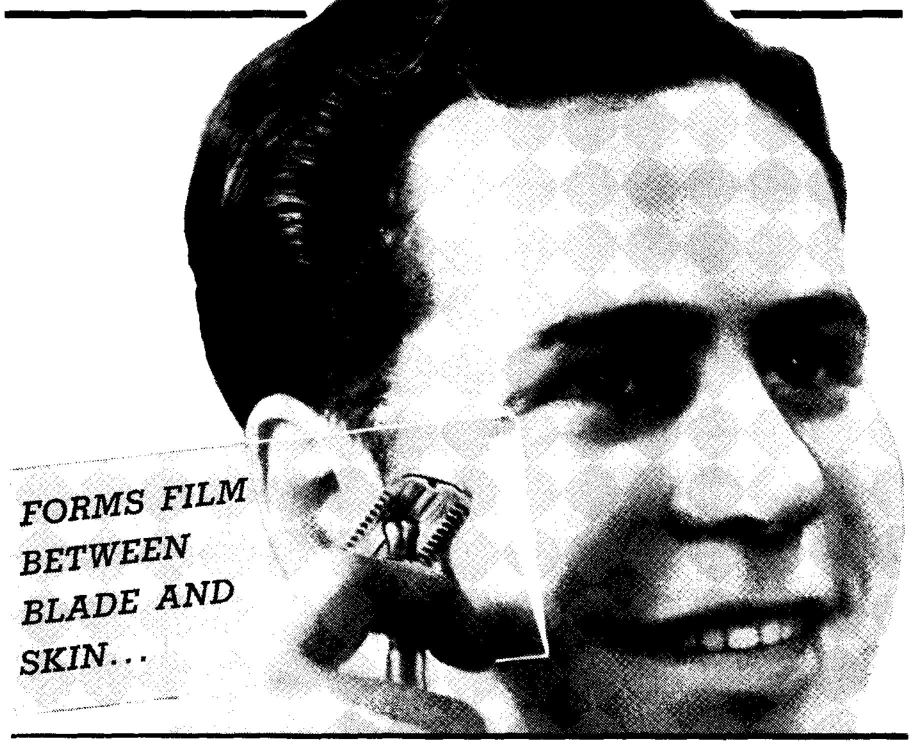
We begin to take on altitude again. Before dropping I have observed that the sea of clouds was punctured here and there. We shall wait, circling over the point where we are, till a rift appears below us.

Our plane loses all contact with the earth. Until now we have been advancing, our eyes and our minds always



"This sycamore never had a chance. Paw started leanin' agin it while it was still a sapling" REAMER KELLER

New-Type Shave Cream Keeps Razor Off Your Face


FORMS FILM BETWEEN BLADE AND SKIN...

Protects Your Face from Scraping —Yet allows Razor to Shave Closer, Cleaner

SMOOTH to the eye—yes! But actually the skin on your face is rough, scaly.

Daily shaving rips and tears these tiny scales, often causing sore spots.

A new-type shave cream called Glider puts an end to these ordinary shaving troubles. It forms a thin protective film between blade edge and skin. Over this film your razor glides swiftly, smoothly. Off come whiskers—*no scraping.*

Glider is a heavy, rich cream. You spread it on with your fingers—never a brush!

If you are bothered with tender skin or have difficulty getting close, clean shaves, try Glider today.

Glider softens the toughest beard instantly. Leaves your skin smooth and fresh—never greasy or sticky. *And it won't clog your razor!*

Aqua Velva for After Shaving

Williams famous after-shaving preparation—closes skin pores—fights off pimples, sore spots—gives your face that clean, cool, "air-conditioned" feeling.

WON'T CLOG RAZOR
NO BRUSH NEEDED
NOT GREASY

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Good only in U. S. A.
Generous introductory tube of GLIDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CO-7, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. Please send me a free tube of Glider—Williams new "No-Brush" Shave Cream.

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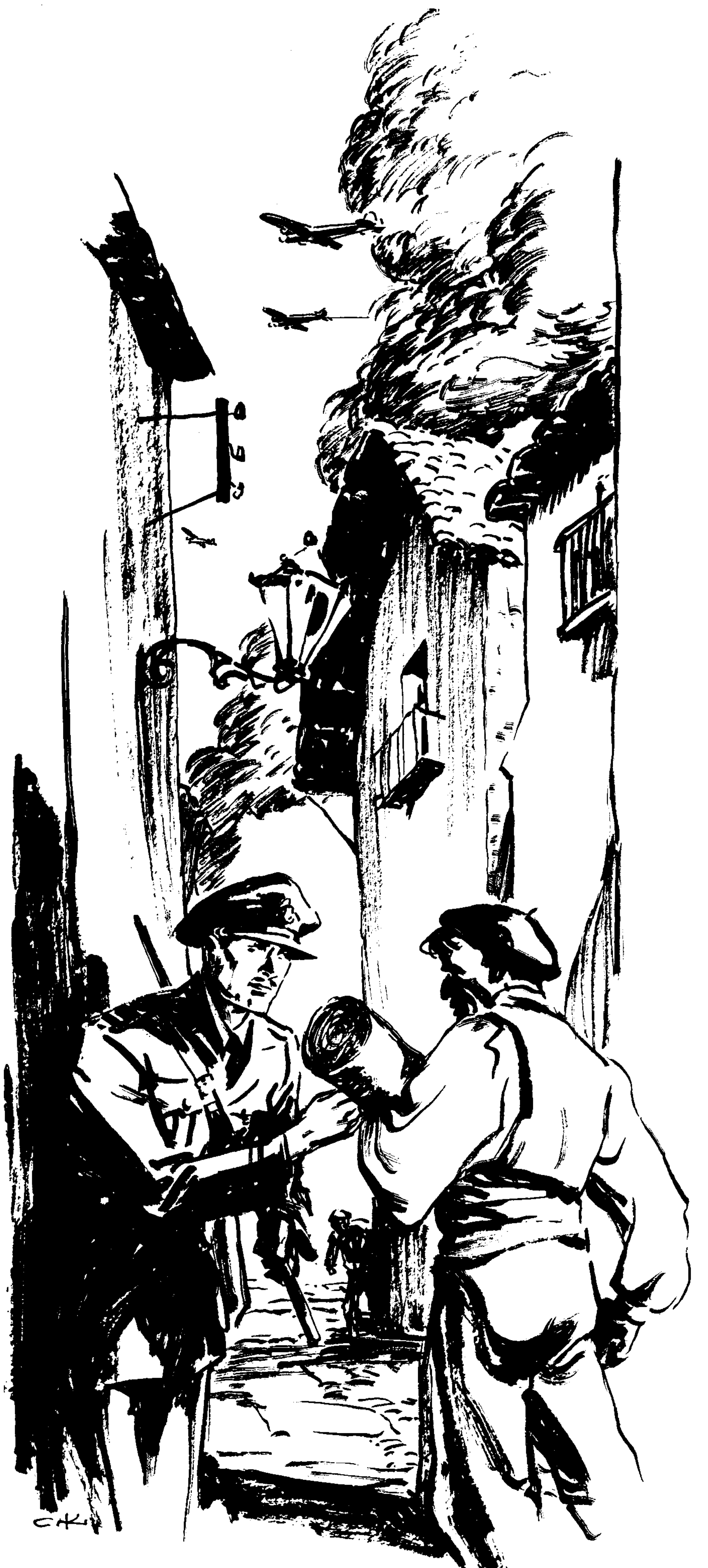


The sound of airplane bombs reaches our ears. "It isn't a manuscript," he answers gently. "I'm changing the wallpaper in my apartment"

turned to what lay before us, fascinated by what we were approaching; for the first time now we must wait. The planes circle above the bank of clouds that extends beyond the distant crests; but the clouds advance with a movement that gives the illusion of being the movement of the earth itself, and it seems as if men, earth, destiny, flow away with that immensity that is gliding beneath us, while high up, beyond the world, the planes circle with the fatality of stars.

Yet at the same time the old savage instinct of the bird of prey has taken hold of us. With the centuries-old wheeling flight of hawks we circle as we wait for a break in the clouds, the eyes of all the crew looking downward as though we were on the lookout for the entire earth and expected it presently to appear in a sudden rift. And it seems as if the whole landscape of clouds and mountain peaks is turning with the slowness of a planet round our motionless machine.

A cloud darker than the rest, and greenish in hue, approaches. It is the break. Like a worn and dirty map, the earth begins to appear.

Olmedo is not immediately below us, but a few kilometers to our right, russet because of its tiles, like an old smear of blood on the shredded surface of the clouds. My plane beats its wings—the combat signal—and we swoop downward.

All heads are stretched forward, parallel like those of ancient bas-reliefs. We are above the church; below us, the houses rush past at full speed like a herd in flight.

The peasant looks, his whole body tense, his mouth half open, and tears zigzag down his cheeks, one by one; he does not recognize anything.

Some distance away large puffs of shell smoke appear, like fragments of the clouds from which we have just emerged. The enemy antiaircraft guns are beginning to fire. The battery is no doubt close to the enemy camp, but there is no trace of smoke on the ground. We have two minutes at the most. The peasant said that the field was north of Olmedo. I put the signal on the command dial square north; no one in the other three planes is aware that we don't know where we are going.

Desperate Measures

For a brief moment I bank the plane 90°. Our path is parallel to the main street of Olmedo. I point it out to the peasant:

"There's the church. The street. The Avila road."

He recognizes all that in passing, but can't get his bearings for the direction we have to take. What will he be able to recognize when we no longer have even the buildings? Below the immobile upper half of his face from which the tears are flowing his chin quivers convulsively.

The Fascist pursuit planes are surely getting their motors started. The first one that takes off will show us the field; but if its attack allows the others time to leave the ground, none of us will return. It is now a question of seconds.

There is only one resort: give the peasant an angle of vision that he is used to. Perpendicularly he does not recognize the country; on the ground—horizontally—he would recognize it at once. We must get a view as close as possible to that which one gets from the ground. I shift the course a few points off north and drop to thirty meters.

The machine guns rattle, but that doesn't matter. The antiaircraft guns have ceased firing—we are too low, below their range. Soldiers and farm animals scurry off frantically below us like snow shooting sideways from a snowplow. If one could die of looking and seeking, the peasant would die. He catches hold of my arm, points with a taut, crooked finger which he does not manage to straighten at a large publicity billboard, black and pale yellow under the low sky. And he pulls me to the right, with his whole might, as though I were the plane. I put the command signal east. The peasant shouts. None of the men turns his head. The peasant yells, but does not speak, and with his finger which is still crooked points to a wood.

"Is that it?"

He answers yes with his whole head and shoulders, without relaxing his outstretched arm. And there, next to the wood, is the oblong field which he had drawn for us before our take-off. A pursuit plane and a bombing plane are out in the open. The propeller of the pursuit plane is in motion.

A Peasant is Pleased

We are approaching in the very direction in which it must take off. In order not to be brought down by our own bombs, we take on altitude, and in a few seconds we will again become targets for the antiaircraft shells. As we pass over the field we drop a few light bombs—enough to cut the path of the pursuit plane and prevent it from taking on speed. We circle and turn back, dropping a string of light bombs. It's impossible to aim, but our blind firing cuts the path of the Fascist plane. We drop bombs as we pass over the wood, where a cluster of figures is trying to push the bombing plane. We bank as we did a while ago above the clouds and come back. As the field comes into sight again, the pursuit plane is lying on its side: a heavy bomb from one of our planes must have struck close by.

At full speed the four wheeling planes in oblique formation pass again one after the other over the wood and rise toward the shells which are beginning to form a barrage—as though we were deliberately going to meet them. Our bombs fall on the wood, where we can make out nothing. Undoubtedly the pursuit planes from the nearest enemy airdrome, advised by telephone, are already in the air. Our machine gunners watch the sky, the pilot and the bombers keep their eyes on the ground; the round continues.

We are suddenly jolted as by an air pocket. Has a shell just burst close by? There is no puff of smoke near us. But down below, from the wood, a thick, black smoke begins to pour, which I immediately recognize: gasoline. Directly or indirectly, we have struck the enemy depot. Still we see nothing of what we are bombarding. The enormous smoke begins to rise as if subterranean beds were burning beneath the quiet wood that looks exactly like all the others in the late morning. A few men come running out of the wood—and, in a few seconds, hundreds of them, in the same headlong animal flight as the flocks of cattle a while ago. And the smoke, which the wind beats down as if the sky would fling every trace of war back toward the wretched world of men, begins to spread. Beside me, shivering with joy and cold, the peasant stamps his feet in the fuselage.

Madrid is being bombarded. I am following a man who lugs a manuscript as big as himself. People rarely write on paper of that size, and such a large manuscript naturally interests a writer. I stop the man:

"What is that manuscript of yours?"

The sound of airplane bombs reaches our ears.

"It isn't a manuscript," he answers gently. "I'm changing the wallpaper in my apartment."

Over 1,000 Dentists helped design this DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush

made by RUBBERSET
1. Cleans the Teeth
2. Massages the Gums
It's the Twist
that makes you grip the handle correctly for the "rotary motion" most dentists recommend.

THE *Double Duty* tooth brush is new—new as tomorrow morning. And the moment you grip it you'll know why it's different—why it has professional endorsement—why the 1,000 dentists who helped design it voted for it by a *majority* of 4 to 1 over the brushes they had formerly used.

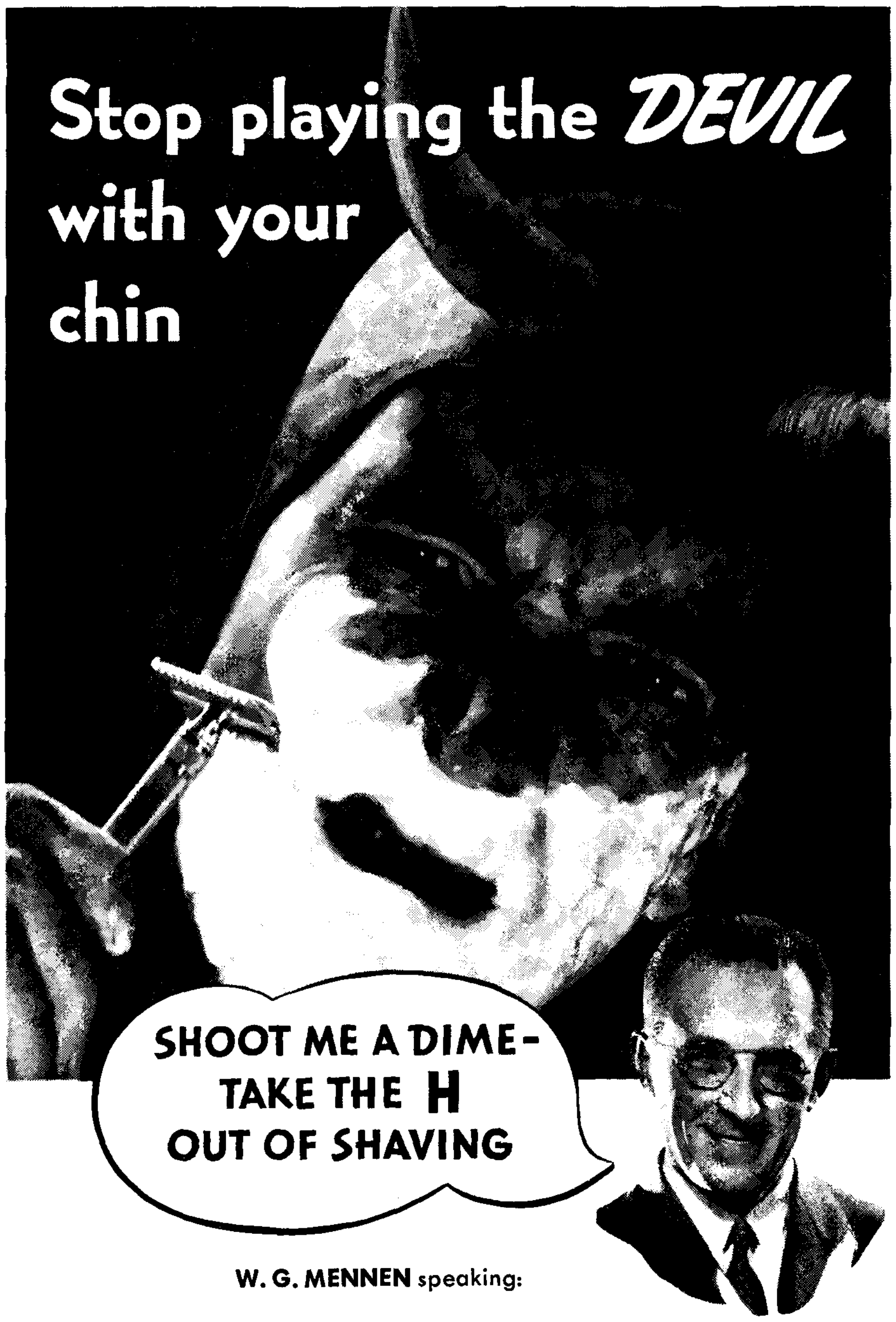
A MODERN TOOTH BRUSH FOR MODERN DENTAL HEALTH

Look at the head of this new brush, see how modern it is in design; how the fine quality bristles are set wide apart. And then grip the handle. *There's the practical—the professional difference!* It's set with a twist that fits snugly into your hand. This allows your hand and fingers to get the right grip so that you naturally brush with the "rotary motion" most dentists recommend. You do more effective work with less effort...and you massage your gums as you clean your teeth—with such ease it is practically automatic!

Soft foods of the modern day diet deprive your gums of exercise they need to help keep them firm and healthy. They become soft and under-stimulated. They need more work and exercise—the healthy stimulation of massage. And *Double Duty* is correctly, scientifically designed *to massage the gums* as well as clean the teeth. That's why modern dentists acclaim the *Double Duty* Brush—why they will tell you that it is a marvelous aid in keeping gums firm, strong.

The *Double Duty* tooth brush is made by Rubberset—famous for making quality brushes for over 70 years—your guarantee of quality and workmanship. Stop in at the drug store and get for yourself this radically new tooth brush. The Rubberset Company, Newark, N. J.

RUBBERSET'S "DD" DOUBLE DUTY (TRADE MARK) TOOTH BRUSH


Stop playing the DEVIL with your chin
SHOOT ME A DIME- TAKE THE H OUT OF SHAVING

W. G. MENNEN speaking:

"Men, does shaving play the devil with your chin? When you look in the mirror, does the fellow you see there have horns? Well, you can swap those horns for a halo—just by using the coupon below.

"Ask your druggist whether in *his* store, there isn't a remarkable trend toward Mennen. Then ask him *why*. He'll tell you it's because we make *two* shaving creams—one for the man with *oily* skin, the other for the man with *dry* skin. He'll tell you that my LATHER Shave is made especially to remove the excess oil from oily whiskers, and to wilt 'em as they've never been wilted before; also that this cream cleanses the pores. On the other hand, he'll tell you that my BRUSHLESS Shave is made especially for *dry* skins . . . that it not only wilts whiskers but helps relieve dryness and tautness; also that it's a cream not a grease. He'll assure you that one of the Mennen Shaves fits *your* face.

USE THAT COUPON!

"Brother, even now—as you read—hundreds of men are clipping that coupon at the bottom of the page. Why not join the parade? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Just mail me a dime for my Skin Tester Kit containing demonstration sizes of five (5) Mennen products, including my Lather and Brushless Shaves. Try both creams . . . one of them will settle *your* chin worries forever. And remember . . . you're getting five items for ten cents. So shoot me your dime today . . . and stop playing the devil with your chin!"

After the shave . . . (1) Mennen Skin Bracer, *a cool, tingling tonic with a mannish odor that girls like, too.* (2) Mennen Talcum for Men. *Does not show. Kills face-shine.*

MENNEN

LATHER SHAVE (Plain or Menthol-Iced) or brushless

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men." Send coupon with 10c in coin to the Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-5-29.

Name...

Address ....

for OILY SKIN
for DRY SKIN
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
Brushless

Hi, Spy!

Continued from page 20

the blameless lives of geisha girls. They have to look at Kabuki plays and listen to priests chanting in Shinto temples—when they would rather be up at the Ginza Kaikan drinking beer or strolling through Asakusa amusement park.

Teachers are always petted in Japan, because the idea is that they will return to Evening Shade, Ark., or Church Center, Iowa, and tell their pupils what grand people the Japanese are and how we should reduce tariffs on cotton and rayon piece goods.

It works, too.

Collecting spies is harder in China than Japan. Best place to flush them is in Loyang, 500 miles up the Yangtsze from Shanghai. Loyang is a heavily fortified city and planned as an emergency capital to which the government will retire when the war starts and the Japanese bomb Nanking. The tourist should let the secret service know he is coming. A platoon of spies will meet the train or the plane and ask to see his special passport visa for Loyang.

This is where most visitors make their mistake: they have a visa. When they see this, most of the spies usually wander back to Chen Yu-ching's tea den and eat watermelon seeds, leaving the spy-hungry tourist to himself.

Better omit the visa.

Occasionally a spy can be picked up in Nanking in times of national crisis, when the cumshaw is being mobilized to buy off a rebel war lord or Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is having a headache. But the trip to the capital sometimes is a disappointment, with the tourist getting in and out of town with only a cursory examination of his baggage and half an hour's shouted argument with the soldiers at the city gates to brag about for his pains.

It is so easy to get a spy in Manchuria that there is no "face" to be gained by doing it. The place is in a state of permanent insurrection against the sweet and lovely influences of Japanese culture and most of the trains run along with all the blinds pulled down, bayonet-bearing guards in the corridors and spies and visa inspectors as thick as congressmen around a rivers and harbors appropriation.

Losing the Spies

Two American newspapermen in Hsinking, the Manchukuo capital, recently found they were being followed around by four Japanese spies. At first, they thought they must have got on the wrong train and turned up in China, but it was Hsinking all right. One of the newspapermen thought it would be quite a stunt to lose all four spies; the other agreed. After all, no one had ever lost four spies all at once, though plenty of people had succeeded in losing one or two.

Back at the Yamato Hotel that evening, the four lost agents turned up and protested vigorously to the writers. It wasn't playing the game, they said, and the happy relationship between Japan and America, to say nothing of Manchukuo, was being imperiled. But the Americans, who had just bought a quart of Japanese Scotch, refused to sign an armistice — secretly hoping for eight spies on the morrow.

Next morning, however, the commandant of the Japanese garrison called up on the telephone.

"You see," he explained, after detailing how the four lost spies had almost committed hara-kiri from shame, "we have just brought over a new platoon of secret agents, and some of them are very amateurish. They have had no experience. So we have to assign several to each visitor, to train them in the routine. Tourists, alas! are so few. . . . But if our agents annoy you, gentlemen . . ."

"Not at all," responded the writers handsomely. "After all, hands across the Pacific and all that, old fellow! Glad to help. We'll go out singly today, and you can assign four agents to each of us."

Well, it's that sort of thing that makes international friendship and foils the diplomats.

In Outer Mongolia, under the Soviets, it is almost impossible not to find a spy or two adhering to one. No self-respecting traveler boasts about his catch in Ulan-Bator or even in Uliassutai. The trick out there is to be spied on by three nations—Japan, China and Russia—all at once. Very few Americans have achieved this. Those who have are so snooty hardly anyone can speak to them.

Be Kind to Your Spy

No decent white man will let his spy fall down on the assignment and thus imperil his job. For example, there was the attaché of the American embassy in Tokyo. His spy asked him, one Saturday night, if he couldn't get off Sunday to go see his parents down in Aomori. The attaché said sure, he wasn't going any place. So the spy, a father with three kimonoed tots dependent on him, caught the interurban and didn't get back until Monday morning. A few minutes later he came around to the attaché's office, breathing heavily.

"Where you drive Sunday?" he asked.

"Nowhere, Suzuki. Why?"

"Your speedometer: Saturday night, he say 6,578 kilometers; this morning he *say 6,722 kilometers. You drive some* place 72 kilometers away, look at fortifications. You tell me, or I lose my job."

The attaché let his spy worry for a whole day before he confessed that he'd gone to the garage Sunday morning and twisted up the kilometers. Just an American joke.

While Americans in the Orient take the spy game as a sort of sport, the British play it very solemnly and correctly. Naval men on Asiatic station particularly regard the system as part of the social life of the place and do their part with great accuracy and flourish.

A few months ago a British cruiser dropped her hook in man-o'-war row off Yokohama. Her officers, stiff with gold braid, were ferried over for a formal call to the Japanese flagship. There they were piped over the side and were somewhat astounded to see that the whole ship, with the exception of the crew, was covered in canvas. They were quickly escorted down an alleyway and into the wardroom, before they could as much as look at a gun or a range finder.

It was all very secret and, furthermore, it was obvious that each British officer was being scanned for candid cameras and notebooks. But the Britishers drank their cocktails and said nothing.

Next day, a party of Japanese officers returned the courtesy call. The British had dolled up *their* ship with all the canvas they could muster, even hiding the capstan. Down in the wardroom, natty canvas was lashed tightly over a huge oblong affair against one wall. From the deckhead, black power cables dropped down and disappeared under the canvas. A sign read: "Danger: 5,000 Volts!"

The visitors were highly interested in

this affair, tapping it tentatively, trying to get a peek underneath the canvas, asking, at length, what it might be.

"Sorry, old chap," said the red-faced British skipper. "Wish we could let you have a dekko." (Dekko is British slang for once-over.) "Friendly nation and all that, y'know. But very secret."

"Yess, what is it, pliss?"

"Battlescope, old chap. Sort of control station. New gadget. Sort of a thingummy. In action, the picture of what's going on appears in front, on a screen. Sort of television, what? We direct all the action from here—you know, knobs and levers and radio gadgets, you know. Deucedly clever, old top—but secret."

Those Devilish Americans!

News that the British navy now had a radio apparatus called a battlescope as standard equipment caused many a headache around Tokyo—all unnecessary, as it turned out. Because it seems harmless, now, to reveal that the curious object snugged down under canvas in the wardroom wasn't really a battlescope at all.

Just the cruiser's old upright piano.

To the British, the acquisition and care of Oriental spies is just another couple of ounces on the white man's burden. To the average continental European it is a welcome change, all European spies, as is well known, being either tall, willowy blondes with smoky eyes or redheaded exotics with Polish mothers and Argentine fathers. But there are no lovely girl spies in the Orient, at least on the Oriental side.

To the American, however, the catching and rearing of a spy is all part of the job of keeping up with the Joneses. The Joneses come home from a Far Eastern tour, gather a little circle of friends, pass the cocktails and then whisper, dramatically: "Well, we were standing on this street corner in Osaka when a little Jap came up and lifted his hat and asked if he could help us. And, my dear, it turned out later he was a spy! Were we thrilled!"

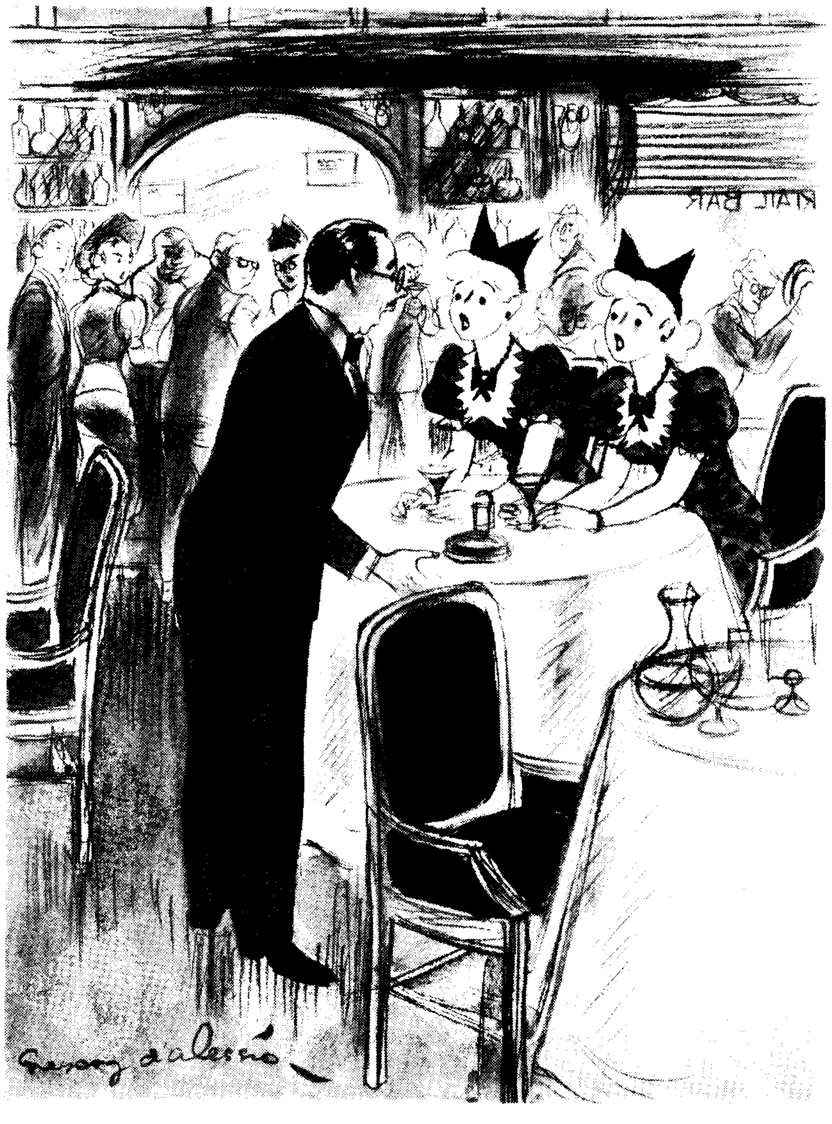
So, of course, when the friends go to the Orient, they have to have a spy, too. In this valiant endeavor they sometimes annoy the Japanese no end by not sticking to the rules. A high official in the Tokyo police department commented rather bitterly the other day that Americans caused a lot of unnecessary trouble in the espionage bureau.

An American traveler, the complainer said, would come to Tokyo and register at a hotel as Homer Larson, 42, cistern cleaner. Then he would go to Nagoya and register as Deadshot Wright, 35, poet. The register at Nara would describe him as Hockaday Sims, 56, printer's error. And so on.

This sort of funny business, the boss copper said, might be the American idea of humor, but it got everything balled up.

When all the register records got to the central bureau, it was impossible to sort out the names, and, according to the immigration records, most of the visitors had never arrived at all. The kidding Americans were just driving Japanese bureaucracy nuts. So many men had to be put to work trying to straighten out the muddle that when it came to finding operatives to do outside work as spies there weren't enough to go around.

And, unless Americans in Japan mend their ways and learn to play the game, there never will be.



"The check is on the house, girls, but would you mind leaving? The customers are blaming it on my liquor"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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Men Are Difficult

Continued from page 12

floor; dust everywhere; a half-empty bottle of whisky in the bathroom—dirty clothes on the floor of the closet. Almost automatically she found herself changing to an old dress, opening all the windows to the top and vigorously attacking the disorder.

When Charles returned at six, he found her sitting on the edge of a table, surveying her handiwork. She looked very cute, he thought, a strand of her brown hair waving over her ear, her slender legs swinging. He kissed her shyly. "Glad to see you."

"No one would guess it from your telephone conversation," Mary Ellen informed him, still wounded.

"What's the matter with my telephone conversation?" Charles demanded in surprise.

"Oh, never mind."

"Shall I mix up a cocktail?"

"Yes—but don't you notice anything different?"

He looked at her, and smiled approval. "A new dress."

"It's just about the oldest dress I've got," Mary Ellen stated crisply. "I've had it for four and a half years. I got it the winter we went to Bermuda. I got it in Chicago at a sale for thirteen dollars and a half. You've seen it about a hundred and fifty times."

"Well, it's very becoming," Charles said mildly.

"Well, never mind the dress. Look at the apartment."

Charles looked around vaguely. "Oh, been cleaning," he said. "That's fine. I'll make an old-fashioned, shall I?"

He started for the pantry.

"The whisky's in the bathroom," Mary Ellen reminded him.

"No, that's special whisky," Charles answered, without checking his course.

Special for what? Mary Ellen demanded of herself, and got no satisfactory answer. Special for whom? Special when? Special! Humph!

"What kind of whisky is this?" Mary Ellen asked sweetly when he returned.

"Rye."

"Not special!"

"No, but it's all right," Charles said in a matter-of-fact voice. "So far, my friends haven't complained."

THERE was no reason why he should be so obtuse, Mary Ellen thought, with an indignation that was annoyingly close to tears. She spoke at random, saying just the things she had not meant to say:

"Well, I wish you would tell your friends not to put cigarette butts in the lamp-base. And you might return those hairpins I collected from the floor to their owners. Also, I don't see how anyone could get lipstick on the middle of a bedspread."

Charles chuckled; her remarks followed a characteristic itinerary.

"I don't think it's so funny."

"Well, I don't know how people get lipstick on places, either, darling," Charles protested, "but it is sort of funny."

"I'm going to take my bath," Mary Ellen said.

Left alone, Charles slowly woke to the fact that Mary Ellen was in one of her tempestuous moods and would require careful handling. He remembered that she had said something on the telephone about being bored and about a lot of rain; maybe the country had depressed her. He considered his tactics with care; the right topics of conversation were important. The hat! He had forgotten to ask about the new hat! And he needed that to offset his remark about the dress. When she emerged from the bathroom in her silk underclothing, he approached to kiss her; and at this critical moment the telephone rang. He answered it with a slightly agitated heart that became instantly a sinking one as he recognized the voice. It was, of all people, Trudy Elton.

Trudy was a fine girl for occasional summer parties in the city: pretty, gay, a good sport, a good drinker. But she was a little noisy, and very unpopular with wives. Her voice over the telephone was unnecessarily loud. She began as usual, without any preliminaries:

"Charles, darling, I'm glad I found you, and you simply must be free for the evening. We're meeting at Jack Wray's for a few drinks and a party—"

"Oh, hello," Charles said.

"Darling, how cold! Did you hear me?"

"Yes," Charles answered, "I'm afraid I can't, tonight."

"Charles, don't let us down. Bring her along. Bring any number of 'em along, men, women and children. It's Jack's birthday, and he's reserved a table somewhere. Please, darling."

TO CHARLES' oversensitive ear the voice seemed to shriek through the receiver.

"Sorry, I can't," Charles answered, a little desperately. "Mary Ellen—my wife—is in town, and we have an engagement."

The voice died out of the receiver contritely. "Oh, sorry," it said, completely understanding. "Hope I don't become a question mark. Goodby, Charles."

"Ask her if she wants her hairpins," Mary Ellen suggested.

Charles hung up.

"I'm so sorry to have interfered with your plans," Mary Ellen began.

"Don't be silly," Charles said. He felt that he was on the defensive, but without cause; and this injustice annoyed him. "I didn't have any engagement."

"Well, you could have had," Mary Ellen pointed out. "What kind of party was it?" She spoke brightly, calmly—but there was something in her voice that warned him.

"Oh, some sort of birthday party," Charles explained, shrugging his shoulders.

"I suppose it didn't occur to you that I might have liked to go?"

"No—frankly, it didn't."

"Perhaps you wouldn't want to have me around."

Charles considered this to be unworthy of comment.

"Or perhaps," mumbled Mary Ellen fiercely through the blouse she was pulling over her head, "you are a little ashamed of some of those summer friends."

"I'm not ashamed of any of my friends," Charles stated coldly, "and I think you're being stupid and feminine."

"I see," Mary Ellen said. She pulled on her skirt and pressed the little fasteners together at the waist. She kept her head down, but Charles could see the disturbance on her face, and his indignation melted. He was about to smile and say something like "Darling, let's have a party of our own," but he waited a second too long. Mary Ellen lifted her head with a face suddenly cold and determined, and went to the telephone, turning her back on him.

"Mr. George Anderson, please," she murmured after she had dialed the number. "George, this is Ellie. I just came in town. Are you busy this evening? I just wondered if you'd like to

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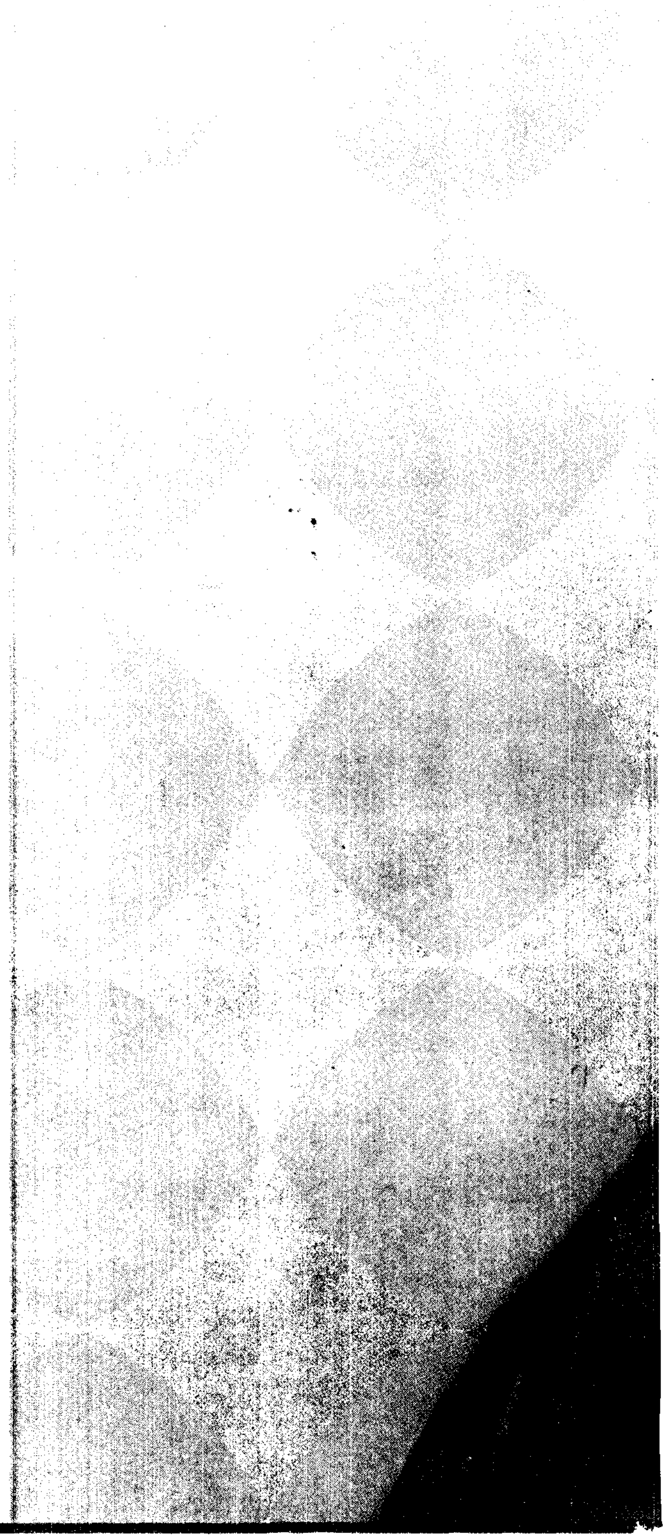

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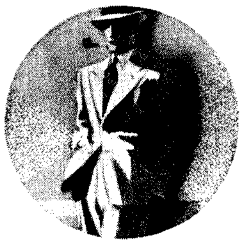

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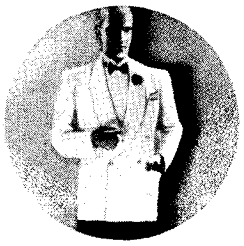

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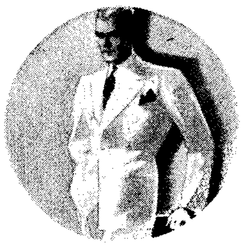

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take me to dinner? Really? All right, that would be very nice. I'll take a taxi over to your apartment."

She put the receiver back, noting with satisfaction that Charles, lying on the couch, had become rigid. He did not say anything for a moment—in fact, he was too astonished and shocked to speak. He lit a cigarette and smoked silently, while Mary Ellen finished dressing.

"Would you mind telling me who that was?" he inquired finally.

"Didn't you hear the name? I thought you were listening."

"I don't mean the name—I mean who is he."

"No one you know," Mary Ellen said indifferently, taking the new hat out of the box.

"Probably not," said Charles with heavy sarcasm. "And I didn't realize that a woman, even in these days, would call up a man and beg to be taken to dinner."

"Beg!" said Mary Ellen. She gave a short and, for her, a very hard laugh.

"I don't know what the hell else to call it," Charles said harshly.

"Please don't swear," Mary Ellen said. "Please don't be vulgar." She adjusted the hat with three quick little jerks. "I see no need for becoming common. Save that, for a few minutes, until you can call back that woman with the loud voice."

She picked up her pocketbook.

CHARLES was staring at her with an expression of outrage on his face; but when he saw this definitive gesture of departure, he swallowed and exclaimed incredulously: "Listen, are you really going out with a man I don't know when you came in town presumably to see me?"

"I came in town to get a new hat," Mary Ellen said.

"All right," said Charles angrily. "Just as you like. And I suppose in addition to the money for the hat and the railroad fare, you'd like some money to buy this man a dinner."

Mary Ellen was opening the door. "I dare say he will take care of my expenses if it worries you," she announced, and departed.

Charles pulled a long draft of cigarette smoke all the way down inside him and sat up. "Well, I'm damned," he muttered. He ran his hand through his hair. "Can you beat that?"

He shook his head and frowned as he tried to trace the beginning of the quarrel; but it was hopeless. There never was any beginning; there usually wasn't any special end. Mary Ellen's moods were suddenly *there;* and then suddenly not there. But what disturbed him this time was the sequel—the absolutely unprecedented action of Mary telephoning a strange man—strange to him, that is—and asking him to take her to dinner. Going to his apartment. George Anderson. George. Ellie. Probably a pet name.

HE DECIDED he needed a drink. He got the bottle from the bathroom and put it carefully away in a bureau drawer. It was a really old whisky that a classmate of his had left behind by mistake the night before. Charles went out for his own stock and poured himself a generous measure. As he did so, he felt himself growing angry. He was an innocent victim of Mary Ellen's bad temper. He had been humiliated by the spectacle of his wife asking another man to take her to dinner. The more he thought about it, the angrier he grew. Her conduct was outrageous—coming into New York, ditching him, and asking herself to a strange man's apartment for dinner.

How long had this sort of thing been going on? he asked himself suddenly. What was it all about, anyway? Well, two could certainly play at that game. He had plenty of friends in New York. He had, in fact, Trudy! Now you can call up, Mary Ellen had said. Well, he would. Trudy had no moods and was never difficult. He called her on the telephone and was shortly on his way to Jack Wray's apartment.

The elevator man's directions when he stepped off on the eleventh floor were unnecessary; he could hear an erratic hum of voices through the closed door. When it opened, he was projected into a haze of cigarette smoke, in the midst of which a great many people were lounging against walls, on the edges of chairs, against the mantelpiece, all with glasses in their hands. It was all very familiar, even to the redheaded girl who called, "Hello, stranger," to him, with a perilous wave of a cocktail glass.

"You're way behind," Jack Wray said. "Toss this down before you make any mistakes."

Trudy came up and kissed him on the cheek. "Always turn the other cheek," Charles said, turning it.

"It's hard to choose between the two," Trudy said.

"You might hesitate between," Charles suggested.

That remark was a great success, and he was passed on to other people. The conversation rose and fell in waves, and broke in occasional bursts of laughter. It was animated and vivacious, but somehow it did not cheer him as much as usual.

"Why so solemn, stranger?" a girl's voice said. She was blond and blue-eyed and familiar, and her name, Charles concluded, was Legion.

"I was thinking," Charles replied, "that the time will come when this fine house will be crumbling stone, and you and I will be no more than ashes blown about the ruins." He had used that line before—in fact, he had developed it rather well, speaking of lizards building their nests where once that fair head lay, etc., but it sounded a little flat tonight.

"You better have a little of my drink," Legion said. "I want to help you if I can."

"ARE you really kind?" Charles inquired. "Kindness always takes me off my feet."

"I wish it would take me off mine," the girl said. "They hurt."

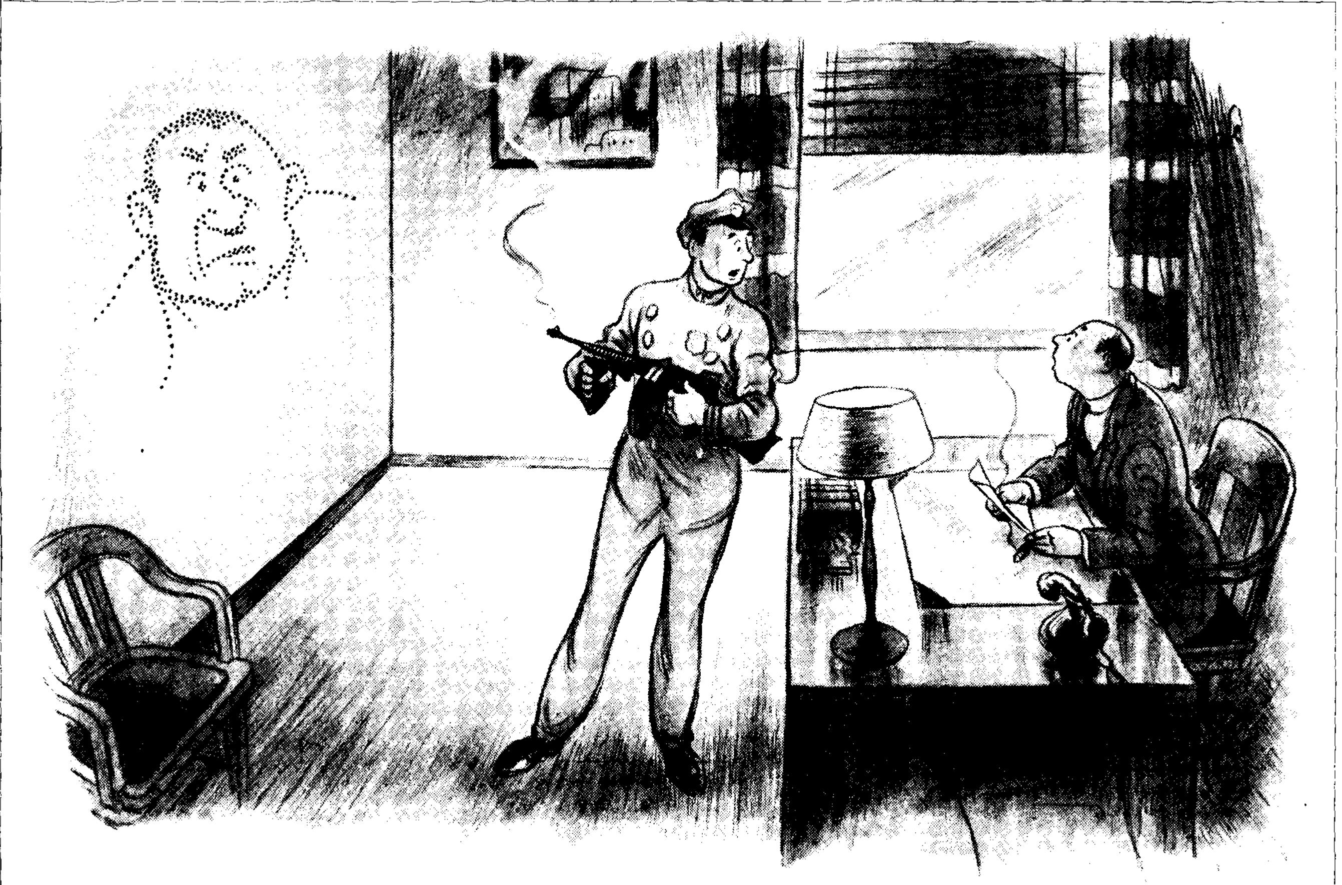
"We might sit down," Charles suggested. He peered around vaguely.

What would Mary Ellen be doing?

"We might explore," Legion suggested. "There are other rooms."

"Lead on, Livingstone," Charles responded. "Stanley will find you."

It took about ten minutes to cross the room, what with words to this one and that one, but they were finally out of the crowd into a hall, around a corner, and in the temporary shelter of a bed-



"The guy who stole your pay roll. Did he look like this?"

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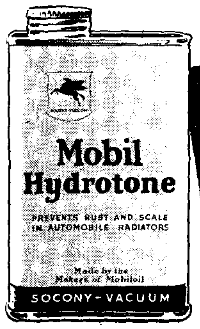
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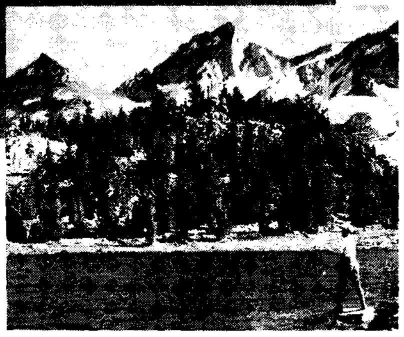

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room. The girl sat on the bed with a sigh. "Couldn't be better," she murmured. "Would you like to know my name?"

"No," said Charles, "I already have a name for you—a little pet name."

"What?"

"Legion."

She was suspicious. "How do you spell it?"

He told her.

"That's not a name," she said. "That's just a word."

"It's a lovely name for a lovely girl," Charles said. He stooped over and kissed the top of her head.

"I've never had the top of my head kissed before," Legion asserted. "It's a thrilling experience."

"There's nothing like it on earth," Charles stated, sitting down beside her.

"I don't know that I would say that, but I'm glad you're so easily satisfied."

"Oh, you are," Charles said, finishing his cocktail. "Well, suppose I'm not?"

"All right, supposing you're not?" She looked at him challenging, provocative.

CHARLES returned the glance, measuring his chances. It would serve Mary Ellen right if he kissed her. He leaned forward, and at that moment saw a telephone on a small table. Mary Ellen might have come home, he thought.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I just remembered that I have to make a telephone call. Do you mind?"

Legion laughed. "Not very gallant," she said, "but I don't mind. I'm getting a refill." She went out.

He dialed the number and heard the little trill of the bell far away, the pause, the repetition. It had a lonely sound. There was no answer.

"All right," Charles muttered grimly. He walked back to the main room, fixing his face into a bright, untroubled look.

"Hello," Legion said. "Did you get your girl on the telephone?"

"No," Charles answered shortly.

"He's in love," Legion explained to the others.

Trudy was eying Charles speculatively. She leaned over and whispered: "Say, I hope I didn't mess things up for you tonight with the little woman, did I?"

"Of course not," Charles answered, annoyed. Imagine calling Mary Ellen a little woman! It would make her furious—he suddenly grinned as he pictured her, eyes flashing, nose tilted up, mouth tight shut. She had spirit. He would call her up at ten o'clock to see if she had come home.

He had some toast and scrambled eggs, and then went back to the bedroom to the telephone. He would tell Mary Ellen that he was coming right down to take her to a night club. And when he saw her, he would certainly remember to say something about the new hat.

The muffled sound of the bell came to him remotely along the wire. It rang a second time and a third and a fourth, and his heart bumped lower with each ring. "Damn," Charles said. He put the receiver carefully in its place, trying to feel indifferent. He decided to concentrate on Legion.

"I'm going to take care of you," he assured her. "Don't cry any more."

"I can't help it," Legion said. "I can't bear to think of your so great kindness, Monsieur le Capitaine."

Half an hour passed before the party started moving. Charles and Legion were in the hall when suddenly Jack Wray called: "Look here, what happened to George? He never came to my party."

"Call him up," someone said.

"I'll call him up," Trudy offered cheerfully. She was always the one who called people up at this hour. She followed Charles into the hall and remarked to him as she passed: "We're going to get George Anderson to come along with us."

"Who?" said Charles, standing still.

"George Anderson," Wray said in answer. "Rich, white, unmarried. The hope of the female world." He took Charles' arm. "Let's see how Trudy handles him."

"Yes, let's," Charles said. He stood very stiff by the telephone, the forced smile fading from his face, a faint humming in his head. It was hard for him to hear Trudy's remarks on the phone. He waited for her report tensely, barely able to control his anxiety when she laughed for a moment after she had hung up. "Just between you and me with our hair down," she said, "I think George is a little drunk. And he says he has a girl in his apartment and can't leave her."

"Betrayed by a woman!" Wray exclaimed. "Well, bring me my boots and saddle. Let's go."

Charles had his head bent over his cigarette case. "Right-o," he muttered.

He followed them into the hall and slipped into the elevator alone while they were collecting the others. He rode down to the street and walked across to the drugstore where there was a telephone book. He found "Anderson, George" and underlined the address slowly with his finger. It was two blocks away. He walked along the street, mechanically, not thinking of anything at all. Anderson lived in a small brownstone house with the initials G. A. on a brass bell plate. Charles stared at it for some time before it registered on his mind. Then he crossed the street and walked up and down for a while. It was eleven o'clock. Then he sat down on the steps of the house opposite.

HE WASN'T going to do anything. He was just going to wait. Perhaps in half an hour she would come out. If she was going home alone, he would ask her if he could ride home with her. If Anderson took her home, then he would go home a little later, after Anderson had left. He wouldn't cause any scene or do anything. Probably there wasn't anything to cause a scene about. She had just gone to a man's apartment and had a couple of drinks. Just as Trudy and other girls did, in his apartment. There wasn't any harm in that. She had a right to do that. Besides, Trudy couldn't know whether George was a little drunk or not. Even if he was, what of it? He himself had been a little drunk, several times, in such a situation. What had he done then? Well, sometimes he had kissed the girl. That wasn't particularly important—just a kiss; or probably going a little farther with his hands pressing tight upon her—

No, not Mary Ellen. Not Mary Ellen kissed by a man who was a little drunk, with her pert, sweetly curved mouth lying against his. Not Mary Ellen, with her pretty hands and arms and legs, with her way of giving a little hop when she was excited about something—not Mary Ellen clutched tightly in another man's hands.

After a while a light flashed on in a window of the house, and then off again; and he thought that surely she would be leaving now: she had gone into a room to get her hat, and would be coming down the stairs, making some characteristically light remark about the evening. But the dark door never stirred in the doorway, and the chimes of a city church struck twelve.

He lit a cigarette, finished it, and lit another one. The smoke hurt his throat, and his head was heavy. A girl went by and saw him and gave a start, and walked on very fast.

Each time the clock struck he would

decide to wait one more period; until finally he stared into the gray face of dawn and knew that he was a fool to stay any longer. He was more tired than he had ever been in his life. He walked slowly to a corner and stood there until a cruising taxi hailed him. When he arrived at his apartment, he unlocked the door and stood for a moment in the living room with his head slumped between his shoulders. He tossed his hat on the sofa and stumbled toward the bedroom; and halted suddenly.

Mary Ellen was sitting bolt upright in the bed with wise, questioning eyes.

Charles stared at her.

"Charles," Mary Ellen began in a quavering voice. Then she hardened herself. "I suppose you're drunk."

He swayed a little and sat down heavily on a chair. "No," he muttered. He added in a croaking voice: "I didn't know where you were."

"It doesn't seem to have worried you much," Mary Ellen said. "I've been waiting for you here since eleven o'clock." Her voice broke on the last word, and she began to cry. "I came home to tell you I was sorry I was in such a bad mood, and I've been waiting and waiting for you, and I've never been so lonely and frightened in my life."

To Charles it was as if the blood that had been drained from his veins came rushing back to run riotously through his heart and gave him life again.

"And then you come home drunk at six in the morning," Mary Ellen said.

"I'm not drunk," Charles said. He stood up, wanting to shout, to talk very fast, so that everything would be cleared up, and he could hold her, laughing, in his arms. "Darling, really—I've been waiting for you—on the street—at George Anderson's. And I couldn't understand what was happening. I was watching the door, hoping you would come—"

"I never went there."

"What?"

"I never laid eyes on George Anderson in my life."

"But, Mary Ellen, you telephoned him—"

"No, I didn't. I held the little bar on the telephone down with my finger. I just made it up because you were so darn' difficult, and so *dumb*—"

"Never mind that," said Charles darkly. "How'd you ever happen to think of the name George Anderson then?"

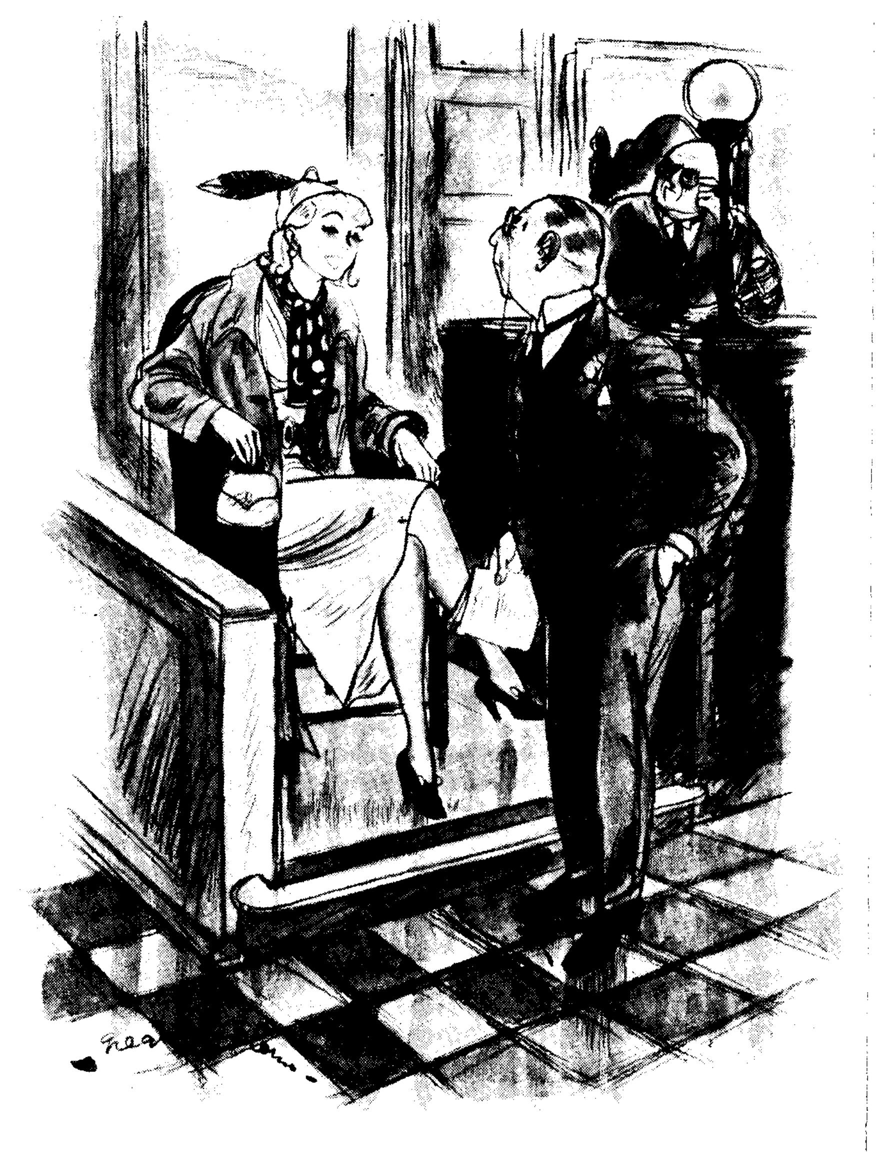
"Oh, I heard a girl talk about him—a girl named Trudy Elton—this was at a bridge party a couple of weeks ago—and she said that George Anderson was the only bachelor in New York who had a house all his own. And I just happened to use his name."

Charles began to laugh. "Trudy Elton!"

"Yes. I suppose she's an old friend of yours."

"She's the girl who called me up last night."

"Oh, well," murmured Mary Ellen drowsily, "who cares?" She sighed contentedly on his shoulder, and her eyes closed. Within a minute or two, she was asleep, clutching his hand. He let her gently down to the pillow. He had just remembered something. He got up and wrote a memo for himself and left it on his bureau, so that he would find it when he woke. But while he was asleep, the wind blew it a little to one side, and he never thought of it again. Mary Ellen found it later the next morning after he had gone, and laughed and laughed. "Remember to speak of new hat," it said.



"Am I permitted little white lies?"

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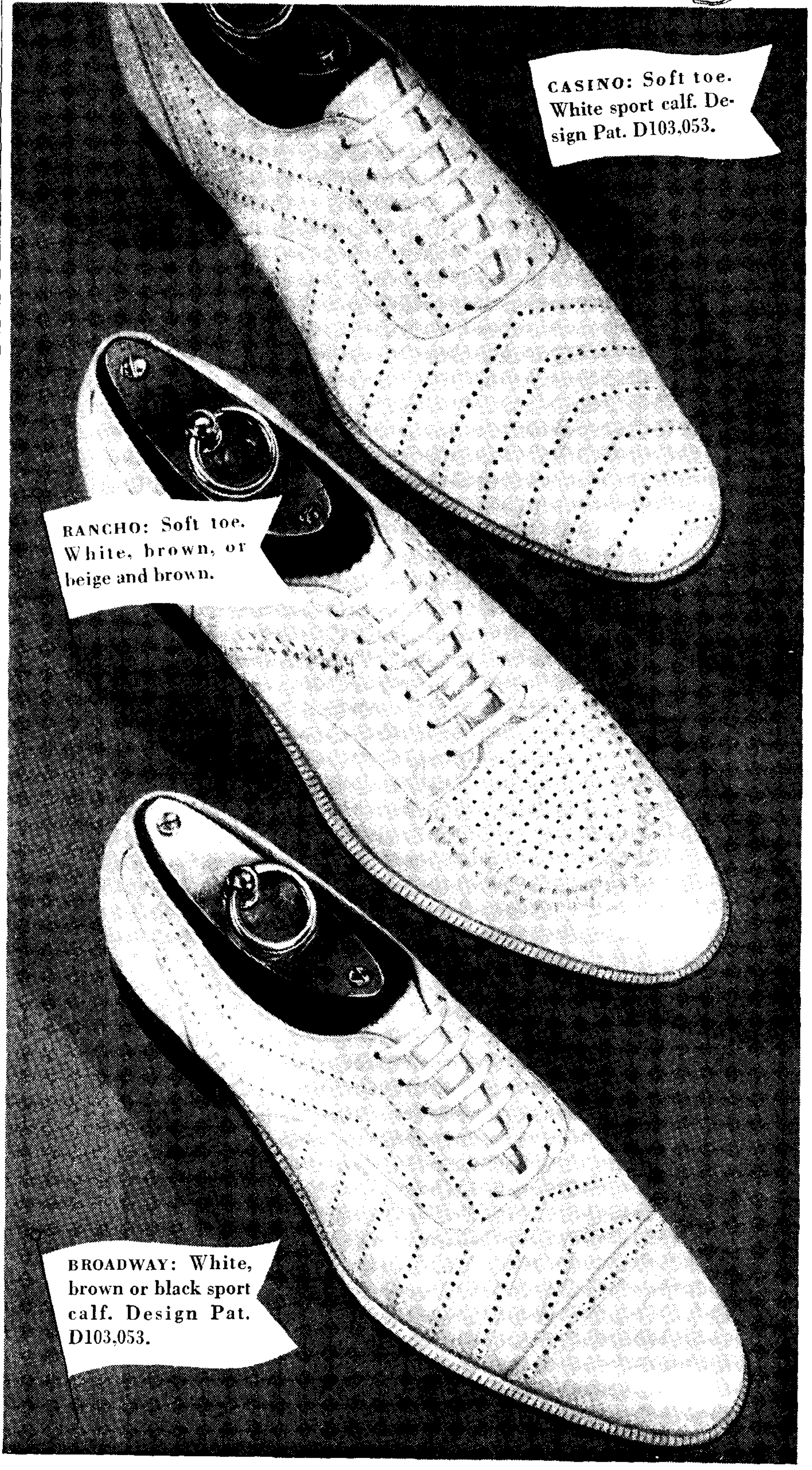

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Emergency Wife

Continued from page 27

Their unleashed strength and clumsiness told her that never just so had he swept any other girl into those arms. She surrendered herself to the kiss, long and passionate; ecstatic and hungry; fierce and strong. And then, because she felt that he was surrendering, too, surrendering himself and everything, present and future, even the short week end with an eager and lonely little boy, she rallied herself, pulling them both up, like a resolute driver pulls up a headstrong team.

Even then, he still held her close.

It was so new and terrible and splendid to him.

"I don't want to go," he whispered against her mouth. "I wish I could stay in London this week end."

She pushed him away as soon as he would let her, and entreated him softly and clearly: "We've a job to do, Ken, *both of us. I've my sisters tomorrow;* you've that child waiting for you at school. And we're not ready to take all this for ourselves yet—either you or I."

" 'Yet!' You said 'yet!' "

"All right. I said 'yet.' But don't ask 'when!' And now, dear . . . your hat!"

"Ah, Linnet!"

"I'm so tired."

"Oh, my dearest, my sweet! I've tired you!"

"Run along and don't make it worse then," she said. She moved to the front door, making him follow her, and got him out, and smiled "Good night"; and shut the door on him, and ran to her bedroom, clicking off the lights as she went. Well over! Well over! She tried to still the tumult of her mind and body.

The sisters tomorrow!

Anxious, serious sisters, practical, plain sisters, so much older, yet so much more childish than herself. Dear sisters.

WHEN she thought of them—beings from another world than this passionate, pulsating world of hers—she laughed; and quieted; and fell asleep.

Colors—gorgeous, sinister, tragic, comic, exultant, or pastel—faded from the flat when the old homelinesses of childhood days, and girlhood days, innocent and ignorant days, swept in with the sisters.

Linnet's staid sister Dorothy cried: "It's like a glimpse of paradise to come here to you."

Gwennie, the married woman, said, as she always did, though sweetly and without envy: "*The* loveliest flat. *The* loveliest life."

And as Linnet always protested, so she protested now:

"You don't really think that, Gwen."

"Well . . . *the* loveliest flat. And *the* loveliest life—except mine." Then Gwennie glowed the glow of lover, bride, wife and mother, laughing with pride.

"Three of my girls have taken honors in the Senior Cambridge Exam, Lin," chattered Dorothy proudly, "and at *last* I've got the Education Committee to rebuild the gym."

"We're three lucky women," Linnet said.

Gwennie smiled.

"That reminds me of a bit of news," she said. "At least I hope it may be real news—we both do hope and pray for it, Hughie and I. And the children, they've been praying for it too. Morning and evening. Hughie hopes to be preferred to a living—lovely rectory—seven hundred a year, Lin. Seven hundred a year! The bishop is putting his case forward very strongly indeed. The bishop does appreciate Hughie's work so! And indeed he ought! The beautiful sermons Hughie is preaching now, Lin! We're to dine at the Palace next week—or would if I had a frock of any kind—"

"Gwen, you'll help yourself to mine!"

"Lin, dear, I knew you'd say that. Let me *borrow* one. This living, Lin; it's in the gift of Sir Andrew Porter—*quite* our big man down there. And the bishop is asking him to dine too, so that we may meet him—"

"*Sir Andrew Porter?*"

"A great engineer, isn't he?" Gwennie paused. "Do you know *him?*"

Linnet paused to think carefully before she answered:

"I think I'm staying with Lady Porter in Dorset the week end after next."

LIFE
GUARD
Ross

"I know it's a mirage, but a lot of people try to jump in!" A. ROSS

"Staying with the Porters! Oh, Lin! *Do* persuade Lady Porter to make Sir Andrew give us the living. This is really a case of answer to prayer. The children's prayers and mine. I can imagine what they'll say when I go home and tell them!"

QUIETLY Linnet began to handle the situation.

"How far is Sir Andrew's place from your village, Gwen?"

"Twenty miles, my dear, at least."

"Perhaps you and Hughie will be coming over?"

Heaven forbid! she thought.

"Oh no, my dear! If we meet Sir Andrew at the Palace—since I can have your dress—we shouldn't be expected to turn up again so soon. It would seem importunate. It would seem *pushing,*" said Gwennie humbly.

Dorothy cut in:

"Lin wouldn't quite understand that feeling, Gwen. Lin's always been the beauty and the successful one, and people wouldn't think her importunate if she asked outright for what she wanted."

Linnet depreciated this; but Gwennie, still humble, agreed with enthusiasm: "Oh, I *know!* For Linnet's *different.*"

LINNET thought: They haven't an idea of all my tangles. They couldn't possibly guess what a mess I'm in and that Gwen is making it worse! They always see me lying on a bed of roses.

"Think, dear," Gwennie said, "if only we get the living we'll never have to borrow from you, or sponge on you again! Oh, I know you've never looked at it like that! But Hughie and I have. Hughie said at once: 'We need never ask dear Linnet for anything more.' "

It was true!

They would be off her shoulders.

If, when Kenneth comes home from Roumania, we—he decided to risk it—if I really threw up my contract with Pelham and Penley's—Gwennie and the children wouldn't suffer. . . .

There would be only the great-aunt; the old, old woman who could not die.

And Kenneth's stepbrother, of course. But as for him, wasn't there a "rotten father" about to turn up soon and assume his legal responsibilities?

Miraculously, Linnet saw a wide clear road before her, cut in that instant brightly through the pathless-seeming jungle of family cares and love cares; and business cares too.

"I'll certainly do my best with Sir Andrew!"

"You see, Lin, you needn't exactly *ask.* That wouldn't be wise," said Gwennie, turning diplomat, though very childishly. "Down you'll go to Greystones—that's their place, you know—looking so smart and lovely. . . . Shall you be driving your car?"

"I expect so."

"In your car; looking so marvelous. And you know how to get on with people. You'll manage to work round to the topic of—oh, sisters, or children, or something. Or the church. Lady Porter is ever so religious! And you'll say: 'I've a brother-in-law who is a parson. . . .' It will all come out *naturally.* Lady Porter will think at once that you're a very nice sister-in-law for a rector to have!"

Am I? Linnet wondered.

"And so they'll want *us,*" added Gwennie, her sisterly eyes frankly admiring Linnet.

It was not quite so simple as all that.

"Gwennie, listen! There's something I'll have to tell you both now. A—a *secret.* I—I—the fact is, I shall be staying at Greystones as Mrs. Kenneth Basil."

The sisters stared at her.

"*You're married?*"

"Yes, I'm married. Now, listen, both of you. My firm doesn't allow its women employees to marry."

"You don't mean you have to pretend you're *not* married?"

"I have to pretend that. But—but you see, on the other hand, Sir Andrew Porter would only give the job my . . . Kenneth's got to be a married man."

"But you don't say you married for *business!*"

"No, it isn't quite like that. Anyway, Lady Porter and Sir Andrew know me as Mrs. Basil, but to my firm I'm still Miss March. Do you understand my situation?"

"Perfectly, dear," Gwennie said. "Only I wish you hadn't to act a lie, and perhaps even tell one!"

"If you girls will just remember that—for a while—I've got two names."

" '*For a while.*' Oh! You mean you'll drop the 'Miss March' as soon as you can," said Gwennie more happily.

Linnet hesitantly replied: "That's what I mean."

THE sisters had gone when a telegraph boy arrived.

"Your aunt is very ill; please come," she read.

She rushed to pack her suitcase, and to the garage for the new car, and in half an hour she was out of London and driving fast through the darkness into the country.

It was ten o'clock when she reached the little sleeping village where in a small old stone villa, at the very end of the street, Great-Aunt lay. In one of those windows shone the only light still burning in the whole place. She backed the car into the disused stable beside the house, and finding the front door unlocked, let herself into the strip of passage. As soon as she was in, inexperienced though she was in such a matter, she smelled death, and knew it for what it was. Down the now carpetless stair—Great-Aunt's carpet had been worn out beyond the last hope of salvation long since—crept Moppy, her faithful attendant—a family servant who, young when Great-Aunt was already old, was now well past middle age herself. "Miss Linnet, I'm glad you've come! We knew you would."

"She's alive, Moppy?"

"Oh, yes. Never could find the way to die, could she, poor soul? But this is the end, doctor says, and my! she's glad!"

"Will she know me?"

"Know you? Yes, she will! And proud

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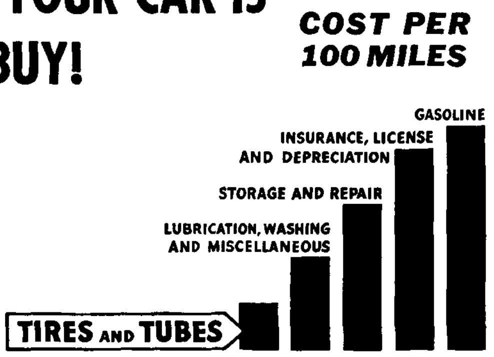

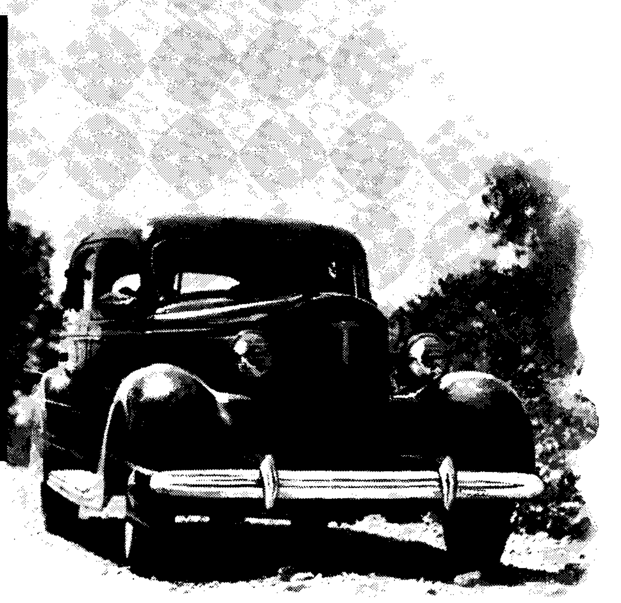

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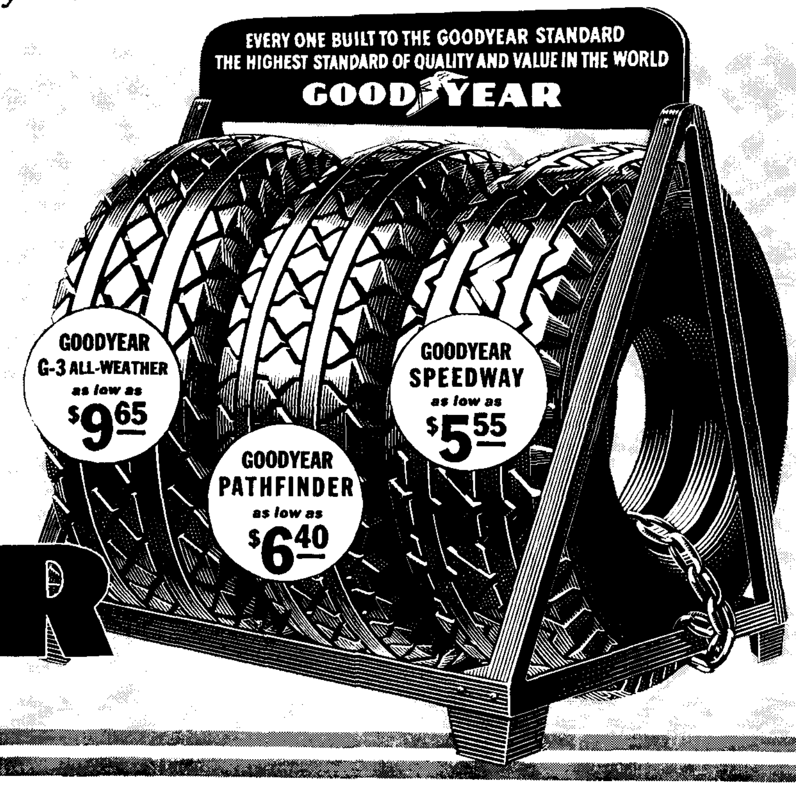
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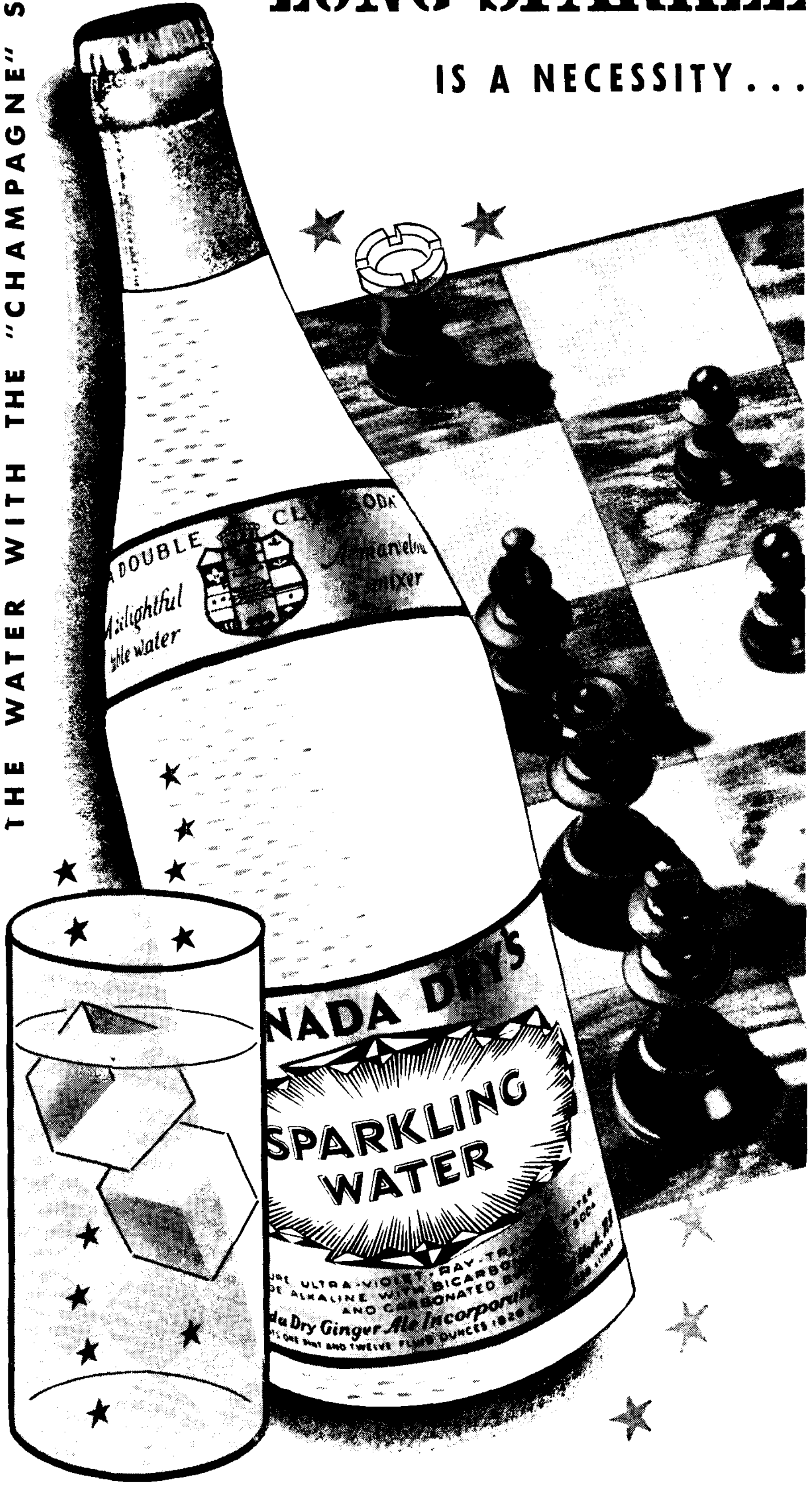

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to see you! And she wants to talk to you. You can stay?"

Stay? Linnet thought. *Stay?* And was ashamed of the hesitation and alarm at her heart.

"You can stay two—three days?"

Two or three days. . . .

"It may be that, doctor says; or not."

Linnet thrust that hesitation from her.

"I shall stay."

London fell back; lights and life, love's adventure and all ambition, all warring problems, were rushed off the screen of thought.

"Can I go to her, now?"

"Yes."

Moppy led the way. Outside Great-Aunt's door, she stopped.

"I didn't telegraph Miss Dorothy nor Miss Gwennie."

"No. They couldn't possibly have come. They were up in London today—cheap train day for both of them—and they're back home by now—or nearly. They couldn't *possibly* leave again."

"She won't mind that if she's got you."

Then Linnet was inside the bedroom, which smelt sweetly of the verbena in which Great-Aunt always kept her linen, as well as of death; and she saw the old, old lady, at last permitted her passport and only too ready to sail away.

Eighty-seven years old.

She was serene and happy. Little more than her brain was alive, but that brain was clearer and brighter than it had been for years, and she was glad of that, because her beautiful, gorgeous, famous, successful little great-niece Linnet had come.

Great-Aunt's eyes kept filling with tears as she put her anxious, considerate, little questions; but she was hardly conscious of them, and Linnet's replies could wipe them easily away.

"Will you have to run away again tonight, love?"

"No, Auntie. I'm staying."

"Are you quite well, love?"

"I'm very well, dear Auntie."

"And Gwennie—is she well?"

"Yes. She is splendid."

"And Cherry?"

"Yes."

"And—and—Bobbie?"

"Yes, dear."

"And Dorothy. Poor Dorothy—is she well too?"

"Yes, dear. Very well."

LONG, long pauses between each question.

"Sit near me, love. I want to tell you about my things."

"Will you tell me now, dear, or presently?"

"I'd better tell you now, love." Eighty-seven smiled with a roguish irony that said: "'Presently' may never come." Her hand, very small, old, and cold, lay in the young hand. "My things, love. You've been so good and kind; and generous. But all I'm leaving you is my cameo brooch for remembrance. Because you are so rich and famous and clever and strong. You will have everything you want. But Gwennie . . . that husband; a poor thing, I always thought . . . I've left her all my other little things; my Indian shawl, and my dresses . . . they can cut up . . . and my cat—for little Cherry . . . and the chessmen . . . your grandpa's . . . for the little boy. Only, love, it's poor Dorothy I'm mostly thinking of, and I've left her the house and furniture, so that when she's old, she will always have somewhere to go."

"You've arranged everything *beautifully* and *wisely* and *kindly,* dear."

"You ought to have it all to repay you for all you've done, Linnet, but they need it more."

"Yes, dear, yes."

"There won't be any money in the bank when the doctor's paid. I'm rather afraid the funeral—I'm rather afraid—" Tears welling again.

"My dear! My dear Auntie, leave everything for me to do."

"I knew you'd say that." Tears drying up again. "The little annuity my papa's will arranged for me—I've only been able to live on it because you paid Moppy and the taxes and a lot of other expenses, love. You know all about that; so there can't be anything left in the bank when I'm gone, except for the doctor. Such a kind man."

Suddenly Great-Aunt dozed, while Linnet kept vigil in the neat bedroom with its four-poster, and its carpet from which all pattern had worn away, and its Victorian washstand and crockery, and the unbeautiful curtains of red rep—incredibly faded too—drawn against the night.

Moppy crept in. "Cup of tea, Miss Linnet?"

A day; two days; three days it was to be—Great-Aunt conscious nearly to the last, and so glad and proud and thankful to have her splendid, generous little Linnet beside her.

And Moppy worn out. . . .

Much to do; such foolish trifles. "If you'll see my things are all there, love. The cameo brooch; and the seed pearl necklace; and the ivory paper knife that I used to keep downstairs, but it had to be mended and it's in my poor mother's jewel box now . . . And if you would count the chessmen . . . Gwennie's little boy . . . a handsome set—your grandpa's, my eldest brother's. . . . If you'll give me my workbox, love, I want to see it's set in order for little Cherry . . . About the linen, love. . . ."

THE doctor interrupted this business twice each day.

But as soon as he had gone it would be: "The linen, love. I'd wanted Gwennie to have it all mended up. So little time for mending, poor Gwennie . . . the linen . . . I want it brought to me."

"I'll mend everything while I sit here by your fire, dear."

Such little things. Worthless scraps. Outmoded trifles. Threadbare sheets and towels . . . Oh! to cry: "Burn the lot. I'll buy Gwennie more. Oh! never mind! never mind this rubbish, Great-Aunt! Because . . . oh, my time! My precious time! I want a few hours to drive fast—fast to London. Oh, yes! I'd come back!"

Oh, Kenneth, where are you? *Oh, our last little bit of time together!*

Such little, little worthless things!

Little things that must be so much more important than the big things, because the young ones had plenty of time; and old Great-Aunt scarcely any time at all. Linnet telegraphed the office; and that day and the next and half the next, between helping Moppy with the nursing and the house, she was making inventories and lists of all the little, little things, and as she touched each and wrapped it away for its future recipient as Great-Aunt directed, she schooled herself to know that each was holy; down to the utterly worn-out silver thimble in the workbox that the modern child who was Cherry would never use, and maybe despise. You couldn't throw them away or burn them, or buy more. They were priceless and irreplaceable.

Linnet wrote to Kenneth—a short note, trusting him to understand.

But it was too short and tired for his understanding.

When it came to him it seemed callous. Even, it had no address, that penciled hurried message—just as if she didn't *want* him to find her. A great-aunt . . . how distant a relation! How morbid and unreasonable the excuse a woman could find for hurting one person for the sake of another!

Kenneth wrote a brief answer to Linnet's flat—and there the answer lay. He did not use the latchkey to inquire or to make sure if someone—the charwoman—had sent the letter on.

He thought, with bitterness turned to cruelty by the intensity of frustration and disappointment: It's like her to think better of our mad moments. They were dangerous! It's like her to push me off like this—playing safe.

Linnet tried to think: Perhaps it's better so. . . . Gwennie's reliable Providence working. Only it's hard. If only he will understand!

IT WAS on Tuesday morning, as she kept vigil in a cold dawn, that the end came, quietly.

Late on Wednesday afternoon Linnet got tiredly into her car, to drive to London, leaving behind with Moppy all funeral arrangements; promising to be back for the funeral; promising to look after Moppy herself.

I'm a fifteen-hundred-a-year woman—I've *got* to, she thought again.

Oh, Kenneth! Kenneth! Kenneth!

And for the first time, recalling that hurried note to him, she realized she had given no address.

But he could have found one by going to the flat. . . . The caretaker knows this address! she told herself, driving recklessly into the dusk.

He had not found her. . . .

Where would he be now? Would she be in time just to wave "goodby" to *him* on his epochal departure?

But how was he going? By train and boat? Or by plane? How?

The stupid trivial unreasonable accident of a heavy patch of fog delayed her for an extra hour on the road.

KENNETH was leaving by the six-o'clock airplane for France and the Transcontinental train. He had new leather suitcases, some new clothes, a credit for expenses, his great hopes, his fine prospects. He had not got Linnet.

By Wednesday at five o'clock he was bitterly and furiously reconciled to the manner in which she was letting him go. And in this quiet, bitter, reconciled humor—longing for her with a heartache that hitherto would have been incredible to him—he ran into Hero Winter, or, more accurately, Hero Winter ran into him as he was stepping out of his rooms for the last time, into the taxicab which waited, with his new luggage, to take him to the Airways offices where the Airways coach would be ready. Hero had come questing, hotfoot, at this last minute, wondering, fretting, fuming; not having been able to reach Linnet for three days either by visits or telephone calls to her flat. His suspicion was that she was away—unofficially honeymooning—with Kenneth Basil. He wanted to know. A telephone call to Porter and Bradley's had informed him of the place and hour of their Mr. Basil's departure. Here he was, round at the rooms in the shabby Chelsea Street, to see what he could see.

And he saw only Kenneth.

"Hello, old boy!"

"Hello!"

"I'm just in time! Couldn't possibly let you go without shaking your hand and wishing you good luck. I called up your office to ask when you'd be leaving."

"Good of you. Thanks. I haven't too much time."

"Well, I'll get in then, and drive with you to—wherever you're going; and hear the latest."

"Imperial Airways office, driver."

HE NEITHER consented to, nor refused, Hero's company. All things considered, he was even slightly glad of it. For this should be the beginning of epochal events, and it was cold to step from drab rooms—even the landlady was out on her own errands—into an impersonal taxicab, with no one to weep for him or laugh for him, or cheer for him at all. Here, at least, was a friend, if a dubious one, to wish him well.

"I expect someone from the office will be seeing you off at Croydon, old boy."

"I'm not sure. I've said goodby to 'em all. I don't like a fuss anyway," Kenneth said gruffly.

"Quite. *I* know. I'm your way of mind entirely. Still perhaps that nice fellow I saw at Linnet's place—that big bug, Faverel, isn't that the name?—will be coming along."

"Oh, no. No. He said goodby this afternoon. Busy man, you know."

"Oh, he's busy all right, and going to be busy, I'm sure," Hero answered darkly. "Well, old boy, I was hoping we might have had dinner together, and a powwow, before you went; but what with being a bit rushed myself—and I expect you've had a lot to do too—"

Kenneth stared from the dark cab at the streets of London, loving and hating them; not wanting to leave and yet urgent to go.

"I say, I expect you've had plenty to do too?"

"Oh. Yes."

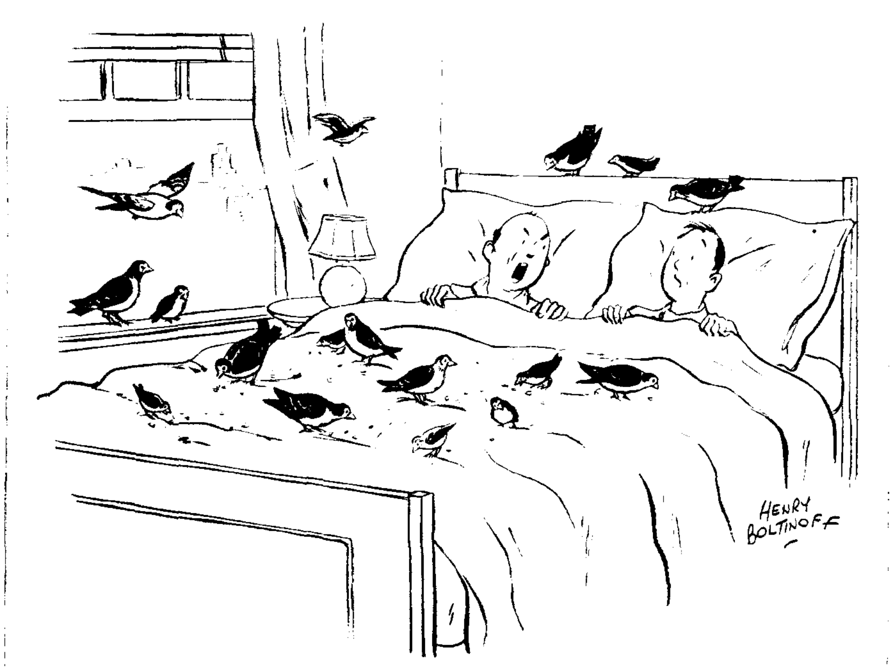
"Taken Linnet about a bit, I expect."

"She's been out of town," Kenneth said with grim indifference.

"What! All the week end?"

"She's still away, I think."

"Oh! Indeed! Well, I thought—I



"I warned you about eating crackers in bed!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

1
2
3
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F M
Whether you are buying your first refrigerator or replacing an old one . . . . .

LOOK BEHIND THIS NAMEPLATE!

WHEN you look behind the nameplate of the Fairbanks-Morse CONSERVADOR Refrigerator, you see what makes it the only different refrigerator on the market. And *what* a difference! First–the CONSERVADOR—a second door that provides an extra compartment for frequently used foods . . . No front-of-shelf crowding . . . . Everything at your finger tips.

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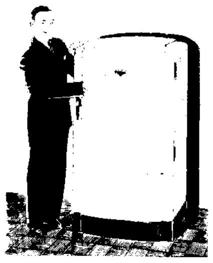
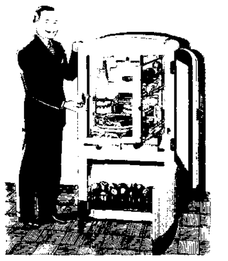


Behind this Fairbanks-Morse nameplate is the greatest improvement found in modern refrigerators for the home

—the CONSERVADOR, a second, shelf-lined door—a separate compartment which keeps frequently used foods at finger tips



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HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

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thought she might be seeing you off. Well . . . if that's so, glad I came! Sudden, isn't it? She didn't tell me she was going," said Hero with his air of proprietorship.

"Nor me."

"Hasn't she rung you up, or written?"

"Oh, a line, you know. Just a line."

"Where from?" Hero pressed.

"Oh, I don't know. Somewhere in the country—a relation taken ill or something."

"Holy Moses! Linnet all over, isn't it? At everyone's beck and call except her real friends. I'd like to stop all that!"

"She's her own mistress and knows it."

"More's the pity. And so you haven't seen her since . . . ?"

"Friday night, if you must know."

"Oh, not at all, old boy. I'm not nosing into anyone's affairs. Funny though, aren't they—women? All that business of that slap-up dinner and being Mrs. Basil—ha! ha! I say, I had a laugh over that! All that, I say, and suddenly she chucks it all up—bang!—and runs off for fresh air in the country."

"Shut up!"

"Sorry, old boy. Had no idea I was treading on your toes. I talk too much. It doesn't mean anything. Sorry."

"All right. *Be* sorry."

Hero let a slight pause occur; then said in his rich, friendly voice: "Is there anything I can do for you, old fellow? Any little errand or anything you've forgotten?"

"No. I'm just about to do the last thing I have to do."

"What's that?"

"Post this."

Kenneth thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and brought it out again with a key in it; the taxicab ran into a more brightly lighted street and Hero looked swiftly down at the brassy shine of a latchkey, with a label attached.

"Run off by accident with somebody's key? I've done it myself. There's a mail box. Hi, driver!"

The taxicab slowed down and stopped. "It's on my side, I'll pop out and drop it in for you," Hero said obligingly. He whipped the key from Kenneth's hand, had the door open and was out on the pavement with commendable celerity in a friend's cause.

He put his head in again. "You haven't stamped the label, old boy."

Gruffly: "Hadn't a stamp. I forgot about it. What the hell does it matter?"

"Oh, quite so, old boy. Quite."

THEY had driven perhaps two or three feet past the mail box over which a street lamp stood sentinel. Hero could read:

Miss Linnet March
22, November Gardens, S. W.

She gave him a latchkey and this is it, Hero thought. He dropped the key in his overcoat pocket, and was back and into the taxicab again in two seconds. "There! that's done! Somebody'll get it tomorrow morning, and somebody's mind'll be at rest. Householders are nervous birds!" He leaned back, feeling, searching with all his mind and instincts, for the other's mood.

Unsuspicious fellow, Kenneth Basil. *I'd* never have loosed that key, Hero thought, with satisfaction.

He said, rich and friendly: "We're nearly there, by Jove! Ken, any little thing I can do for you at any time, you've only to send a word."

"Thanks."

"Any message for Linnet when she returns?"

"No."

"I mean—"

"I may be writing to her."

"Of course you will. I never let a good friendship drop—man or woman. Do you?"

"I've probably bungled or lost quite a few," said Kenneth in a strangled voice, getting out as the taxicab stopped.

"Pity, that," Hero commented, getting out after him. "Pity."

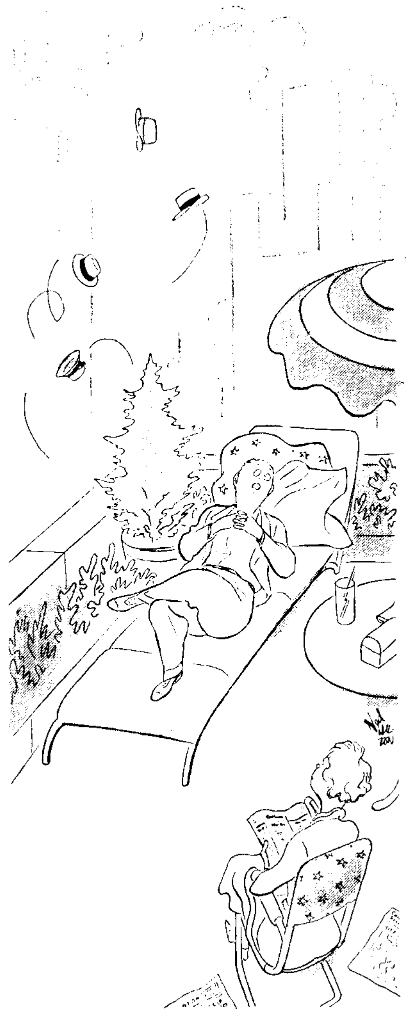
He stuck his hand out, and Kenneth had to take it. "Pity, too, we haven't even time for a last drink together," Hero added. "I'd get a stiff whisky directly you're aboard the airplane, if I were you. So long. And *all* the best!"

Hero stood on the curb looking after the coach as it moved away smartly on time. He fingered the latchkey in his pocket. Wonder if she's home now? he thought.

He considered Faverel, who also had said goodby to Kenneth Basil.

If that goodby spells conclusion to Faverel as my goodby to Ken does to me, Hero thought, he's not going to take long before he sees Linnet again. It's Faverel or me now. Actually, I believe —him or me!

It was strangely and exotically pleasing to him that the rivalry of a mere Kenneth Basil should be now superseded by the more powerful rivalry of a Max Faverel.



"You see a lot of lightweight felts this year"

NED HILTON

Someone worth my steel, he thought. This'll be a fight in the first class!

He felt himself already squaring up to it, although his nerves, never on a par with his vanity, assailed him now with a thousand mean suggestions of threatening and humbling embarrassments; even defeat.

BUT all that had just passed seemed to him to be in the nature of a revelation that any wise man should be quick to act upon, and he acted; jumping upon an omnibus going southward, he was in November Gardens just after six o'clock.

He looked up at the façade of the building, and saw Linnet's windows dark.

No matter. *He had the key.* And more than the mere key to her flat, he held a key to that complicated situation which she and Kenneth Basil had lately woven about themselves with such inexperienced intricacy.

Luck had turned and now ran persistently his way.

He went lightly up the empty staircase—not a soul about; past the other closed front doors of the two flats under Linnet's. On her landing hers was the only front door. All was quiet above and below; for there was very little coming and going here, and there hadn't been a sign of the old caretaker down in the unlighted basement. Neatly and yet nervously—for this was a big moment—Hero fitted the key in the lock, and stepped silently in.

The first object that encountered his eye was a letter lying on the floor of the hall. The door safely closed behind him, and one light switched on, without shame Hero picked up this letter—in a writing he seemed to know. It would be from Kenneth? It was.

Kenneth had written briefly: "I note you'll be home Wednesday *if possible* . . . a little late as far as I'm concerned, I'm afraid. I must leave you my best wishes, and am sorry you haven't even let me know where you are. No doubt, as always, you know best."

So, she'd be home tonight in all probability.

I'll wait; I'll wait till dawn if I must!

What a letter to write to a woman by a man who was, presumably, in love with her, on the eve of his indefinite absence! How unimaginatively and crassly Kenneth accepted the suggestion which she had evidently made, that she couldn't see him again before he left! In contempt, Hero crumpled Kenneth's reply into his overcoat pocket for later destruction, because there was no open fire in the flat, for the burning of it, and even the tiniest ash might tell a tale.

FEELING more in mastery of the situation, he took his coat off, and laid it on the oak bench with his hat, rehearsing to himself a lord-of-the-house effect; and in the living room he switched on the electric fire so that soon the place glowed warm. He set a tray with sherry and olives and salted almonds, and investigated the kitchenette for a tin of warm soup to heat should Linnet be late and tired.

Late and tired—and badly hurt about Kenneth; he guessed that much—she would find awaiting her a man of authority such as all women, in their weak moments, needed.

How explain his intrusion?

Somehow as follows: "You'll excuse me, m'dear. But I saw Ken off and he flung the key of your flat at me and asked me to bring it along. . . . From outside it all looked so dark and cold, I wanted to get a spot of comfort ready for you, my poor little girl."

He had never yet called her or thought of her as a poor little girl, but that was going to be her role tonight.

And she should enjoy it!

He tiptoed about—needless as tiptoeing was—and found himself whisky and soda, putting it with the sherry on the tray.

He listened with all his ears.

A taxicab drew up sharply below.

Linnet?

Still he listened; and in an incredibly short space of time the doorbell rang. Ha! She'd forgotten her own key, and would be pleased, thankful to have him to let her in.

Though—this ringing at her own bell so confidently—queer, wasn't it? *Whom did she expect to receive her there?* Did she hope for Kenneth, now traveling through the sky toward France?

I'll ask her that, damn' quick, he thought, marching down the hall and flinging the door wide dramatically.

Max Faverel stood on the threshold.

(*To be continued next week*)

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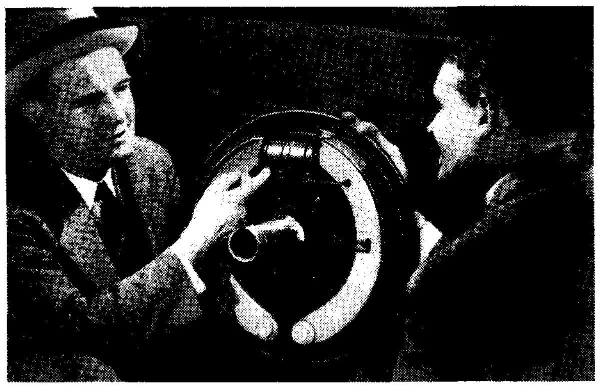

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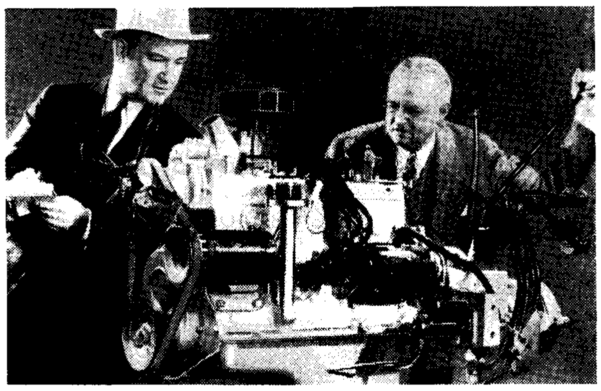

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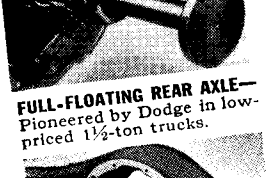

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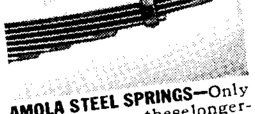

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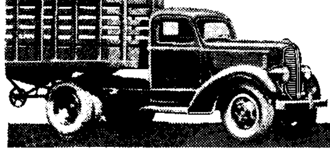
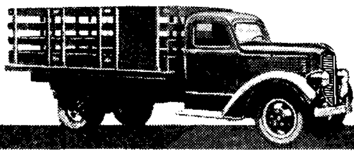
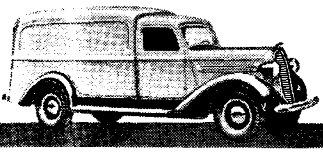


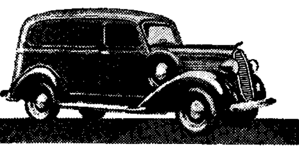
New 1937 Dodge 2-Ton Chassis and Cab, 6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine. Many money-saving features. Four Standard Wheelbases—133", 148", 159", 177".



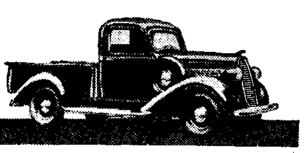
New 1937 Dodge 1½-Ton Stake, 6-Cyl., "L"-head engine, 159" W. B., 12' Body. Many money-saving features. See your Dodge dealer.



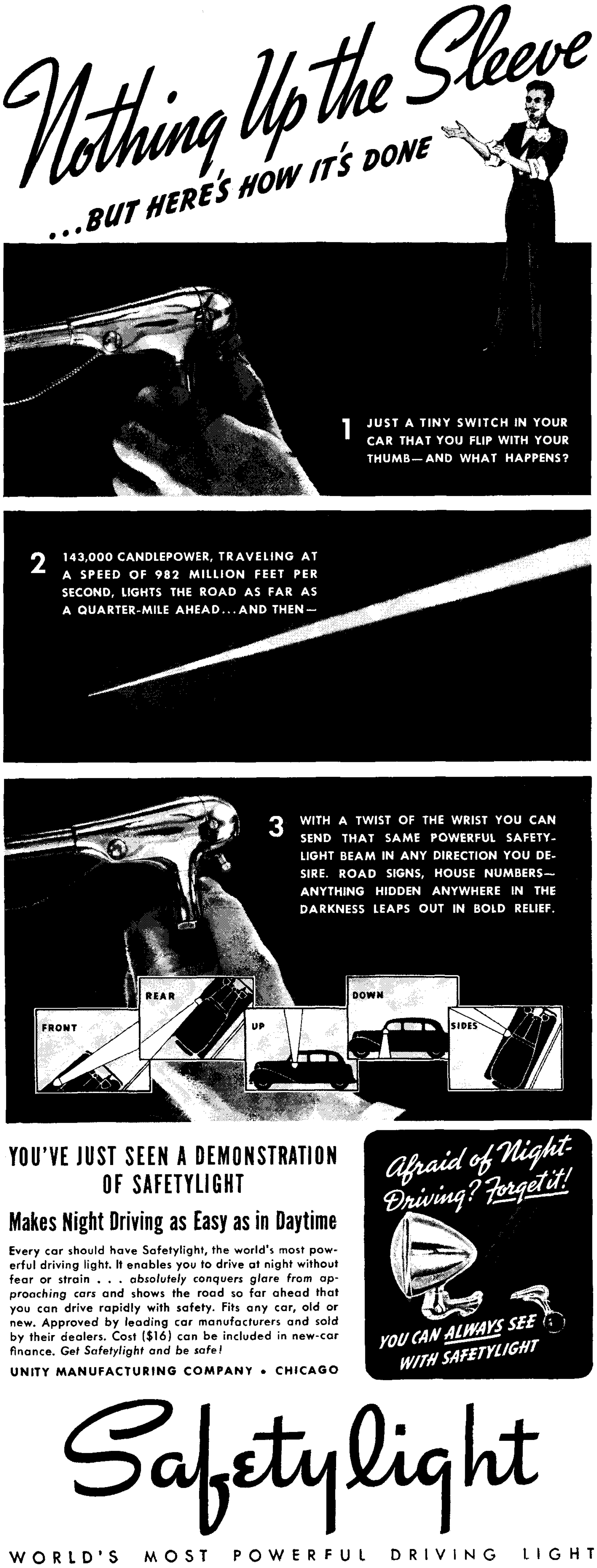
New 1937 Dodge ¾-1 Ton Panel, 6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine, 136" W.B. New, for bakers, laundries, florists, department stores—all bulky loads.



New 1937 Dodge Commercial Sedan, 6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine, 116" W. B. Called from coast to coast "America's Swankiest Delivery Car."



New 1937 Dodge ½-Ton Pickup, 6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine, 116" W. B. A money-saver for plumbers, contractors, public utilities, etc.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YOU CAN ALWAYS SEE WITH SAFETYLIGHT

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WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL DRIVING LIGHT

Sam Snead—Golfer

Continued from page 13

little bit erratic but he shows more promise than any young player I've seen in years. Keep your eye on him."

Now we could ask a few more golfers but what's the use? Let's ask Sam Snead himself. Sam is a tall, well-built lad who looks younger than his twenty-five years and he has a nice smile and he's still a little bit surprised at the praises being heaped upon his head. He would talk about his early days and his future and his long hitting and his magic with a mashie-niblick but first of all he had to talk of something else. He had just received the greatest thrill in his life.

"I met Bobby Jones," he said simply, and there was awe in his voice. "I met him and started to talk to him but I couldn't talk. I was in a daze. I never thought I'd ever shake hands with Bobby Jones. What did he say? Gosh, I don't know. I just stood there like a dope."

He Plays His Own Game

Finally when the daze settled he got to talking about his early days. When he was at high school—that's Valley High at Hot Springs—they held an annual driving contest. He won it twice, once with a drive of 300 yards and once with one of 318 yards. You've heard an awful lot about players who can drive 300 yards but how many have you seen actually do it to measurement? This was when he was sixteen.

Right after that he broke his hand in a football game and any serious ambitions he might have had along golfing lines died. Even today his left thumb looks like a pretzel. So he kept on caddying and he got a job in a golf shop and then his hand healed and he started fooling around with a club again. The exercise seemed to do his weakened hand good and he kept it up. Then all of a sudden he began to take golf seriously.

Three years ago they made him an assistant pro at Hot Springs. He who had never taken a golf lesson and who didn't know the rules was now teaching nice old men how to play.

A year ago he moved to White Sulphur Springs to become the assistant pro to Freddie Martin at the Greenbrier Golf and Tennis Club. Martin saw possibilities in his young assistant and encouraged him to improve his game. Soon Sam started to crack par regularly on both of the par 70 courses at Greenbrier.

Still no one outside of White Sulphur had ever heard of Sam. That is, until the invitational medal play held there last July in connection with the West Virginia Amateur. He shot the morning round in 70 and then in the afternoon he blazed around in 61, nine under par, a total of 131, believed to be a competitive record for 36 holes. As far as memory serves (plus a perusal of the record books) the best round of eighteen holes I know of was the 59 made by Walter Hagen on the west coast some years ago. And Horton Smith once shot a pair of 65's in the French Open. But for an unknown kid to nail 131 for two rounds bordered on the miraculous. Anyhow Snead won the tournament by 19 strokes.

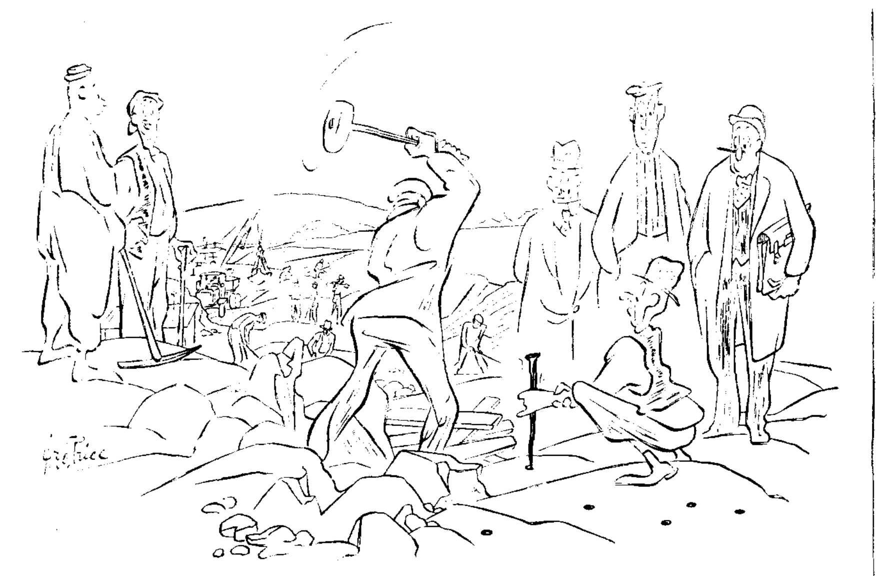
In the West Virginia Open at Huntington last August he matched par, which was 70, on his final round, playing in a thunderstorm which had some of the greens covered with two inches of water. He won that one all right, his total being five under par.

From then on he just went. Last fall he got out his trusty, if rusty, little car, and drove to the Pacific Coast to see what he could do. He won the important Oakland Open and placed second in a couple of other tournaments. When he wasn't winning he was coming in second or third and then when the tourney was over he'd climb into his car and hie himself to the next one. More than once he drove all night, arriving just in time to tee off.

This winter he joined the golfing gypsies who roam all over the Florida landscape and it was there his professional brethren finally realized that here indeed was someone with whom they would have to reckon. Most youngsters model their game after that of some great player. Not Sam Snead.

"Once you try to copy somebody else's style you're lost," he says earnestly. "Everyone has a natural way of hitting a ball. My drives are pretty straight. I don't know why. I just get up there and hit the ball naturally. If I tried to hit it like someone else I'd be slicing or hooking all over the woods."

To date only Harry Cooper is leading him in money won this year. Two years ago Sam Snead won $300 in prize money. In 1936 he won $750 and he thought that wasn't too bad. So far this year he's won about $4,000. If he keeps it up he may be able to get on a train and do some sleeping while going from tournament to tournament. Then we really ought to see this twenty-five-year-old kid play golf.



"He always likes to have his lawyer and a couple of witnesses on hand"

GEORGE PRICE

Go-Between

Continued from page 17

"What do you think you're gonna get?" he said. "They thought you were the kid's old man when they snapped those tintypes. What do you know about this, Johnny?"

"Not much. Only if that big flatfoot has his way, I'll probably be in the pound as a material witness." Dugan grinned and I got into my coat and opened the front door.

The drive was so full of cars parked at every angle I didn't see how I was going to get out. I stepped down on the gravel and the wind blew a bucket of water in my face. Then I saw the football player coming, his slicker shining under the headlights and I knew he'd been looking my car over. I passed him without looking up and he didn't say a word.

DRIVING down to the hotel wasn't any bargain in that weather; the streets were so full of water you couldn't go more than fifteen most of the way and some places it was over the hubcaps. When I got there I went right up to my room without stopping at the desk for messages. I felt pretty rotten.

Now I'm no sap for kids but—well—that little Jinny was pretty cute. Besides, she was Julie's and the way I felt about Julie was about the only big thing that ever hit me. I got thinking how much chance the kid had to come through it and I wasn't dumb enough not to know that a crook likes a dead witness better than a live one. I was mixing myself a stiff drink when the telephone rang.

"Hello," I said into it. There wasn't any answer but the wire was open. "Hello—hello!"

A voice said, "Is this Johnny Gallegher—from New York?" It sounded like he was using the old gag of talking through a handkerchief.

"I'm Johnny Gallegher," I said, "and from New York. Who's this?"

"You work for the Globe there?"

"Yes," I said, "and the Transcript, too. What about it?"

"I hear from Red Manelli you're a right guy. Are you?"

I pushed the phone harder against my ear. "I'm right enough," I said. My hand was shaking just a little bit. Red Manelli was one of the toughest hoods in New York and right then he was in Sing Sing waiting for them to warm up that fireless cooker.

"Then get this straight. We'll play ball for fifty grand and nobody'll get hurt. You tell your friend to get up the dough by eleven tonight—she can get it if she wants to. We want to do the whole thing before the real heat's on, see? Otherwise we get rid of the evidence and skip the whole business. Got that on the line, Gallegher?"

"Yes," I said, "I got it." I had more than that but I knew I couldn't afford to be nervous right then. Every word counted. "Give her a break, will you?" I said. "She may not be able to raise it so fast."

"Then it'll be tough. We're not fooling—and if you crack to the law, we'll know it and that finishes it too. Be where you are by eleven and have it with you. That's deadline."

There was a click and the phone was buzzing in my ear. I hung it up slowly and sat down. Automatically, I guess, I was finishing the rest of the drink I found in my hand.

Then I got on the ball. I was still putting on my coat running down the stairs and when I pulled out from the curb where I'd parked I took off a piece of the fender of the car in front without even stopping. Going through those puddles, I threw a wave like a destroyer at full power and I got to Julie's house in ten minutes.

I slowed down coming in the hall and it was just as well. The football player and his pal were there waiting and the way they looked me over made me know I'd better be careful.

"Thought I'd come back and see how Mrs. Gardner was," I said. "She asleep?"

"Yeah." That was all he said but they looked at me as if I were Dillinger.

"Well, I'm going up. This is something personal." I started for the stairs. The football player got up and stood in front of me. He moved fast for a big guy.

"What's the hurry?"

"Oh," I said, "no hurry." Then I put on the best act I could. "Look," I said, "give me a break, will you? I'm nuts about this dame—this has got me, too. I've got to see how she is."

He looked at me with as cold a pan as a codfish. "I said she was asleep," he said.

I looked up the stairs and there was Julie in a pale blue dressing gown that made her more beautiful than I'd ever seen her. Her eyes were dark in her white face and her mouth was pulled down at the corners but she was lovely. I was around the big dick and up the stairs before she said a word.

"Darling," I said, and I had my arms around her. "I've got to talk to you." I turned her around and, still with my arm in back of her, we walked toward her bedroom. The football player was staring up at us with nothing to say.

I shut the door and locked it before I said anything either. Julie sat on the bed and looked at me.

"What is it, Johnny?" she said. "Something's happened."

"Plenty," I told her. "They called me about Jinny. *I'm* the contact."

She sat there staring as if I'd gone suddenly mad.

"They want fifty thousand dollars," I said, "and they want it tonight." I went over and took her shoulders. "We'll get her back now, Julie."

"I haven't got that much in cash, Johnny."

"Never mind," I said, "you do what I say. Call up—wait a minute, I guess we're going to have to let the coppers in on this after all if we go through the motions of getting that dough."

"Go through the motions?"

"Sure," I said, "you don't think I was serious about giving it to them, do you? Where would that get us?"

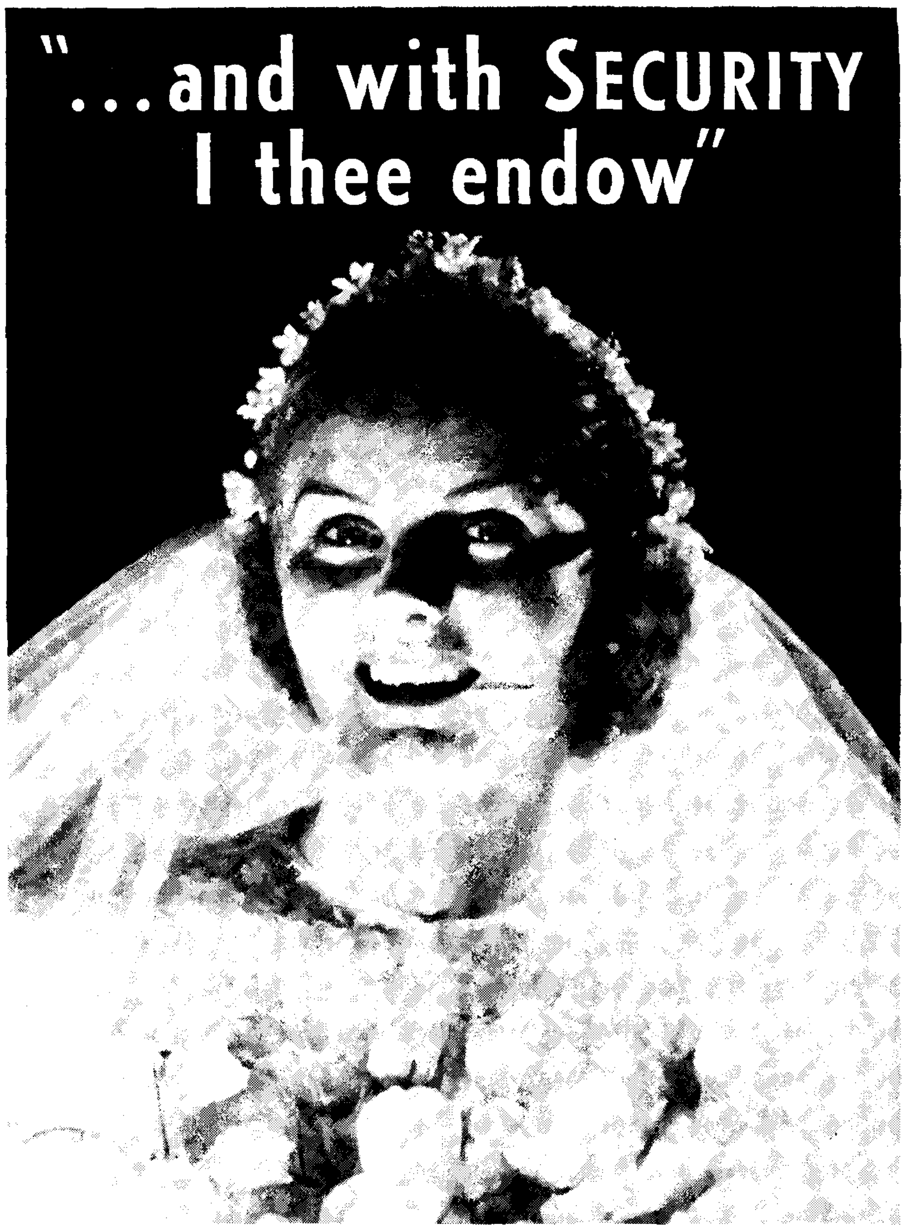
"But, Johnny—if we don't give it to them they might hurt Jinny. I couldn't take a chance on that."

I DIDN'T tell her it was too late for her to have anything to do with it. I didn't see that there was any point. I picked up the phone book and started looking up the number of Stephen Gage. He was the president of the Security Exchange, Julie's bank.

When I finally got him on the phone I had a tough time explaining. But after he got what it was all about he said he'd see what he could do. I said I'd be down with Julie in twenty minutes.

Julie went into her dressing room to get some clothes on and after a minute I walked over to the hall door and jerked it open suddenly. The football player was standing there. I knew he'd been listening.

"Come out here," he said. I stepped out and closed the door. He looked tough. "I *thought* you knew your way around pretty well," he said. "What's the rest of the story?"



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I said, "I guess you heard it."

"And I said what's the rest?"

"That's all." I gave him as good an eye as he was giving me. "Except you better lay off till we get that kid back. These guys won't stand for a cross."

"You seem to know 'em pretty well, Gallegher."

"Only from what they said on the phone."

"Oh, yeah?" He stepped closer and grabbed my tie and jerked it down hard. I didn't move. "How're all the boys down to Centre Street?" he said.

I stood there looking at him and keeping my hands down carefully. That gag was as old as a trusty at Dannemora. And I wouldn't be much help to Julie in the clink.

"I wouldn't be knowing that either," I said and I pulled my tie out and started tying it over. The door opened and Julie came out with a coat on.

He turned around to her. "Listen, Mrs. Gardner," he said. "Your friend Gallegher here's a phony. If I know anything he's mixed up in this. I'm going to take him downtown and work on him."

Julie looked at me and then back at him again. "You'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "Are you crazy?"

"Not me. He gave you a story about taking the dough and getting the kid, didn't he?"

"What of it? That's my business."

"Don't you think it." He reached around and got out a pair of bracelets and jangled them as if he liked the sound. "Let's go, Gallegher—or do I have to get rough?"

Julie stepped in front of me. "Wait a minute," she said. There was a tone in her voice I'd never dreamed of. Scratch a mother and you'll find dynamite. The big cop stared.

"I'm running this—not you," she said, "and I'll run it the best way to get back my baby. If it costs everything I've got and I still don't get her—well, at least I've tried. Now get out of the way and let us out of here!"

I DON'T know what he'd have done then but there were steps on the stairs. The other dick and a chubby cheerful-looking guy came up and walked down the hall toward us. They were both looking at the bracelets.

"I'm Cooley," the chubby boy said. "Department of Justice. What develops?"

The big guy jerked his head at me. "I'm taking this bird along for a little chat," he said. "He's well acquainted with some of the boys." Julie pushed him aside and she wasn't delicate about it.

"I'm Mrs. Gardner," she said. The way she stood there she was more like an angel of death and destruction and no fooling. "They've called my friend here to bring the money." Her voice was low enough but you felt she was shouting. "And they're going to get it! Any objections?"

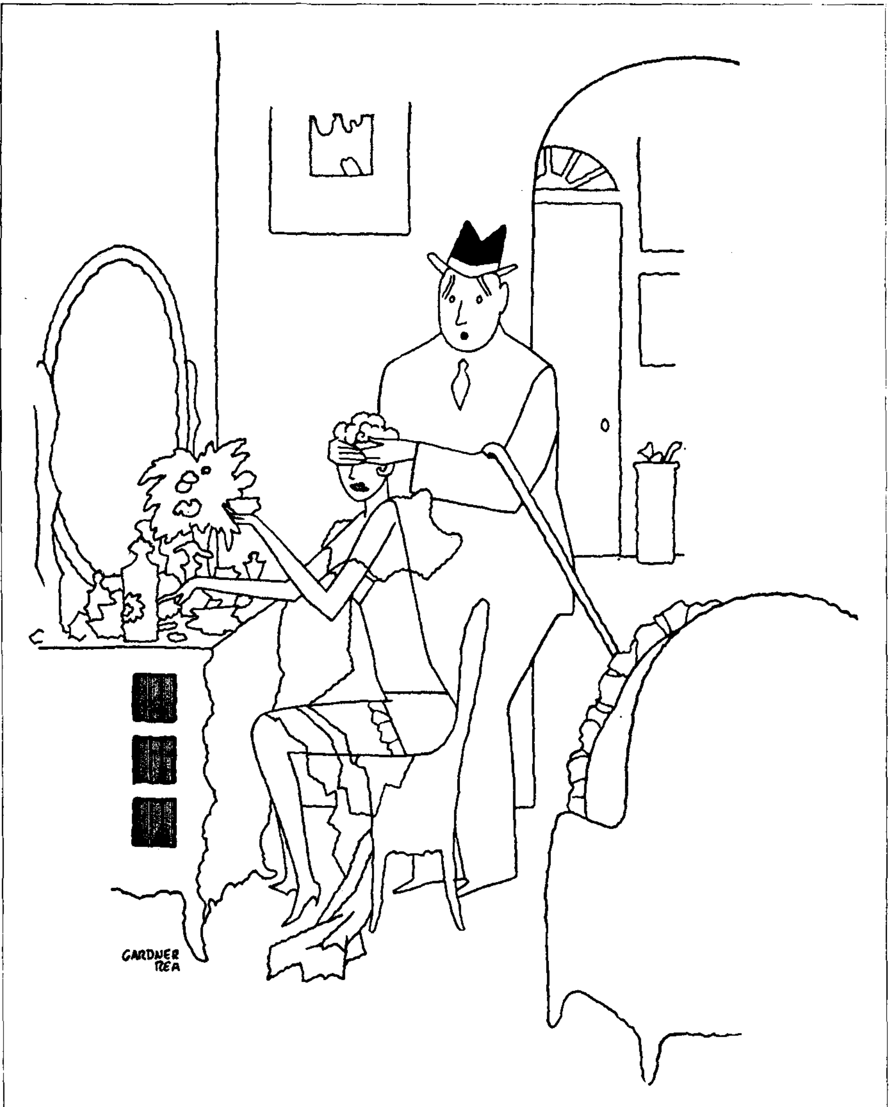
There was a minute where nobody said anything. Nobody human could have surpassed her. Then I said, "Can I speak to you a second, Cooley?"

"Sure." The chubby boy was pleasant enough but I had an idea he could get awful tough if he wanted to. We went inside Julie's room.

I told all of it—or almost all. I didn't mention Red Manelli. He listened, walking up and down the room and twirling a silver key chain around his finger. When I finished he stopped square in front of me.

"Why you?" he said.

"I don't know," I told him, "but the way they talked, they won't stand for any fooling. They want a quick turn or else wash the whole thing out. I believe 'em—and they made an eleven-o'clock deadline."



"Suppose I don't give a damn who it is?" GARDNER REA

He looked at his wrist watch and walked around the room some more. Then he came back to me.

"What have they got on you, Gallegher?" he said.

I fumbled with a cigarette and lit it before I answered him. Then I said, "Not much. I worked on a couple of papers in New York and knew some of the boys. Nothing much—only I wouldn't want it broadcast around here."

HE MADE a funny noise in his throat and kept staring at me. I got up and started pacing myself.

"Look," I said, "get this straight. I'm crazy about this dame and just as nuts about the kid. I didn't let the cops in because I don't like cops."

He grinned. "I'm a cop," he said, "but you'll get farther letting me in than not." He was still twirling his key chain. Then he put it back in his pocket. "What's your idea, Gallegher?" he said.

"Well, not very much. I'll just do the best I can, I guess. I don't see where we can get anybody else in if they're as smart as I think they are. I'm the one."

"Yeah," he said, "you're the one." He went to the door and opened it and then closed it again. He acted like he'd made up his mind. "Okay, Gallegher," he said. "I'll take a chance. I guess I'll have to. Only—God help you if you're not leveling."

"God help me anyway," I said. "I'll need it. Can I borrow your gun?"

He fished it out and gave it to me, a short-barreled thirty-eight revolver. I put it in my pocket and we went outside.

The two dicks and Julie all looked at Cooley. "Come along, Mrs. Gardner," he said, "you and I and Mr. Gallegher have places to go." The football player looked plenty sore but he didn't open his mouth. We went outside to the car. It was still raining.

I helped Julie in and closed the door. Cooley hung back. "I won't go," he said, "they may be spotting you from somewhere. Good luck, Gallegher."

"Thanks," I said. I looked at my watch. It was after ten.

The lights were on in the bank and Gage was waiting for us. He stood up when we came in.

"Mrs. Gardner," he said, "my dear girl. I'm frightfully sorry."

"Did you get it?" I asked him.

"Yes. Luckily enough, I have a friend who keeps an enormous amount of cash in his safe at home. I went to him. The bank vaults couldn't have been opened of course."

He went to his desk and fished a canvas sack out from under it, the kind they carry silver in. Then he fumbled with some papers.

"You'll have to sign these, Mrs. Gardner," he said. "It's highly irregular, of course, but—" Julie sat down and signed for what seemed an hour.

I picked up the bag when she stood up. Gage came around from in back of the desk and walked us to the door. Then he shook hands with Julie first and then me.

"Good luck," he said. I was getting a little tired of all this shaking of hands, it made me nervous. I whistled up a cab and put Julie in it.

"DARLING," I said, "sit tight now. I'll do everything I can."

"I know you will," she said and she leaned out and kissed me hard on the mouth. "Be careful, won't you, Johnny?" I knew what a chance I had of being careful. The only insurance I had was that thirty-eight in my pocket.

It was a quarter of eleven when I got to the hotel. At the desk I got some brown paper and string and went up to my room. Then I took out the currency from the bag and stacked it up in a pile. I matched it with some old magazines and wrapped them up in the brown paper. I jammed the knots as tight as I could get them, I didn't know but what a couple of seconds might be important. Then I poured a drink. I needed it.

At exactly eleven the phone rang. It was the guy with the muffled voice.

"You get it?" he said.

"I got it. What do I do now?"

"Get in your car with it. Drive straight out Whittier Boulevard and pass the clock on the corner of Grand when it reads eleven-thirty. Go ahead—at twenty-five on your speedometer. Keep your window open."

"Then what?" I said. "How do I know you'll deliver?"

"Ah, cut that. You'll get what you're paying for. I said we'd play ball."

"Okay," I said, but I didn't mean it exactly. This ballplayer wasn't in my league. Then I realized the phone was buzzing in my ear again.

I put on my coat and took the package and the bag of cash. At the desk, I wrote Julie's name on a piece of paper and tied it to the bag. I asked the clerk to deliver it in the morning and told him I might not be back for a while. And that was no exaggeration either.

The rain was lighter but steady. I jammed the package in the back under the footrest and tied it down with the loose cord but so you couldn't see it. Then I drove down Whittier to a block short of the clock and waited until it read eleven twenty-nine. I slipped the gun under my left leg on the seat and coasted past Grand with the needle on twenty-five.

FOR about twenty minutes I drove steadily with nothing happening but the windshield wiper clicking. A lot of cars passed me going fast and spraying me with water but that was all. I tried to make out if I was being tailed but I couldn't see any signs of it. Maybe Cooley really would lay off, though I doubted it. He was still a cop.

The neighborhood was getting pretty desolate out that far. Nothing but real-estate developments and the street lights way apart. A big car passed me close and something whizzed in front of my nose. I ducked automatically and the twin taillights shot on ahead. Then I saw there was something white on the seat alongside me.

I unfolded the piece of paper with one hand and read it under the dash-light. It said, "Make a U turn and turn right in three blocks." I swung the car around and counted the intersections. And I made sure the gun hadn't slipped.

The turn-off was a dirt road that didn't look as if it were going anywhere in particular. I splashed along for a half mile without passing anything but some empty shacks. Then headlights hit my driving mirror and I knew it was the big car coming again. Coming fast, too.

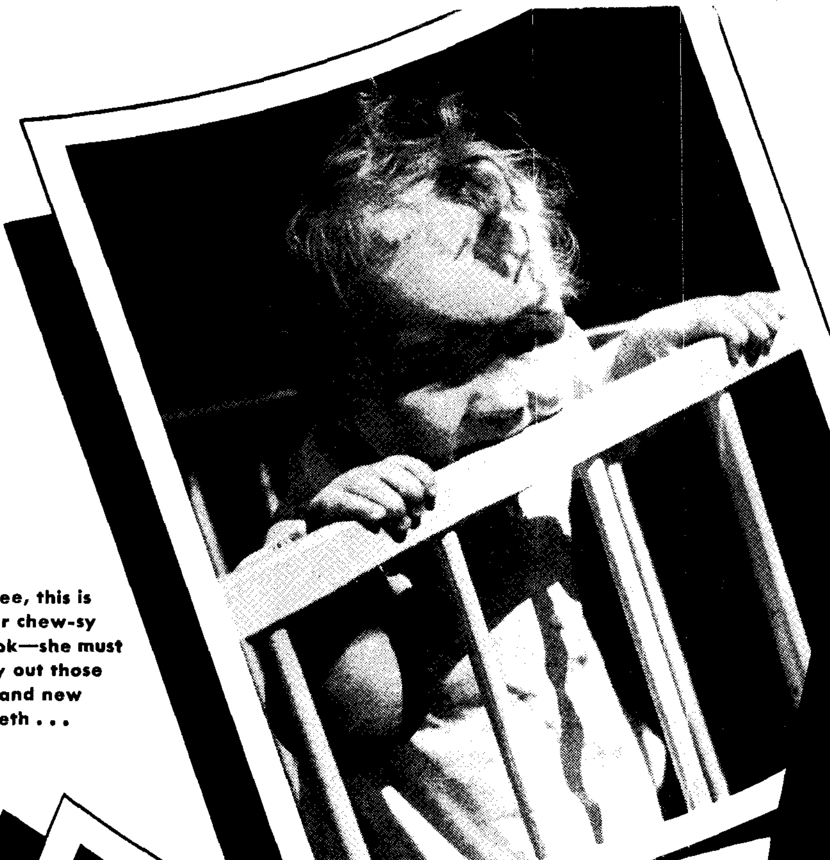
They passed me and swerved across the road. I jammed on my brakes and skidded in the mud and just stopped with my nose two feet away. There were two guys in the car, one in back, and they were out both doors in a hurry. I kept my hands on the wheel where they could see them.

The first guy was wide and swarthy-looking and he stuck his face up to mine through the window. I could smell the garlic heavy. "Where is it?" he said.

"In the back." I didn't move my hands. The other guy was standing by the front mudguard. The swarthy one pulled his head away and jerked the back door open.

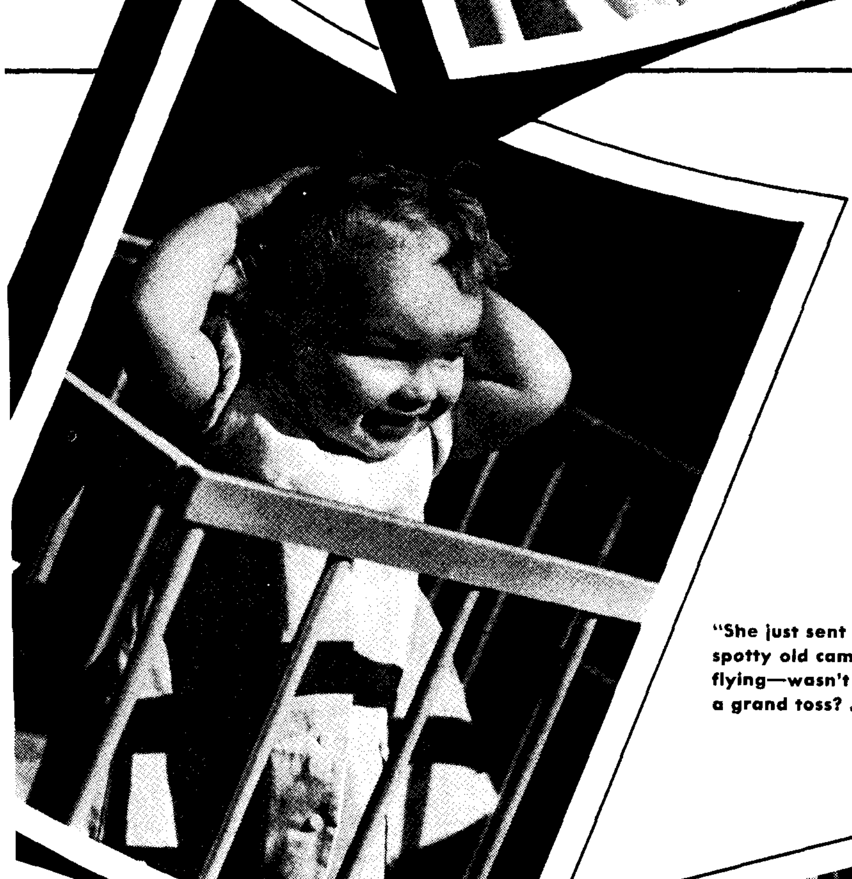
"It's stuck." I could hear him grunt as he tried to get the package out. He seemed to be nervous. That was what I'd been waiting for.

"I'll get it," I said, and I swung my door open. It covered me from the tall guy in front long enough to get my hand on the thirty-eight and I shoved it against



"See, this is her chew-sy look—she must try out those grand new teeth . . .

"'And isn't this a swell place—swell day—swell everything,' she says . . .



"She just sent that spotty old camel flying—wasn't that a grand toss? . . .

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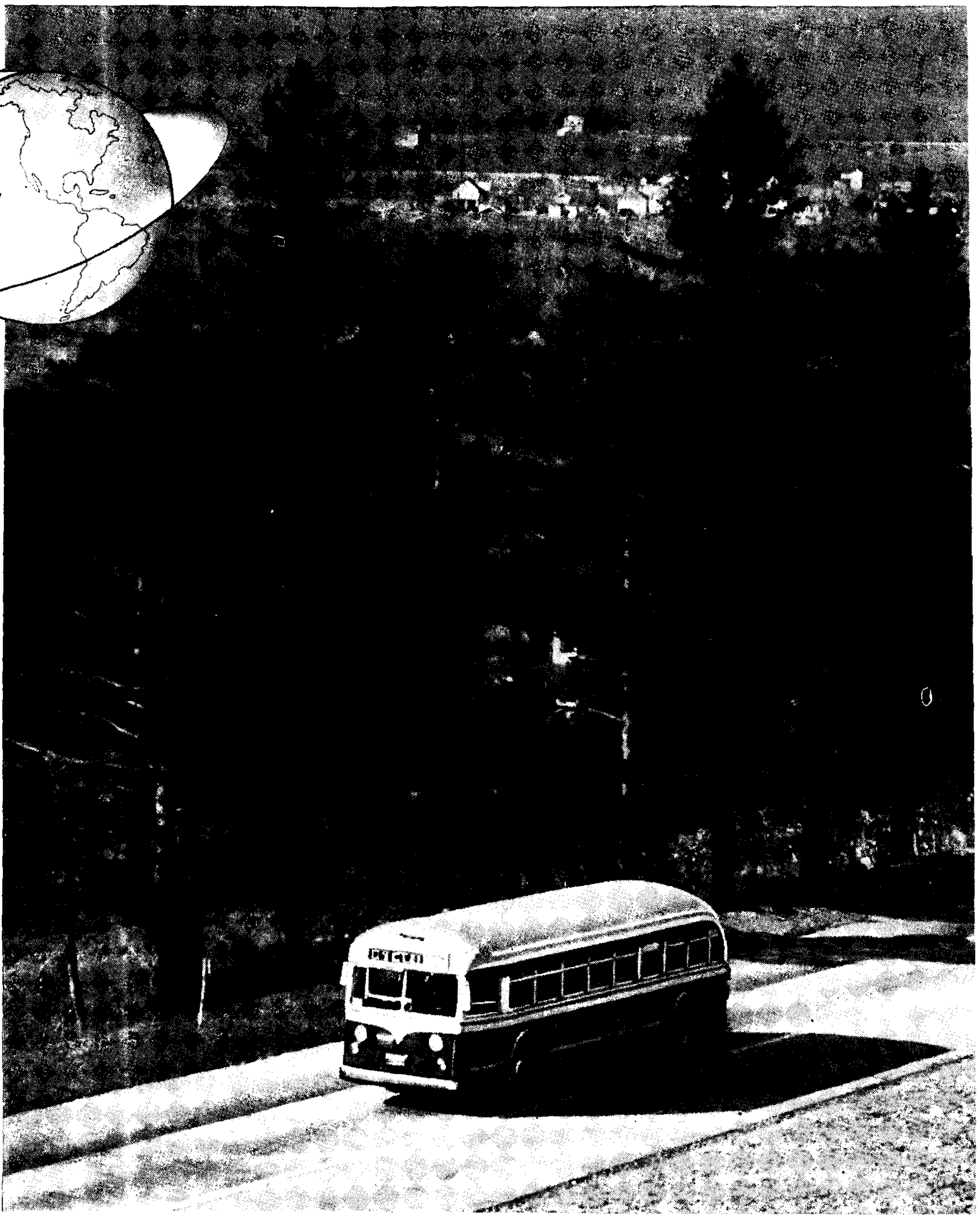
THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STEEL



THE STAGE-COACH, romantic to look at but tough on the bones, took five hours to rattle over the forty miles from Boston to Providence. There, weary passengers alighted and continued their journey to New York by boat.

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It is a new business and sprang from humble seeds—from the despised little jitneys of 1914. No one then could have foreseen that the descendants of the jitneys would one day be carrying three billion passengers a year.

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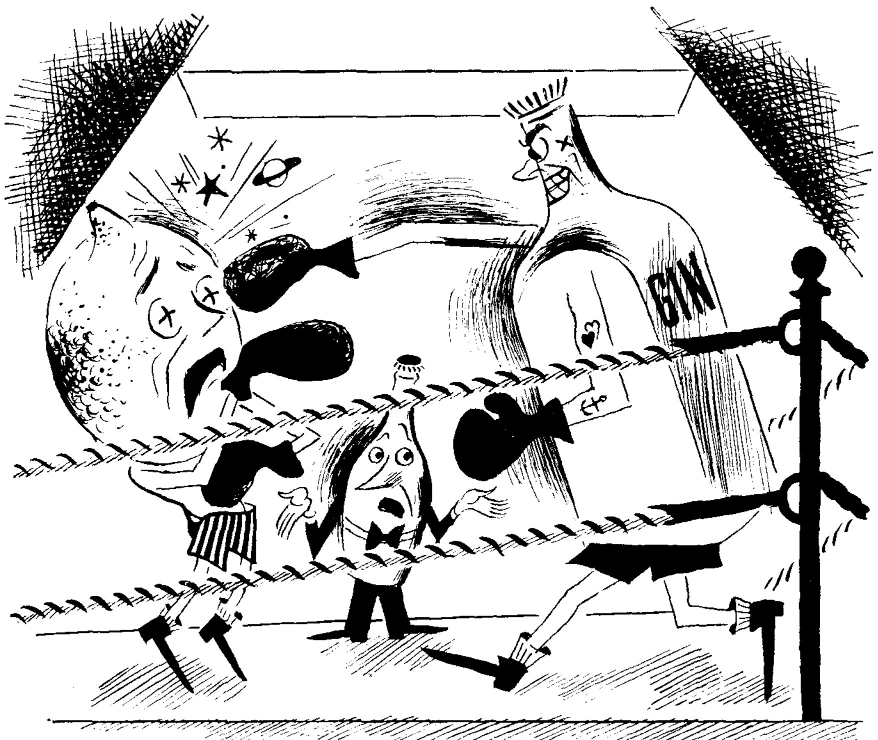
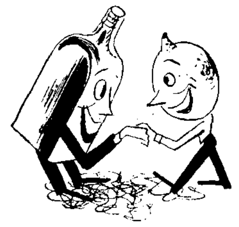


A Tom Collins or a Prize Fight?

A *mixing* gin makes friends with all the fixings—doesn't fight them



You neither *taste* nor *smell* it in the finished drink

A TOM COLLINS is a mixed drink—the kind of mixed drink America is famous for.

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the one leaning over and fired twice. Then I ducked as the tall one's gun went off and the windshield smashed all over me. He had dropped down behind the hood and I tried to jump clear of the car fast but my feet tripped on the head of the man on the running board and I sprawled on my hands and knees in the mud. The tall guy's gun went off again in my face and the flash just about had me blind. I twisted around with my elbow still in the mud and let go twice more, aiming deliberately because I had to be careful not to kill him. When I could see, he was sitting up against the front wheel but his hand with the gun was lying in a pool of muddy water and his eyes were closed.

I looked around but there wasn't anything but the glare of our headlights and the two guys lying there. I don't know who I expected but after all that artillery barrage it was strange to hear nothing but the rain beating down in the puddles. I got up and went over to the guy at the wheel. I didn't have to look at the other one.

He had a sort of putty-colored loose face and it wasn't a pretty one. There was a stain on his light suit near the shoulder but he was breathing all right. I hit him in the face a couple of times and he opened his eyes.

"Where's the kid?" I said.

He didn't answer and I hit him again. Harder.

"Where is she?"

He looked up at me. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "Get me to a hospital; I've got a bullet in me."

I said, "You're lucky." Then I picked up his hand from the road and held a finger on the running board. I tapped it pretty hard with the butt of the thirty-eight, enough to hurt a lot. He got the idea and snatched it away and started moaning.

"Where is she?" I said. "If you've killed her, I'm going to kill you right here—slowly and unpleasantly."

"Okay," he said, "okay. I'll talk." So he told me where to go and I helped him up and pushed him in the car. Then I pulled the swarthy one clear of the running board and got in myself. He was lying on his back with the rain running off his face as I backed around and drove away.

By the time we got to the address he gave me, the tall guy was out cold. It was an old house in a shabby neighborhood and it looked deserted but I had the gun in my hand when I kicked the door open. It was empty all right, the electricity wasn't even turned on. I walked around lighting matches till I found the closet in back he'd told me about. And when I opened the door there was Jinny.

They'd tied her up in the blankets just as she was and there was a rag over her poor little mouth. Her deep blue eyes were wide and even in that light you could see the streaks where the tears had been rolling down. I dropped the match and reached for her in the dark and took her up in my arms just as she was.

"Honey," I said, "it's all right now—nobody'll ever hurt you." And then I found out I was crying too and I set her down and got out my handkerchief before I lit a match so I could take the gag out. I guess I was pretty nervous after all that shooting.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "I was awful scared." Then I picked her up and she had her arms around my neck so tight I thought she'd choke me but it felt swell.

I rolled the tall guy over the seat and let him drop in back while Jinny watched me with eyes as big as her face. Then I took her up in the front seat with me. And that was the way we drove back to Julie's.

THE lights were still on. I walked in the hall with Jinny in my arms and the first guy I saw was the football player. You can guess how he looked at me.

"Out of the way," I told him. "There's some garbage in the car for you, flatfoot." I was feeling pretty fresh right then. I turned around and Julie was coming down the stairs like a gale of wind. She had Jinny in her arms and when she finished saying whatever she said to her, she looked up at me.

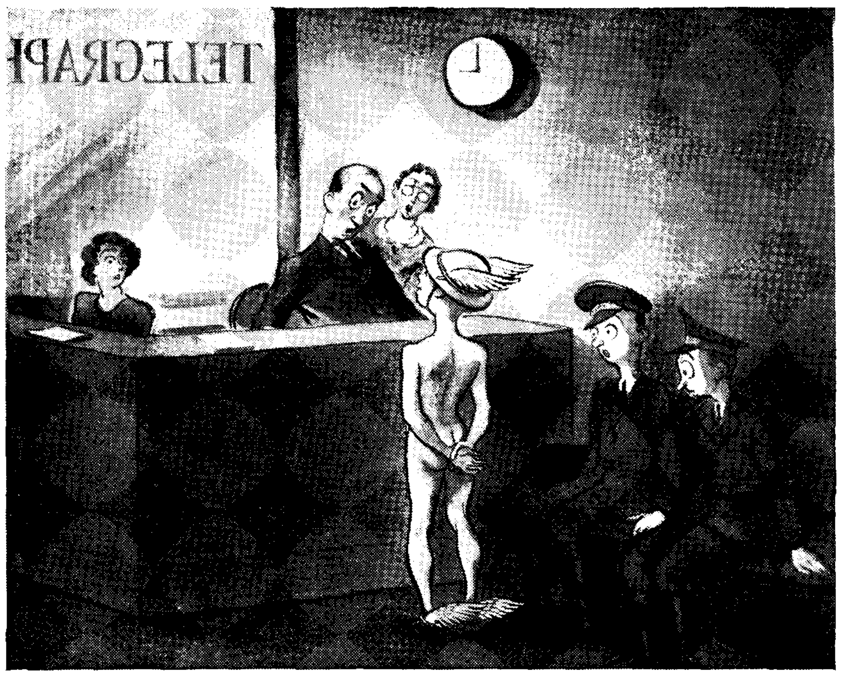
"Oh, Johnny," she said, "—well, there aren't any words, I guess."

"That's what I think," I said and I had my arms around them both. The football player was still staring.

"Go on," I told him. "You got your orders." I was enjoying that minute plenty. I think I'd have gone over and pulled his tie out if I hadn't had to let go of Julie. He went outside and I'll bet he was surprised.

"What happened, Johnny?" Julie asked. "Did you have much trouble?"

"No," I said. I pulled both of them a little closer to me. "It wasn't so much trouble—considering." And I was telling the truth.



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By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

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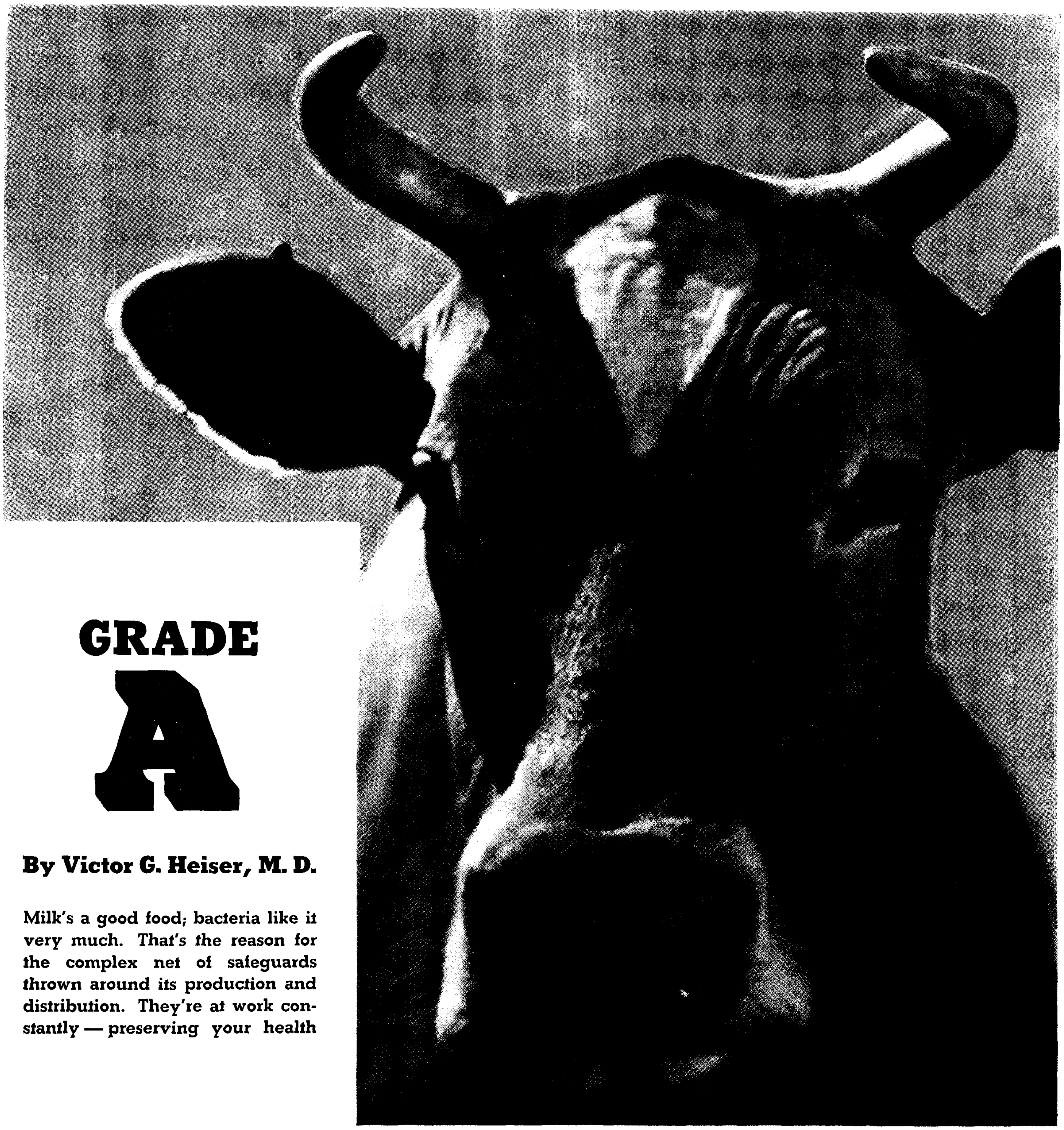


PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

"Dimple of Hughes Place," star of the world's largest herd of Guernseys, lives on the Adohr Milk Farms in California and last year she produced 15,961 pounds of man's best food—milk

TO YOU who "dress by yellow candlelight" or go to bed with the gray dawn, to you light sleepers whom every whisper disturbs, the solitary clatter of hoofs up lonely streets and muted footfalls on porches are familiar sounds of the milkman's passage. The bottles, glimmering cold and pure by every back or front door, are last links in a great chain of distribution, sometimes originating hundreds of miles away.

That each growing child requires ideally a quart a day has for some time been admitted. The nutrition experts of the world now advocate an equal amount for adults.

With adulthood mammals change their food habits because their mothers do not continue to lactate. Cattle and horses eat hay, seals eat fish, lions eat meat, pigs eat anything. But probably all would be benefited by continuing the diet of their infancy. Swine or chickens that get leftover milk flourish mightily beyond their less favored brothers. And men have done likewise where they have bred the cow to provide them with milk, which apart from having slightly less sugar and more proteins is practically identical with human milk.

The daily average amount of milk now consumed in the United States is around seven tenths of a pint per capita. High as this rate is as compared with that of some countries, it is still not high enough. State governments as well as the medical profession take a hand in boosting milk consumption. The economic depression and the increased use of beer reduced the figure in New York to such an extent that the legislature appropriated thousands of dollars to carry on a "drink more milk" campaign, partly to provide an outlet for the dairymen, but partly also to build up the health of its citizens.

Milk is practically a perfect food, lacking only sufficient iron. It includes in proper proportions the five requisites—proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins, and minerals. It is the recognized treatment for gastric ulcer. It has been found to prevent and

SILVER STREAK PONTIAC AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR!

"THANK YOU FOR SHOWING ME THAT PONTIAC COSTS ONLY 15¢ A DAY* MORE TO BUY"
H. S. SANDLER, Chicago, Ill.
4W 8073
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

ILLUSTRATION POSED BY MODELS

CANDID LETTER OF DELIGHTED OWNER TELLS YOU WHY *THOUSANDS ARE STEPPING UP TO PONTIAC*

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE • EASY GENERAL MOTORS TERMS

**BASED ON 18 MONTHS TERMS in 168 representative cities, the average difference in monthly payments between a Pontiac DeLuxe six 2-door sedan and the same model of the next lower-priced cars is only 15 cents a day.*

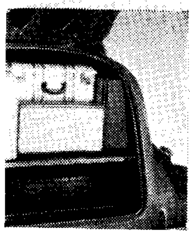
These are the facts about Pontiac's price. Now let Mr. Sandler tell you why such a car at such a price is America's biggest bargain.

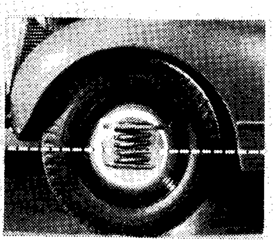
"Since taking delivery of my 1937 Pontiac," he writes, "I have driven it over some of the roughest, mountain roads in the South and Pontiac is the finest car I've ever owned in every way. Thank you again for proving to me that a Pontiac costs only 15 cents a day more to buy than smaller cars. I certainly realize now what you meant when you said how much more this small amount would bring in comfort, luxury, safety, performance and economy. I've checked my gasoline consumption regularly and I'm getting close to 18 miles to the gallon at high speeds . . . even more outstanding when you consider that the car was being broken in. My family and I are mighty happy with our new Pontiac. It's become a real member of our household establishment."

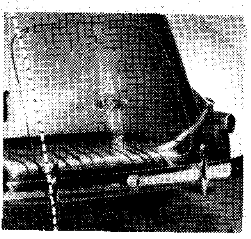
Remember, this owner's high opinion of America's finest low-priced car is shared by thousands. Take a ride and you'll decide they're right.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION, PONTIAC, MICH.
General Motors Sales Corporation

ADD 15c A DAY TO THE PURCHASE PRICE OF THE NEXT LOWER-PRICED CARS AND GET A PONTIAC WITH . . .


XTRA trunk pace for 50% ore luggage.


EXTRA Knee-Action smoothness, to let you rest as you ride.


EXTRA miles per gallon, to give you peak economy.

EXTRA inches of seat width, providing elbow room for all.

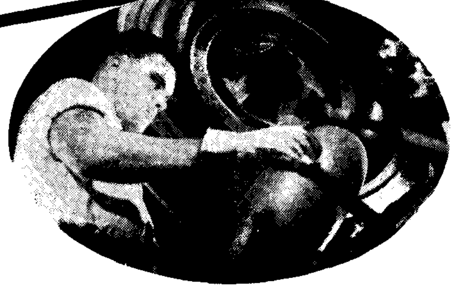
EXTRA inches of leg room, to let you relax in comfort.

IT'S A FACT: 75% of tire trouble comes in the last 25% of tire life. Put on *Armorubber* Kellys . . . the tougher tread that offers thousands more miles of anti-skid safety.

KELLY
TIRES

REPLACE WITH ARMORUBBER!

It Doesn't cost a Penny more to Get the extra mileage, extra safety of Kelly's Tougher Tread



WHY TAKE a chance on thin, worn tires . . . in the hard summer driving ahead? Get ready—but before you replace them—get these startling facts about **Armorubber** Kellys!

What is "**Armorubber**"? . . . Literally, a new kind of rubber . . . developed after ten full years of research. It's *far tougher* . . . far *safer* . . . than ordinary kinds. It is offered *only* on Kellys.

Why this "super-wear" tire? Simply because modern driving *demanded* it! Average speeds today are 48% higher. You start 35% faster, stop 55% quicker than you did ten years ago.

Sooner or later, **Armorubber** *had* to come. And now that it's here . . . thousands are reporting mileage they never before believed possible!

You, too, can get more miles . . . with **Armorubber** Kellys. See your Kelly dealer now. Learn about this amazing new tire. Remember—the *longer wear* of Kellys *costs no more!*

"MY KELLY'S IN ITS 8TH YEAR!" J. H. Julian, West Plains, Mo.: "I bought a Kelly for my car in 1929. Seven years later I changed it to my delivery truck. It hasn't a break yet . . . and is *still* safe!"

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD

REPLACE WITH KELLY Springfield TIRES

DEPENDABLE FOR 43 YEARS

sometimes even to cure stones in the bladder.

The importance of mineral salts in diet now ranks with that of vitamins. Milk contains practically all of these in abundance; it is our richest source of calcium and also phosphorus, two essential bone foods. The larger dairies are supplementing the vitamin content by irradiation. The yellower the tinge, the higher the fat content, which determines richness rather than nutritive quality. Only the fat is lost from buttermilk and skimmed milk. The minerals, the vitamins and the proteins are essentially there. Consequently, much of its value remains.

The nutritive virtue of any food is measured in part by the ease with which it can be assimilated. Milk sugar, or lactose, requires but one digestive alteration. Similarly, milk fat is the most easily digested of all food fats. Because it is already in the form of such minute globules—about 100 to each drop—the first process in digestion, that is, breaking up, can be dispensed with.

Sip your milk; do not gulp it. The hydrochloric acid of the stomach curdles it almost immediately. The pepsin can dissolve these curds far more readily if they are small rather than in one large mass. The stomach is, in effect, making cottage cheese.

Many people cannot readily assimilate certain forms of protein upon which the body relies for its repairs to muscles, glands and other organs. But it was only recently that research threw light on the reason why. Scientists have now determined that all proteins are built up of unit substances termed amino acids. The more closely these correspond to the proportions of the ones already existing in the body, the more easily they may be turned to use. Those of milk show the closest correlation. On the other hand, those of the legumes—peas, beans, and lentils—which used to be considered so valuable, now rank lower.

Epidemic Carrier

Milk is the ideal food, but it is also an ideal culture medium for practically all types of bacteria, and lends itself readily to the spread of disease. It has been known to carry diphtheria when accidental infection has taken place. If typhoid breaks out in a locality where the water supply is safe, milk is the next suspect. Several hundred epidemics have been traced to it.

Although the organism of scarlet fever is probably a streptococcus, research workers have not yet been able to agree on the exact form. But that it can readily be conveyed by milk has long been known. Seventy-two cases of scarlet fever in a single month occurred in Wayne County, New York, all but one among the patrons of a dairy supplying two thirds of the village of Red Creek with raw milk. Three of the dairyman's children had dangerous streptococci in their throats. The milk of one cow which had sores on her udder was found to contain the same streptococci. She perhaps had been wandering through brambles, her udder had been scratched, and pus-forming bacteria had secured entrance, causing the infection known as mastitis.

Still very common in this country are other forms of throat infections attributable to milk. As early at 1897 streptococci were found in the foaming pail, but until 1911 mastitis in cows as a cause for septic sore throats in humans passed unnoticed. In that year Boston had over two thousand cases, and many died. To everyone's surprise, the malady was traced to raw milk from an unusually clean and well-kept dairy.

Great efforts are now being made in the leading dairy states, especially New York, to see that herds are free of mastitis. The co-operation of the dairymen is being secured by proving to them that the infected cows produce twenty-two per cent less milk and cream than those in good health.

Only a few years ago the startling discovery was made that in the United States the milk of cows suffering from the disease which caused them to abort produced undulant fever in man. Research disclosed an alarming prevalence. Ten per cent of the cows in Birmingham dairies had it. Then it was found in Eastern herds. Scientists set immediately to work, but as yet they have developed neither a cure nor an effective vaccine. In fact, many of them unhappily have contracted the disease themselves.

Tuberculosis is still the scourge most commonly associated with the dairy. The microbe which causes it in cattle is not the same as that which commonly attacks man. Nevertheless raw milk from a tubercular cow may produce all forms of the disease in humans. It is unfortunate that young children who are the most in need of milk should be the most susceptible. Although only ten per cent of the pulmonary type can be ascribed to raw milk, the guilt for fifty per cent of bone and gland cases may be laid at its door.

Campaign Against Tuberculosis

In 1917 a nation-wide campaign to wipe out bovine tuberculosis was launched. Every herd passed in review before the examiners, and wherever the Mantou test was positive, the tubercular cows were killed. This method is expensive, sometimes working great hardship on the farmer because he receives only a nominal sum for the cattle he must sacrifice. North Carolina, Maine and Michigan have succeeded completely in eradicating bovine tuberculosis, although in the last named it took nine years' persistent effort. New York is almost free. Yet even now, in spite of the concerted drive—the lectures, the papers, the farm hours on the radio—about two per cent of the dairy cattle in many states are tubercular, and about thirty per cent of the herds contain some tubercular cattle.

Alarming as milk-carried diseases may sound, they can be avoided. The first step is cleanliness. As milk is secreted it is sterile. Cows, as a rule, do not succumb to the germs that make us take to our beds. They can drink typhoid, dysentery and cholera organisms, and still produce pure milk and cream. Even so, germs are bound to enter milk in its handling. Bacteria are first introduced from the teats of the cow; more come from the milker's hands, the stable dust, flecks of dirt, bits of straw, flies or utensils and bottles.

City boards of health as a rule have their own methods for supervising cleanliness. Several times a year Chicago sends inspectors into Wisconsin and as far as Minnesota. One of these enters a stable, sternly addresses a ruminant, "How now, Brown Cow! Is your coat brushed? Is your mash tasty? Why do you frown at me? Are there spots on your attendant's uniform? Are the pails, milking machines and separators not properly sterilized?"

The cow's answering moo is noncommittal. The inspector scrutinizes the premises for himself, and if these come up to specified standards of cleanliness, he turns to the pasteurization plant.

If we are to be assured of safe milk we must demand that it be pasteurized.

Bacteria multiply with the warmth of the milk. At fifty degrees one microbe will in twenty-four hours produce five more; at seventy degrees, instead of one, there will be seven hundred and fifty. Yet though heat encourages the growth of germs, if raised high enough, it will destroy them utterly. Heating milk intermittently to 145° F. for about half an hour does not affect its essential qualities, but does remove the harmful organisms.

Pasteurization kills ninety-nine per cent of the bacterial life in the milk, including all the disease germs. The beneficent one per cent remaining depend for their numbers on the cleanliness with which the milk has been produced; their increase is checked by cooling it at once and keeping it cool. One summer three dairies sent milk from the United States to Europe; it was still in perfect condition three weeks after bottling.

For years pediatricians opposed pasteurization. They insisted that the growing child required raw milk and that certification was sufficiently protective. They had been converted to the clean-milk school and held fast to its tenets. After vitamins were discovered, they adduced that heat destroyed these essentials, especially anti-scorbutic Vitamin C, although admitting they could be restored in other ways.

Actually whatever damage is done to the vitamins constitutes no problem. Orange, grapefruit, tomato, or sauerkraut juice, even in tablespoonful quantities, drunk at any time of the day, will easily replace any lost, strayed or stolen vitamins.

Finally Up to You

The argument that infected milk was still encountered after pasteurization was easily met. It is true that in the first years the process itself was not foolproof. Investigation disclosed that in certain plants the pipes leading from the heating cylinders did not allow all the milk to drain off, and organisms quickly developed in the culture medium thus prepared. This mechanical defect was soon remedied.

Between 1917 and 1930 out of ninety-three milk-borne outbreaks of communicable disease in New York State, only two could be traced to pasteurized milk. In one of these proper pasteurization was doubtful; in the other the contamination was proved to have taken place in the bottling plant afterward.

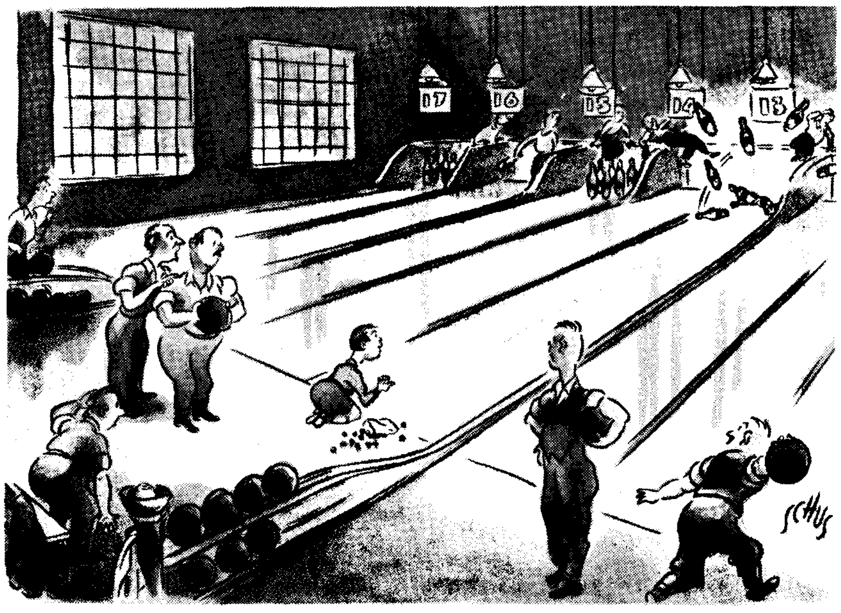
The final responsibility for avoiding disease rests upon the consumer. Milk of a given standard of purity is delivered to a home or restaurant. But the rim of the bottle over which the milk must be poured may have been exposed to contamination. The housewife or cook must see to it that this is clean before it goes into the refrigerator.

The purveyor of food is a greater problem. Large restaurants which use milk in quantity maintain that bottles are impracticable, inconvenient and expensive. They prefer large cans. The health department contends that the possibilities of infection from these are infinite. Each time the lid is removed, dust drifts in. Furthermore, the kitchen help ladles out the milk with dippers, and if any of them have infected fingers, the milk may become contaminated. Since the arguments of the restaurateurs have validity, a compromise is now being worked out for the substitution of cans equipped with faucets from which the milk may be drawn.

Practically all states and cities have laws regulating milk—from the alfalfa field until it slides down the little red lane. City boards of health now maintain certain bacteriological standards, and make frequent surprise tests to see that these are being carried out. The difference between Grade A and B is not, as many suppose, a question of richness, that is, fat content; it is one of bacteriological count. New York City requires that Grade A have no more than thirty thousand per cubic centimeter after pasteurization; Grade B is allowed fifty thousand; but certified raw milk must have no more than ten thousand.

Over sixty per cent of all milk in this country is now pasteurized. In 1919 little more than a quarter of the milk of Boston was so treated; by 1936 practically all of it. In Chicago no milk may be sold without this guarantee. In New York raw milk is allowed only under extremely rigid conditions of certification and gradually even this is being pasteurized.

More attention is now given to the purity of milk than to any other article of food. The changes wrought have been swift, but only to the health officer do they appear dramatic. The vanishing of summer complaint has been a great victory. Typhoid has been vastly reduced. With the gradual elimination of raw milk, septic sore throats are proportionately diminishing. Scarcely enough bone and gland tuberculosis can be found to illustrate the nature of the disease at clinics, though when I myself was a medical student it seemed to me that every third or fourth person I knew had tubercular glands. Fortunately, the middle-aged alone now exhibit the ugly neck scars. The hunchbacks whose vertebral columns had collapsed because of the destruction wrought by tuberculosis have practically disappeared. Finally, no longer are to be seen the tragic children whose bent spines and hips forced them to be onlookers while others played.



"They call him the boy wonder!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"Always worth stopping for"

BEECH-NUT GUM

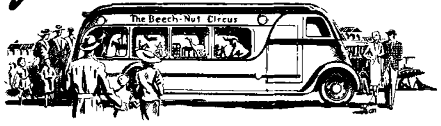
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Gum
BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum
Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT
5¢
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
SPEARMINT
5¢
BEECHIES
Beech-Nut PEPSIN
BEECHIES
AID DIGESTION

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

You can taste the difference Quality makes



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

Paint is only part of the picture

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS
FLORHIDE ENAMEL
WALLHIDE
SUN-PROOF PAINT
WATERSPAR ENAMEL

DIP your home in colorful paint and it will come up bright, gay and attractive! Inside and outside, upstairs and downstairs, it will hold new interest and new charm. But remember—good paint is only part of the picture. You need *good painting* too, for it's the skill behind the brush that counts!

All over the land there are painters who are masters of their trade—artists at heart—experts who have acquired consummate skill through long years of experience. When you redecorate your home it will pay you to employ one of these men.

A *master painter* takes the guesswork—the danger of disappointment—out of painting. His services assure you a workmanlike job that looks right and is right. One that stands up—gives years of real satisfaction—and protects the investment you have in your home.

You'll find that a master painter is a color expert. He is familiar with modern decorative trends and knows how to produce the attractive effects you desire. He will save you inconvenience and delay for he works quickly and capably. With modern Pittsburgh Paints—such as Wallhide, Florhide, Waterspar Enamel and Varnish—he can "do over" a whole room from floor to ceiling and have it ready for use in a single day. His work looks better and wears longer because of the excellence with which it is done. For one thing, the surface is properly prepared before paint is applied. Paint that is blistered and peeling is burned and scraped off. Chalked areas are sanded smooth. Cracks and crevices are filled. Dirt, oil and grease are removed.

Insist on *good paint* and *good painting*. Turn to the classified section of your telephone directory. You'll find *master painters* listed there. Consult one. This is the sure way of getting real satisfaction and your money's worth when repainting your home. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Paint Division, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Paint is only part of the picture . . . it's the skill behind the brush that counts!

A GOOD PAINTER IS A GOOD INVESTMENT

Love for Sale

Continued from page 19

said Gloria, "I wouldn't. I just thought since you'd seen him so much and seemed to like kissing him so much maybe you'd want to know he'd called."

Leila put her hand to her forehead as though it would spring a leak from sheer pressure.

"And," Gloria went on, "you did say you loved him. I heard you. That makes a girl want to know when a man calls her up. If anything could make her want to know."

"You little fiend." Leila went out, slamming the door.

When Bill came downstairs just before dinner he found Gloria standing at the drawing-room window. She wore a green chiffon dress and looked very small. Bill said, "Hello," and Gloria turned around.

"I'm Bill Hendricks," he said.

"I know that," she said. "I'm Gloria Hayward, Leila's cousin."

Then something hopped quite close to Bill's feet and Bill jumped and said, "What the devil is that?" and Gloria said, "I expect it's a frog."

"Frog?" Bill said.

"It's the same one." She was down on her knees, scrambling about trying to catch it. She got a little breathless. "I brought it in and they told me to take it out and I lost it. And then Leila came in and told me to get out before I could find it because you were coming and now here it is again."

Bill said, "What?"

She knelt, a little, green, discouraged heap in the middle of the floor. "I found a frog," she said.

"Yes."

"I brought it in and they told me to take it out."

"They?"

"Aunt Agnes and Uncle James. So I tried to find it and I couldn't and then Leila came in. She told me to get out because she was going to bring you from the station."

"Well, what then?"

"Nothing, except that the frog was still here and this is it."

HE GOT down beside her and together they stalked the frog. He said finally, "Here it is," and cupped it in his hand. Gloria breathed a sigh of relief. "Chuck it out the window," she said. "Be careful and don't hurt it."

They were invited, later that evening, to a party at the Clews'. Leila went upstairs after dinner to change her dress. She was in a cold rage. Her mother sat on the chaise longue and listened to the tirade. Leila pulled on one sheer stocking, saying, "Did you hear him, at dinner, talking about riding twenty times on the merry-go-round the night he got his money? Did you hear him?"

"Yes," Mrs. Desant said helplessly.

"And going into the most expensive restaurant he could find and ordering more than he could eat just because he wanted to pay a big check for once in his life?"

"Yes."

"That," Leila said, "is what I'm going to put up with for the rest of my life."

"My poor baby," said Mrs. Desant. "Why don't you break the engagement?"

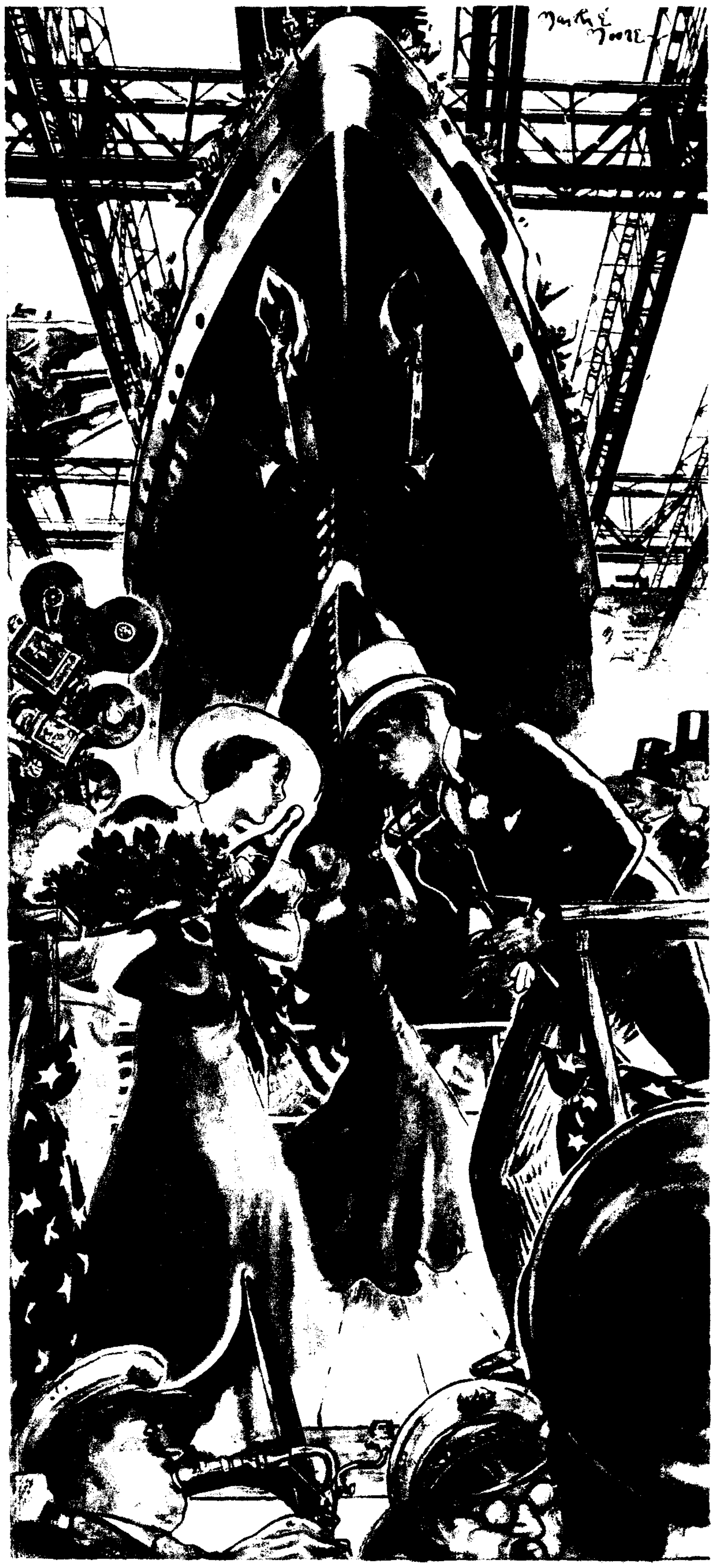
"And starve?" said Leila. She banged into the bathroom, slim and white and furious.

Gloria had taken Bill for a walk along the shore. She was curiously silent, walking along scuffing at the sand. He talked incessantly. "Look at it," he said. "Just look at that sea! You're used to it, of course. But before I got my money the only way I ever saw it was at Coney Island. You and Leila are part of the life I didn't think was real. I'd see it in moving pictures and think, 'People don't really live that way, without thought about money—without looking at the price of things before they buy them.' "

"We look at the price," Gloria said. "We just wait until the saleslady's out of the room."

"You don't see what I mean," he said. "How could you? You don't know what it is, Gloria, to figure that you have only fifty cents a day for lunch and carfare and cigarettes and sixty cents for dinner. Not to be able to do the things for your friends you'd like to—give them presents, take them to dinner and say, 'Order anything you want to—' " He paused and laughed in embarrassment. "I know one can't say that, but that's the way one feels." He took a deep breath as though he'd stepped out from behind prison walls. "I want to give Leila everything in the world. I want her to have everything a woman could want—not just the things she'd want as a matter of course but the things that will thrill her because they're rare and because I've gone to the trouble to look for them, do you see what I mean?"

Gloria felt a lump in her throat. She made a little gurgling noise of assent.



"She's using a double. I've got the real one here!"

"A girl like that," he said in wonder, "marrying *me!* When I first saw her I couldn't talk because I didn't have any breath left. I sat beside her the whole evening and she didn't even notice me. Now, sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and start up for fear I've been dreaming. Then I get up and walk around my apartment—I've a terrace, did Leila tell you—and see everything I've bought and the paintings on the walls. . . ."

"We'd better get back to the house," Gloria said abruptly. "I have to change for the party, too."

"Could I wear a white linen dinner jacket?" he said anxiously. "The salesman told me I could down here. They call them tropical dinner jackets."

Later that evening she heard him telling Carter Voight and Cassandra Bellows about the merry-go-round rides and his terrace apartment. "In all those twenty rides," he said, "I couldn't get the brass ring. It wasn't that I wanted the free ride, because I had enough money to pay for as many as I wanted, but I wanted to prove to myself that I could get it."

Gloria felt like saying, "You've got it now, baby," but she would have had to scream to make herself heard.

ON THE way home from the party Bill was enthusiastic about Leila's friends. They were, he said, the nicest people he'd ever met. They'd been so nice to him tonight that it made him want to do something for every one of them. Give a big dance, perhaps, and invite them all and have champagne. That would be nice, wouldn't it? To order cases and cases of champagne and say, "There you are. And there's plenty more."

Leila said in clipped tones, "My friends don't find champagne an extraordinary treat."

"I know," he said quickly. "I say the wrong things, don't I?"

Gloria felt sick. All she wanted was to go to bed and hate people.

He rose early the following morning. Before she was dressed Gloria looked out of the window to see him backing the roadster down the drive and setting off in the direction of Brunswick. His expression was so gleeful that she worried about it all morning. Leila and Gloria were having breakfast when he returned. He said, "I've chartered two of the best sailboats on the island for a party."

"Captain Jim's?" Leila said.

"A nice old man with a beard," said Bill.

Gloria said, "Did you get the champagne?"

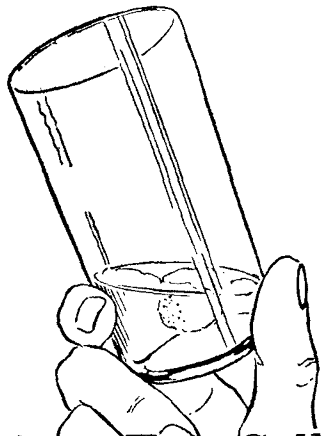
Bill flushed up. "I thought I'd let you and Leila figure out what we ought to take in the line of food and, well—whatever we drink. I'll pay the bills. You just tell me what you want. You know best."

"I'd like champagne," said Gloria.

He looked pleased. Leila shot Gloria a malevolent glance. . . .

All the people who had been at the Clews' the night before were to be invited, Bill explained. He'd planned to sail to a small island Captain Jim had mentioned. It lay between St. Simons and Wolf Island and was absolutely deserted, Captain Jim said. They'd sail back in the moonlight.

LATE that afternoon while Leila was upstairs washing her hair Gloria sat with him in the patio. He was in the hammock, his arm shading his eyes from the brilliant reflection of the sun against



Enjoy a Tom Collins that's

RICH TO THE LAST SIP

Melting ice won't impair the deeply infused flavor of Seagram's "*Soft-Stilled*" Gin.

That last "inch" of your Collins... does it taste weak, watery? Not if you use Seagram's "soft-stilled" gin. Even a big batch of Martinis keeps rich despite melting ice.

To infuse the rich flavor of aromatic herbs and berries into the gin, we imported a famous 100-year-old still. We took it apart piece by piece—reproduced it *identically*.

Make this easy test. Pour a teaspoonful of Seagram's Gin into a large-size glass of water. Stir it... smell it... taste it. You still get a full-bodied aroma and flavor.

Seagram's

KING ARTHUR

Gin

COOL OFF!

Shake up this Golden Fizz —mix thoroughly with ice the yoke of 1 egg, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1 jigger Seagram's Gin. Add charged water. Serve in small highball glass.

Distilled London Dry Gin made from 100% American Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 proof.

It's "Soft-Stilled"

Seagram Distillers Corp. Offices: New York

Seagram's
King Arthur
Distilled London Dry Gin

the whitewashed walls. "It's like a dream," he said. "A peaceful, beautiful dream. I used to know that there was happiness like this but I never pictured myself . . ." He paused, remembering things. "I sold newspapers when I was eleven," he said. "That's queer, isn't it? When I was eleven I was standing on street corners shivering sometimes and now I'm here."

"And then what?" Gloria said.

"The thing I was thinking was that people give a lot of money to charity. Did it ever occur to you that maybe there should be somebody—somebody like me, for instance—who ought to establish a fund for people to have fun with? They worry about food and clothing and things like that but they don't stop to think how important it is to people to have fun."

He sat up, leaning forward. "Look," he said. "My father died when I was ten. Then when I was fourteen, Mother died. I lived around with people. I never went without food and I always had some kind of clothes. Not good, of course, but you can't expect to have the best in a situation like that. Anyway, I never dreamed about different food or clothes. I wanted to have fun, but there wasn't any money for it. Do you see? People are supposed to be able to get along without fun, but they can't. I worked in an office after I worked my way through school. I only made twenty-five dollars a week. There isn't anything left from that to spend on having a good time. What I'd like to do is set aside half of what my aunt left me for people who can scrape together the necessities but have to go without pleasure to do it. There's never anything left over, that's the trouble."

"Have you discussed it with Leila?" Gloria said.

"Not yet. I've rather hated talking about money with Leila. I mean how much we have—it's a great deal, Gloria—and what we're going to do with it. She can have as much of it as she wants in her name and then we won't ever have to discuss money. That's a good idea, *don't you think so?*"

"I do not," said Gloria, before she could curb her tongue.

Bill looked at her, amazed. "Why not?"

Gloria said, "Look, could we drop this right here? I've no right to express an opinion. It's your life and Leila's. You should do what you want to do." She rose, seeking escape. "I'll just say this, though, Bill. If you want to set aside a fund for charity, do it now. And don't ask Leila about it. She has—different ideas about charity."

"Of course she would," Bill said. "She'd want it to go for food and clothing. I see what you mean."

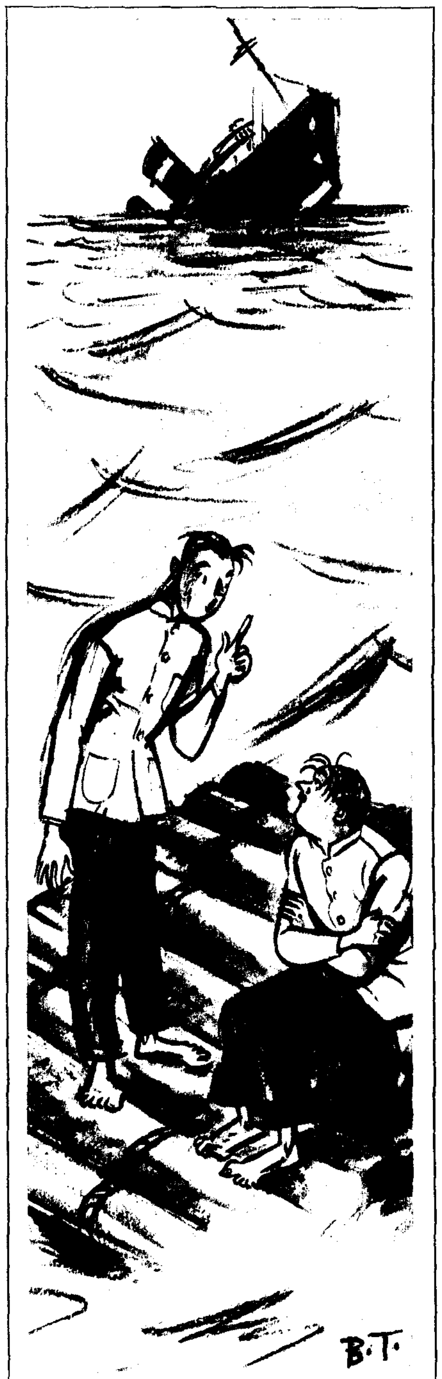
Gloria choked back the information that he didn't, at all, and fled.

THE day of the party was cloudless, with a good stiff breeze. Leila's mother had a headache and begged off and her husband stayed with her. He loathed sailing anyway. Leila had to buy a bathing cap so Gloria drove her into Brunswick. They were to meet Bill at the dock with the others.

When they arrived everybody was there but Bill. Isabel Drew was grumbling because she'd sunburned horribly the day before and her sensitive blond skin was coming off in patches. As usual, when she didn't look her best, she hated the entire world for it. Rosamund Clews had been up until five playing bridge (and losing) and she was curled, with a groggy expression on her face, on the cabin top. Every now and then she squirmed and said "A-a-ah!" and tried to get into a more comfortable position. Mrs. Clews looked brightly expectant as always and Mr. Clews sat on a wharf post with the tidy knowledge that nothing would live up to her expectations. Nothing ever had, including himself. Cassandra Bellows watched Don Pierce's greeting of Leila as though she knew more than was good for anybody and would like to tell it. David Simmons and Carter Voight were trying to pick the lock on the small phonograph. Rosamund had forgotten the key. "As though," Rosamund moaned, "anybody who held the cards I held last night wouldn't! It's a mercy I didn't forget to come! And who wants music anyhow? A-a-ah!" She closed her eyes and abandoned responsibility for anything.

THE men all wore ducks and well-worn colored jerseys. The girls had on beach pajamas with their bathing suits under them.

An apparition appeared, making its way down the wharf. There was a stunned silence and then everybody looked at Leila. She'd gone crimson. Gloria went to meet Bill. He was faultlessly attired in yachting clothes, hat and all. His white doeskins fairly screamed for the tissue paper they had so recently left and the anchor emblems on the brass buttons of his blue coat danced a crazy jig in the sunlight. He was carrying a small package and he looked too happy to be true. He seemed a little startled by the informal attire of his guests and Gloria could see him wondering where he could put the hat without chucking it too noticeably. Don Pierce broke the silence. He drawled, "Well, Skipper, shall we shove off?"



"It must have been that faucet in 47-B—the one that was always so hard to shut off"

BARNEY TOBEY

Leila climbed down into the boat without so much as looking at Bill. She sat, now, while they glided away from the dock, in a frozen silence, staring out over the water.

Gloria saw Bill duck into the cabin. When he came out he was minus the hat and the white scarf which had been so meticulously knotted according to the instructions of the salesman who had sold it to him. His shirt was open at the neck. Somebody started the phonograph (they'd finally broken the lock when Rosamund sat up and yelled, "For heaven's sake stop scraping knives across that lock! You're driving me crazy! Break the blasted thing! Who wants a locked phonograph anyway?") and everybody relaxed.

A half hour passed in which Bill was the host he'd planned to be. It didn't come off. Rosamund Clews looked at him biliously when he asked if there was anything he could get her and said yes, a large dose of prussic acid. Cassandra admired the buttons on his coat and asked him where he'd found such a *divine* blue. Leila replied to any remarks addressed to her with monosyllables. David asked him to tell them again how he'd felt when he first found out that he was a millionaire and Don Pierce sat by Leila and stared at her with polite interest. They understood each other, those two. They were of the same cloth.

Gloria put her head on her arms and tried to go to sleep. When she looked up Bill had disappeared. She crawled down into the cabin to find him sitting on the edge of the bunk, looking a little green. Gloria said, "Sick?"

He smiled thinly. "A little," he said. "I—I've never been sailing before. I guess it's the motion. I—will my guests be all right, do you suppose, if I just lie down a little while?"

"They'll be fine," Gloria said. "Take off your coat. It's pretty warm for flannel."

He sank back with a relieved expression, smiling at her like a grateful child. She hung the coat up carefully, patted him and left him alone.

THEY reached the island in midafternoon. Gloria woke Bill up and tactfully carried his coat off, giving him no chance to put it on again. The doeskins, by this time, were respectably rumpled and soiled. He looked almost casual enough.

They swam, off and on, all afternoon and lay with their arms shading their eyes, talking in little, desultory snatches. Rosamund was beginning to feel better. Isabel had abandoned her moaning about the sunburn and was fast asleep with a huge beach hat covering her face and half her body. Mrs. Clews sat expecting exciting things to start any minute now. Mr. Clews sat beside her knowing they wouldn't.

Dusk fell and Bill built a fire. The hamper of food was opened, a bottle of champagne was cracked, a cocktail shaker was filled with ingredients according to a recipe of David's and things were looking up.

It was at this point that Bill rose purposefully and announced, "I have a surprise."

It was in that package. Gloria knew, watching him go toward the boat, that the surprise, whatever it was, was in the package he'd carried down to the wharf that morning. She looked around for Leila. Leila and Don were walking aimlessly down the beach. She just closed her eyes and came as close to praying as she had since she was a child: "Don't let him make another blunder. Dear God, don't give these wolves another chance to laugh at him." She knew then, with a sick finality, that she was in love

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with him. Love is when you'd rather look a fool than have somebody else look that way.

Sure enough, he was climbing over the side with the little package. He'd been building, in his mind, to this moment. Gloria felt her nails making little crescent pains in the palms of her hands, separate pains, four to a hand.

He came back, knelt in the firelight and opened his package. Little separate packages fell out of the big one, wrapped in tissue paper, with names on them. "You've all been so nice to me," he said, "I had to do something to show my appreciation. I—I got you all a present." He handed the packages, one by one, to Mrs. Clews, Mr. Clews, Rosamund, Isabel, Cassandra, David, Carter and Gloria. There were two left. Those belonging to Leila and Don. Bill looked around. "Where's Leila?"

Cassandra's little, purring voice came over the rustle of paper made by unwrapping her present. "She's gone for a walk. Down the beach. That way."

Bill stood up.

GLORIA pulled the last bit of paper from her package and opened the box. There was a wrist watch inside. There were wrist watches in all the boxes, men's strap watches for the men and little white-gold watches for the women.

Bill said, "I got a diamond one for Leila," and looked off down the beach.

"I'll get her," Gloria said hastily.

"No, don't you bother," said Bill. "I'll go."

Gloria padded along at Bill's side. She thought: "It's just as though he were walking into the blade of a knife and I saw it and didn't tell him that it was there." He carried the two little packages, one for Leila and one for Don.

She thought: "Isn't it funny. I've never before wanted sand to make a noise when I walked on it."

Leila was wrapped in Don's arms, of course. He'd been waiting all day to kiss her and she'd been waiting for him to. They were completely oblivious to everything. Bill just stood there. Gloria could feel his arm shaking. She hung onto it, tight. Leila's face, when she looked up, was contorted with a curious kind of fury. Her voice shook as she said to Gloria, "You dirty little sneak!"

"*I'm* a sneak," Gloria said. "That's funny."

Leila was advancing toward her, raging, "Spying on me! Telling him the whole thing and then bringing him down here to prove it! After all I've done for you! You never could keep anything to yourself! Your jaw's hung on a hinge!"

She had completely lost control. She slapped Gloria, still screaming: "Why didn't you meet him at the station with a megaphone? Why didn't you hire a hall and tell the whole world I was marrying him for his money? You've never kept anything to yourself this long before!"

Bill's voice was quite cold and steady. "Stop yelling," he said. "Gloria didn't—"

Leila whirled on him and shrieked: "Don't tell me about Gloria! I know all about Gloria! She's never done anything since the day she was born but make trouble for everybody!" She ripped off his engagement ring and handed it to him. "If you're going to prattle about right and wrong and honor and decency, go prattle to somebody else. I don't want to hear it. Thank heaven, I don't have to spend the rest of my life bathing in sweetness and light!"

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," Gloria said softly. "Are you coming, Bill?"

"I've a few things to say to Leila," Bill said.

Gloria went on down the beach alone. She huddled on the sand picturing herself going back to her father. He would reproach her for causing trouble in the family. She wouldn't be able to convince him that she hadn't. She didn't care about that, really. What she cared about was the look on Bill's face. She couldn't rid herself of the picture of him standing there with his offerings in his hand, shaking, that funny white look coming around his mouth. She moaned, "O-o-h, and he was so happy!"

When she went back to the fire she found a silent (except for Leila, who was crying and reviling Gloria) and uncomfortable group. They were packing things up preparatory to leaving. Bill wasn't there. She gathered from Leila's incoherent and furious babbling that Bill had said some rather harsh things. Don Pierce kept saying, "But, Leila, you couldn't have married him anyway. I mean to say, imagine going through life with—"

"Yes," Gloria said loudly, "imagine going through life having somebody as decent as that around. It would be plain hell for you."

"Get out of my sight, you little beast!" Leila sobbed.

Gloria said, "Has anybody seen our host? Where is he?"

Mrs. Clews flung her arm out, saying: "He crashed off back there somewhere. His face was awful, simply *awful!* He must have the temper of a madman!" Mrs. Clews had known, all along, that something exciting would happen. Mr. Clews was looking slightly stunned.

Gloria pushed her way through the scrub. Quite far back she saw him. He was sitting under a tree, his shoulders hunched slightly as though he were trying, by posture, to shield himself from a blow. He saw her watching him but didn't say anything, or move. She watched him for a long time. Bill didn't indicate by so much as a gesture that he wanted solace. Gloria went back to the others. The fire was burning low. She got on the boat and found his hat. Then she searched around in the things on shore until she found the blue flannel coat. She stood there holding them. "Bill wants you all to go back on Captain Jim's boat. Tell the man to wait with the other boat. I'll come back with him."

Leila said savagely, "When you get back, your things will be at the hotel."

"Thanks," Gloria said.

SHE waited until the boat glided off into the darkness, then she went back to Bill. He was still just sitting there. Gloria sat down beside him. "I brought your hat and coat, Bill."

He turned his head away.

"Please," Gloria said.

Bill took the coat and slipped into it.

"The scarf's in the pocket," said Gloria. "Let me tie it."

He submitted while she knotted it carefully. She said, "There you are, Skipper. We'll sail back in the moonlight the way you planned it. The others have gone on."

He said, almost roughly, "Don't feel sorry for me. I don't like it."

Gloria began to cry.

Bill said helplessly, "Here. Here, stop it. Oh, Gloria, *please* stop." He tried, clumsily, to wipe away her tears.

Through the folds of his handkerchief Gloria bleated, "You must a-always wear that hat. And the c-coat too with those l-lovely b-buttons." She sobbed lustily.

Bill got to his feet and lifted her bodily to hers. "You can't wear things like this except on a boat," he said. He was dragging her, by the hand, toward the beach. She trotted, sniffling, and saying, "I expect you're right. The nice thing about you is that no matter what you do you'll always be right."

Bill lifted her over a piece of driftwood, saying, "I wish I believed that."

Gloria smiled confidently through her tears. "You'll believe it," she said stoutly. "Wait."

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Born of an earthquake, stained by murder and shrouded in mystery, Reelfoot Lake is as uncanny as some region of another planet. The hunting and fishing, however, are just as good as ever

SUNK LANDS" region lies at the northwest corner of Tennessee where Reelfoot Lake crosses into Kentucky. Just a few miles south of the state line a crude little hunting lodge of unpainted boards had been set upon a raft so as to float like Noah's Ark above the deluge when spring floods from a swollen Mississippi River raised the level of the lake. During low-water stages the raft lay flat on muddy banks. The place was a blotch of gloom, even at noon, for rarely did a ray of God's blessed sunshine pierce the foliage that overhung "Walnut Log Hotel." In front was the sinister lake, a thing of mist and mystery about which men whispered weird tales; to the rear, a forest, somber, silent and alive with prowling beasts.

No crackle of a twig came out of the woods when, noiseless as crouching panthers, a Night Rider band converged upon the inn. Shadowy shapes glided among the shadows, dodging from bush to bush. More than a hundred phantoms surrounded the building to make sure that their prey could not escape, then their lines of death drew taut.

On that fatal October midnight not a candle's glimmer showed beneath a roof where unsuspecting strangers were asleep. The mob had roused a neighboring farmer and dragged him with them, in case Mr. Ward, the proprietor, might refuse to admit a masked and unknown gang. Fortunately for their surprise attack they found the door unlocked, and twenty determined men crowded into a narrow hallway. No one spoke except their leader, who lighted a smelly lamp and forced his entrance to the first bedroom.

A young huntsman named Fielding Burchett, after shooting ducks all day, slept like the dead until rough hands shook him half awake and a black mask bent over his pillow.

"Get up! Get up!" the gruff intruder ordered. "What business have you got at Reelfoot?"

"No business at all," the scared boy replied. "I'm just hunting; hunting ducks."

After placing his lamp on the table the mob leader turned and two fierce gray eyes glared through slits of his mask as he questioned Burchett, "Sartin you ain't hangin' round here with them city shysters?"

"No. No." Burchett stood trembling in his nightgown and protested, "I never saw Colonel Taylor or Captain Rankin until they sat down with me to supper."

"That's a lie. You're one of them thievin' surveyors that's measurin' our property!"

"I'm not. I'm not. Look at my dogs and gun. And the ducks I killed today."

One of the Night Riders apparently vouched for Burchett and after a low-voiced conference their chief commanded him, "Crawl back in that bed. Kivver up an' keep out o' this."

Then the Riders roused the proprietor, and Mr. Ward showed them to the room of Captain Quentin Rankin, a highly respected lawyer in active practice at Trenton, Tennessee. Rankin personally knew some of these Sunk Land squatters that had served under him during the Spanish War, and didn't believe they would assassinate their former captain. The other attorney, Col. R. Z. Taylor, was much older, a dignified and well-to-do gentleman.

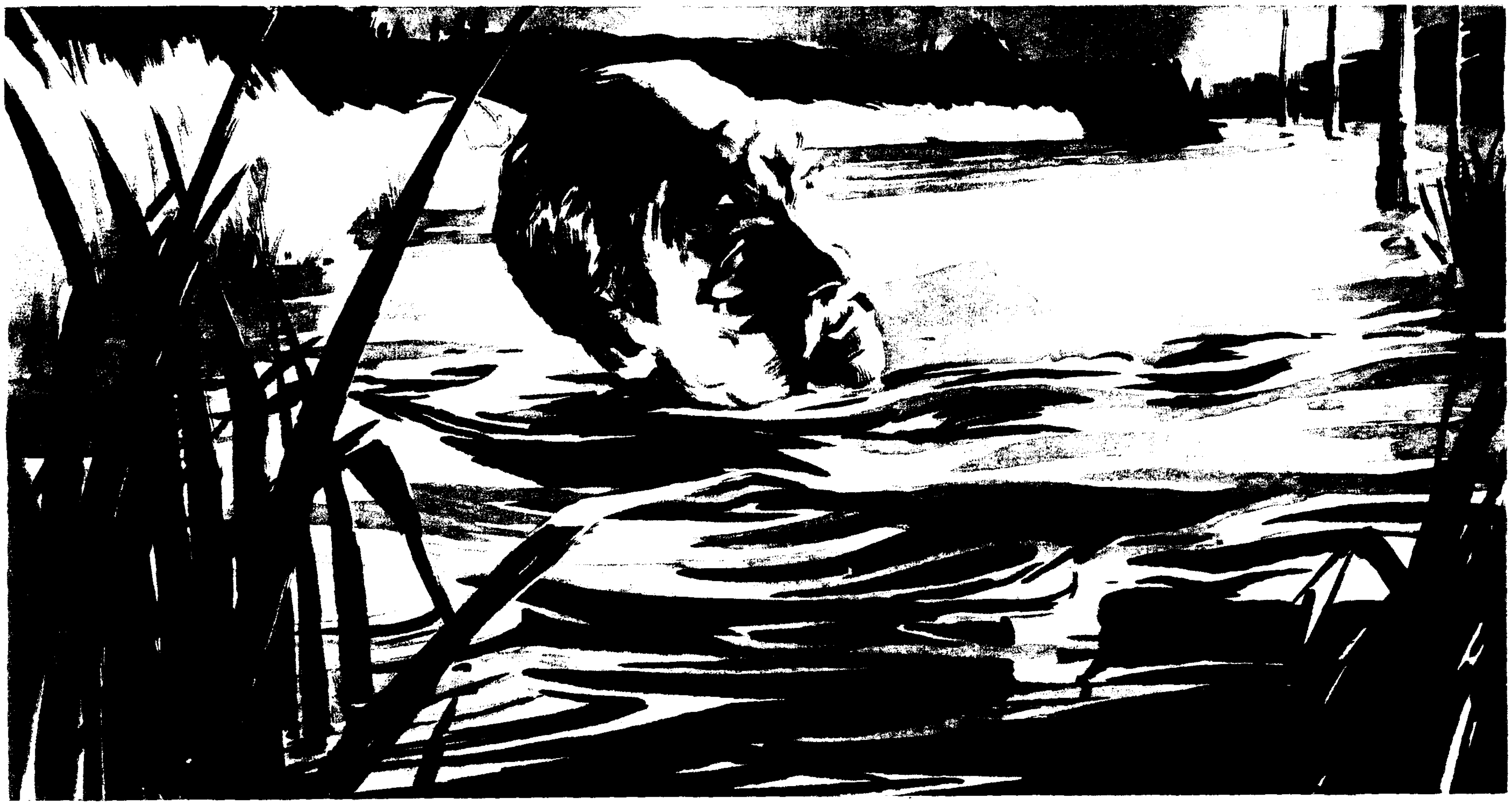
From their conversation as the jovial tavern company sat round a fire of blazing logs, Burchett gathered that the lawyers had brought this party of surveyors to establish lines of wild lands recently purchased by Rankin, and that Reelfoot savagely resented it.

The raid on Walnut Log Hotel was carefully planned and carried out like clockwork. In a few minutes Burchett watched the mob as it led away two prisoners, Rankin and Taylor, who made no resistance.

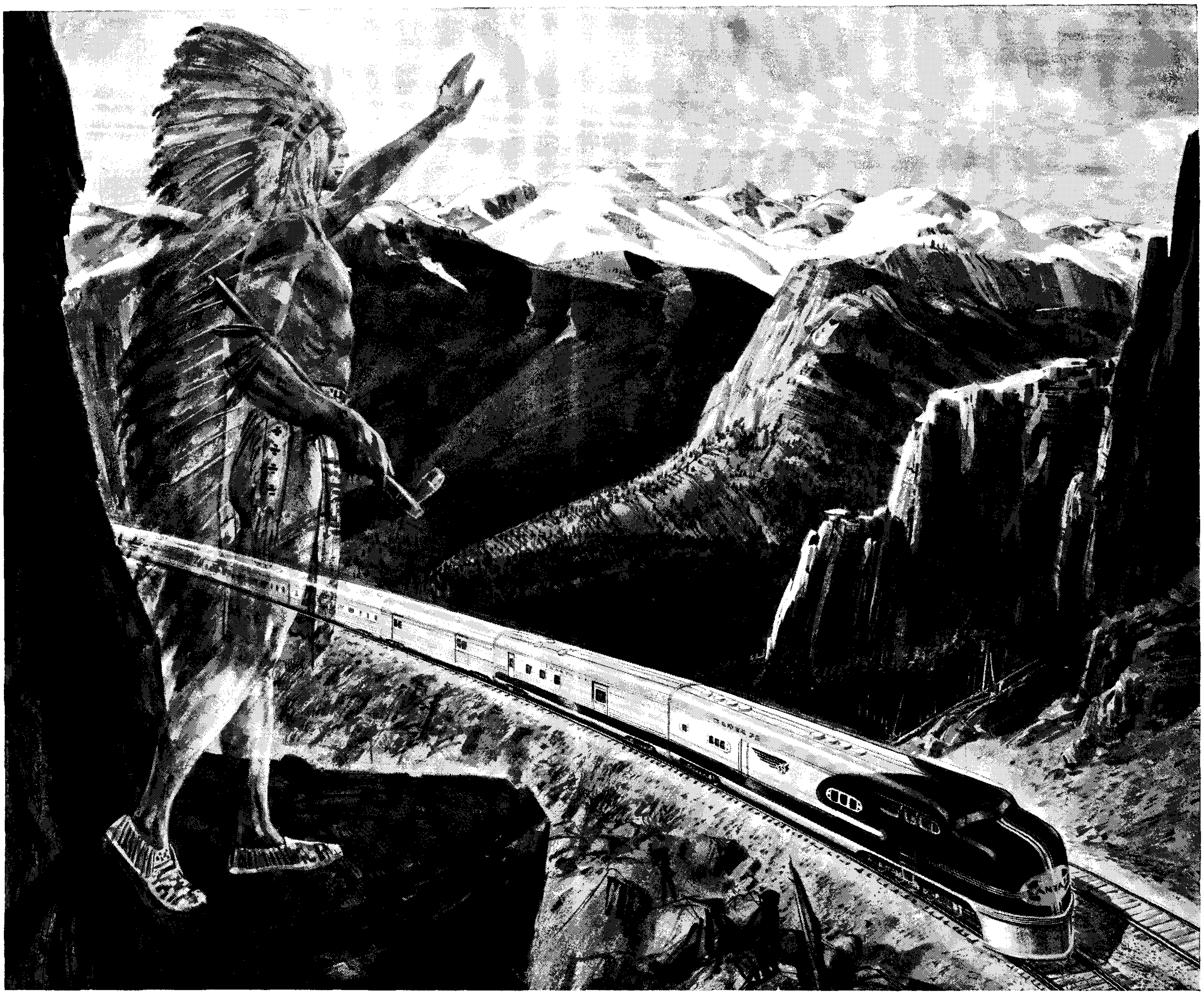
Half an hour later the surveyors and hunters who remained behind, listening anxiously from hotel windows, heard the vicious spat-spat-spat of many rifles.

Accounts vary as to what actually happened on that night of murder under the big ash tree. First rumors were that Captain Rankin was brutally tortured, being jerked up to a limb time after time by lynchers who tried to make him call off his survey party and abandon all plans to improve the lands in what they considered as their swamp. These demands the captive refused, and died without making concessions.

Other eyewitnesses asserted that few words passed, that the Riders merely knotted a rope around Rankin's neck, tossed one end over a limb of the tree and yanked him up. In that moment



Taylor swam for his life, diving and ducking behind logs as hysterical Riders discharged volleys



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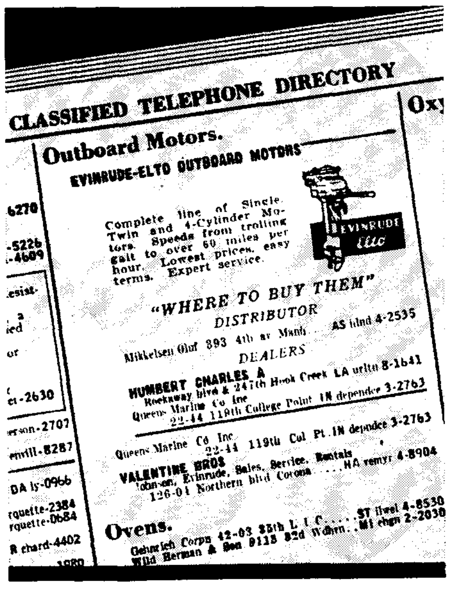
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while the body swung, some member of the crowd fired a single shot, and immediately nervous volleys riddled their victim.

Colonel Taylor, a man of seventy, looked on helplessly, sure that his turn came next; so while his guards were momentarily diverted by firing at Rankin, Taylor broke loose and dived into Bayou Desha, swimming for his life, diving and ducking behind logs as hysterical riders discharged volleys. Brushwood on the opposite bank of the bayou was observed to be raked as if by an artillery barrage.

News of this murder sizzled along the wires and West Tennessee went wild. Every road, every forest path, brought squads of grim-lipped avengers to the lake. Search parties waded the marshes and dragged Bayou Desha without finding Col. Taylor, who at that moment was hidden in sawgrass on an island and did not emerge until next night.

Sentenced to Hang

All over Tennessee indignant citizens were furious, and for the first time in its history Reelfoot heard the beat of martial drums, the tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers, and saw bayonets glitter along its somber shores. Governor Malcolm R. Patterson promptly arrived with troops at his back and took military possession of the Sunk Lands.

At the opening of his investigation Governor Patterson feared he'd find the whole region hushed in a vast conspiracy of silence, and no native brave enough—treacherous enough, as Reelfoot felt—to point out the murderers. But while prudence or loyalty shut hundreds of mouths, at the same time Night Riding outrages had created hatreds among those who'd been flogged or bled for blackmail. Resentment smoldered, then flamed up on Reelfoot, for as a squad of militia marched past her cabin an aged crone tottered after them, shouting, "Thank God! *Now* I kin tell what I know."

Their own people were fixing to talk and guilty mobsmen tried to escape. Motorboats gave exciting chase and captured them on the lake; suspects were dragged out from morasses for grilling at a wholesale inquisition. One night a furtive figure sneaked into Governor Patterson's tent, a fellow whom it was believed had been hired to join the Riders and betray them.

One small boy of Reelfoot, a babe at the time, nursed his grudge against the tattletale who'd squealed on Pappy until the child grew big enough to tote a rifle, then followed the traitor to East Tennessee and shot him eighteen times.

While it ultimately cost him his life, the original informer disclosed facts that led to uncovering the entire plot. Witnesses who'd been whipped by Night Riders volunteered their testimony. Arrest followed arrest so quickly that jails couldn't hold them, so the troopers slapped up a makeshift stockade at Samberg on the lakeside which soon became jammed with suspects, guarded against all possibility of escape or rescue by soldiers who'd shoot to kill.

Several of the guiltier ones were sentenced to hang, others to long terms in prison. Then, as we pride ourselves on doing in free America, appellate courts found loopholes and set aside all verdicts so the mobsmen must be tried again. At second trials juries disagreed, and such was the widespread notoriety that jury lists became exhausted. Every qualified man in the county had formed a fixed opinion, so no unbiased jury could be impaneled, and none of the Night Riders were punished.

On December 16, 1811, Reelfoot Lake was born in spasms of horror when mighty convulsions tore out the bowels of both Americas. Earthquakes were not unknown to our valley, for Indian traditions tell of an angry Manitou that sent his tremors to punish wickedness, many, many strings of lives ago. The disturbance of 1811 seemed to concentrate its North American focus at New Madrid, Missouri, a landing on the Mississippi River, near the state line between Kentucky and Tennessee.

The surface of the earth rose and rocked and undulated like billows of a stormy sea. Inhabitants rushed out from tumbling shacks. The bottom of the river dropped out and a hissing abyss opened into hell. For miles below New Madrid a crazy river ran northward, pouring, pouring into a vast chasm. Terrible commotion raged among the fleet of flatboats, some of which upended with their crews and plunged into a steaming gulf. Landslides swept down the bluffs, bringing forests of tangled trees, while waterspouts leaped up from the river to unbelievable heights.

Fortunately the section was almost unpopulated, with no cities and little loss of life; but a few weeks later the same shocks demolished Caracas in Venezuela and killed ten thousand people.

Here's a singular incident:

East of the Mississippi, opposite New Madrid, the upheaval caused an alluvial strip of lowlands to subside and deluges rushed in from the river to fill a newmade basin now known as Reelfoot Lake. In the flooded sector forest growths were drowned out and died almost at once, except the cypress, which thrives in shallow water. Even a cypress, however, cannot live when covered to a depth of twenty feet, so they too were doomed to lingering death. Leaves turned brown and branches fell until nothing but naked trunks remained, stripped bare and ghastly as a corpse.

To make the destruction more complete, fire got among them and burned most of the standing trunks to the water line, leaving only stumps to wreck unwary boats.

Every conceivable species of river fish came to Reelfoot in the first mad swirl of roaring floods, myriads of them being swept into the basin, gars, buffaloes, cats, bream, shoals of fluttering minnows and alert bass to prey upon them. After escaping the earthquake's maelstrom they found themselves in a huge pool that grew placid when receding inundations left the same ridge that now divides Reelfoot from the river. Every spring the Mississippi flowed over this slight elevation, bringing fresh millions of baby fish that were born in western Pennsylvania or the Yellowstone.

The White-Collar Invasion

Hungry animals followed the fish, all sorts of waterfowl and backwoodsmen flocking to a virgin paradise where pioneers set up shacks on shore, planted corn to grind a little meal and distill plenty of red liquor. Some of the hunters and trappers became farmers in a small way, a primitive community that squatted on whatever land it needed, never once imagining that a spectacled clerk at Nashville would scribble a deed and make some city slicker the owner of its homes. They didn't annoy any court with squabbles in the Sunk Lands, but shot out their feuds, boot to boot, which was nobody's business.

Amateur sportsmen sometimes ventured into their wilderness and brought out incredible tales of giant fish that swam through submerged forests; of skies darkened by clouds of ducks and geese; of sleek deer flitting among the melancholy swamps. Those reports were true. An occasional stranger was looked upon with little hostility until interlopers became numerous and attempted to run things. We heard whispers, years ago, of a clubhouse being erected by city

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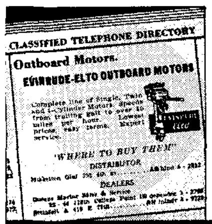
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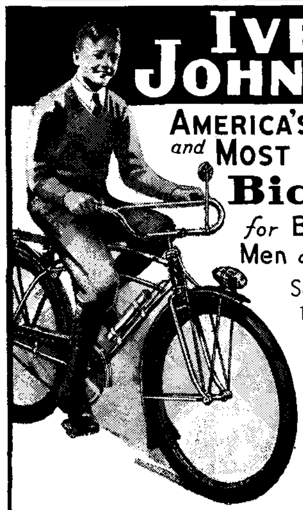
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folks, whereupon an ancient settler took his gang of slaves and tore down the building to throw it plank by plank into the lake. Another foreign group once bought land and installed gamekeepers, but the wardens were soon found dangling from convenient limbs with "WARNING!" placards on their breasts.

If left alone, Reelfooters would never have come into collision with white collars, but white collars kept encroaching on them until, late in the nineteenth century, outsiders claimed their lands and ordered them not to fish in their own lake. A few natives had now learned to wear socks and gained progressive ideas, so instead of handling the dispute as usual, by one neat shot to avoid a lawsuit, the fishermen employed an attorney, each of them chipping in ten per cent of his catch for expenses.

When Law Settled Down

It was not a drowsy litigation, but sparkled with red-hot epithets hurled at a big landlord who wanted to drain their lake and convert its fertile bottom into cotton fields. Finally the court said "No," rendering the same decision as in the *cause celebre* of Shylock vs. Antonio. "You may drain your part of the lake, provided you draw off not one single drop of water from lands of other Christian owners."

That settled it for a while, but since white collars had shown up, life on Reelfoot was just one darn' thing after another. They had no more than halted this drainage menace when all fishermen were notified that a certain wholesale dealer, by some hook or crook, had acquired exclusive rights and not a minnow could be caught unless it were sold at his dock for whatever price he chose to pay.

This time the infuriated fishermen didn't go to court. That night they overpowered two caretakers and forced them to burn Monopoly Dock, while the big landlord who lived near by at Tiptonville protected his residence with guards armed to the teeth, and with explosive mines.

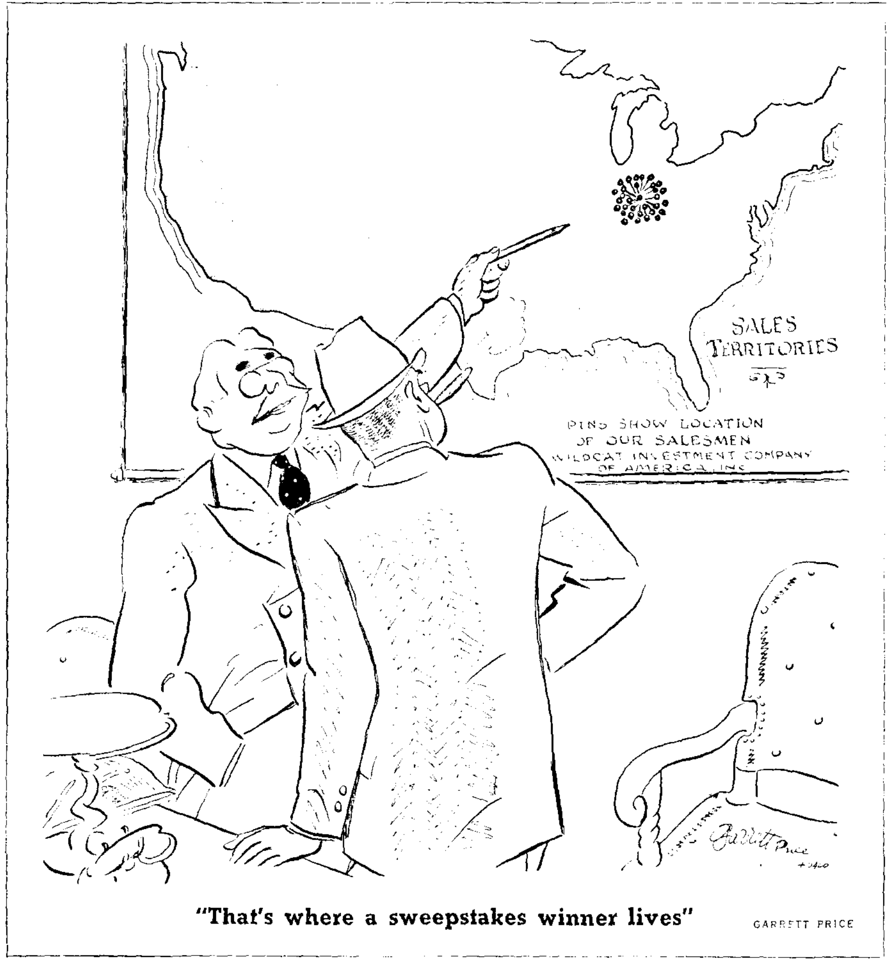
Captain Rankin knew the inflamed state of squatter feeling when a court adjudged his West Tennessee Land Company to be owners of a large tract on Reelfoot. He went there with eyes wide open, and was hanged. " 'Twarn't nothin' else to do," the Sunk Lands thought.

Organized society showed itself powerless to punish a solitary lyncher. Reelfoot got away with murder and nobody could do a thing about it. Squatters would now be encouraged to further acts of violence, and landlords dangled in thin air. For the peace of the community a solution must be found.

Unlettered woodsmen had triumphed, and popular sentiment gradually swung round to their original contention that Reelfoot didn't belong to anybody but was public domain. Public domain? Influential citizens and legislators began to think it over. Public domain? Why not? Purchase by the state and fair administration of fishing privileges would end this deadly quarrel. Besides, Reelfoot is so uniquely beautiful that it should be preserved for the joy of mankind. Tennessee therefore bought the lake with adjacent lands, bought the islands and traditions. The state has spent $450,000 and dedicated to all humanity a marvelous playground.

Law has settled down for keeps on the Sunk Lands, with regulations so tactfully enforced that grouchy old squatters will admit they like it, even though paying seventy-five cents per hundred pounds as royalty on their catch. This money they more than get back through improvements and conveniences. When the lake was tax-free it often required a four-mule team and two days of struggle over unspeakable roads to reach a market. Now a few hours by truck on smooth highways will deliver the product to stalls in St. Louis. Buyers pay spot cash at the shore and workers lose no time from their nets.

Two hundred commercial fishermen bring boatloads to State Docks every day in the year, except for a brief closed season on game fish. Rough fish, such as buffalo and carp, may be taken at any time, and for all species the fishermen annually collect nearly forty thousand dollars. State wardens at official docks weigh these fish in huge scoops, a bushel of bream at a time, or scintillating sun perch. Low-born cats and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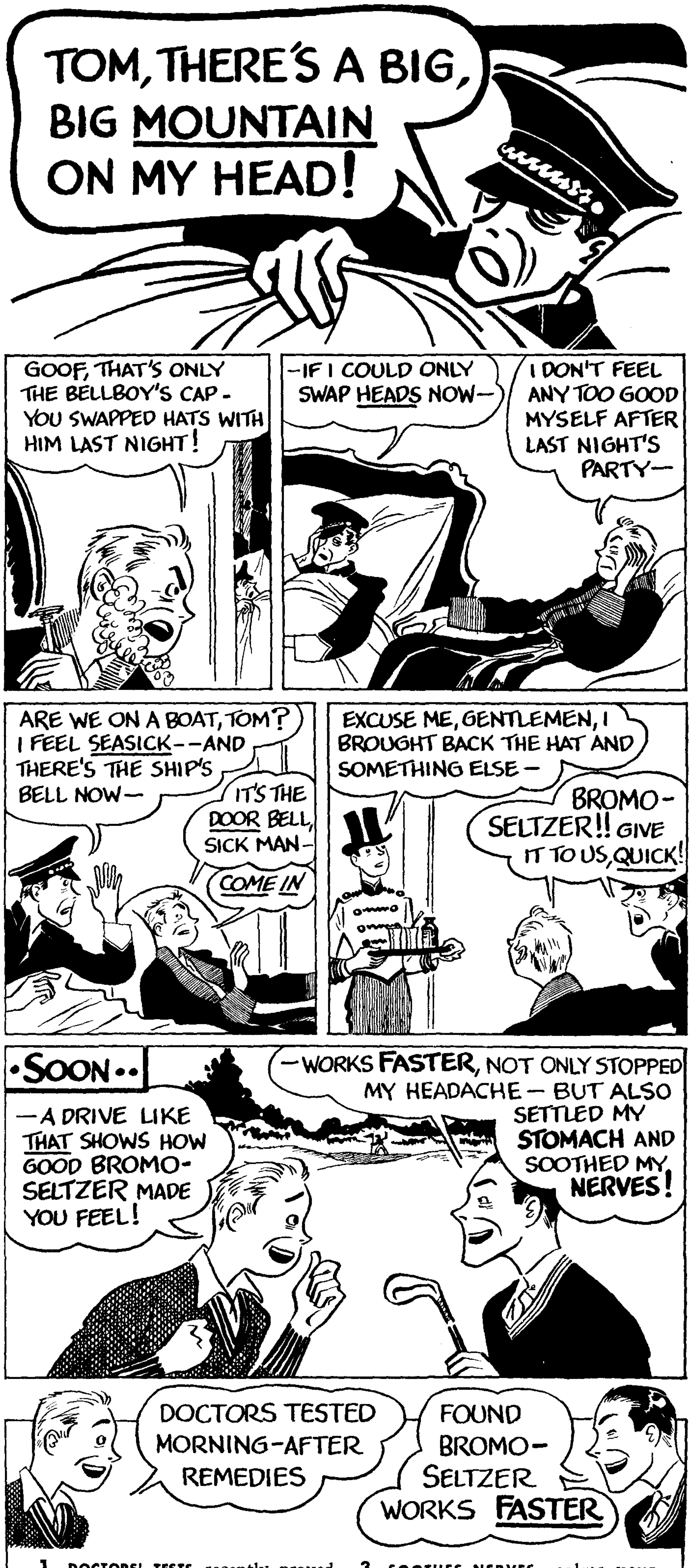
TOM, THERE'S A BIG, BIG MOUNTAIN ON MY HEAD!
GOOF, THAT'S ONLY THE BELLBOY'S CAP - YOU SWAPPED HATS WITH HIM LAST NIGHT!
-IF I COULD ONLY SWAP HEADS NOW-
I DON'T FEEL ANY TOO GOOD MYSELF AFTER LAST NIGHT'S PARTY-
ARE WE ON A BOAT, TOM? I FEEL SEASICK--AND THERE'S THE SHIP'S BELL NOW-
IT'S THE DOOR BELL, SICK MAN-
COME IN
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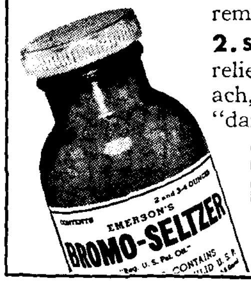
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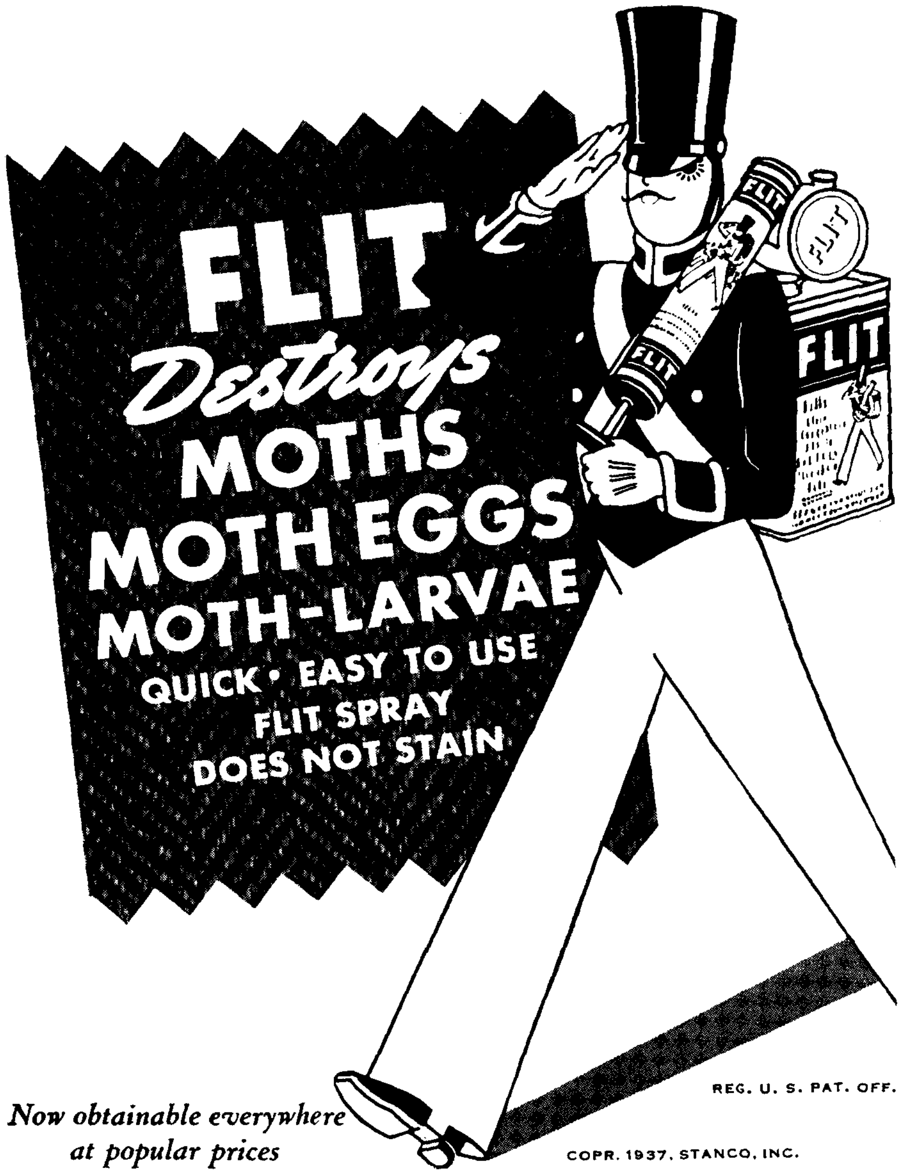

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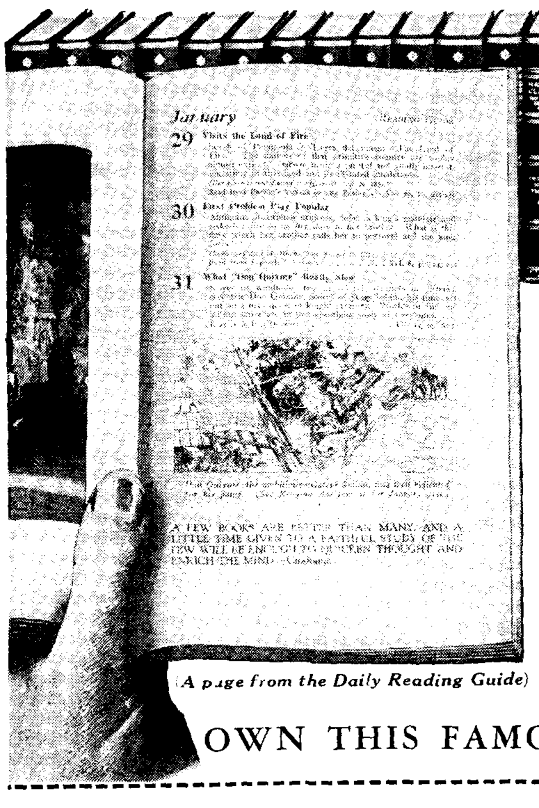
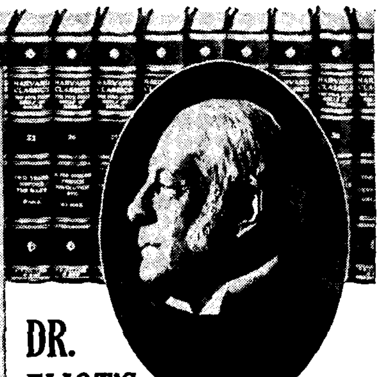


(A page from the Daily Reading Guide)



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After fighting for years against any form of restriction it now seems queer that Reelfoot gets along most amiably with the wardens. Slingshot Charley's the only person on Reelfoot who may kill with impunity and have no warden hear him shoot, because he doesn't use a gun, merely a slingshot. His deadly weapon is made of a forked stick and two rubber bands, red bands that Charley cuts into long strips from an inner tube.

This likable hombre blundered into hard luck when an unfortunate bird went flying overhead just as Charley fitted a nice rock into his sling. He couldn't resist the temptation. Blam! Dead duck. Even then the warden, being Charley's friend, might have shut both eyes except that people knew he'd personally witnessed the crime. So his kind service could go no farther than giving the accused every chance to prove involuntary duckslaughter—that Charley slew that bird in self-defense.

After the manner of our quickest gunmen this expert also shoots from the hip, by instinct, apparently taking no aim. I have myself seen his performance of tossing up pebbles one by one and smashing them in mid-air with other pebbles.

Once he guided a city sport who craved to kill some pintails, and the dub couldn't hit a flock of balloons with a bass fiddle. Bang! Bang! Bang! Miss, miss, miss. It pestered Charley, who squirmed in their boat, disgustedly fingering his slingshot. A fine mallard came flying toward them and the newfangled gun blazed again, but the untouched duck sailed on until Charley brought him down with a pebble. So the dub got huffy and went home. Charley denies this exploit but admirers swear to it.

How Wise Are Decoys?

Our wisest guy does not seem to know under whose leadership the cormorants, or water turkeys, marshal their forces for a drive. They must obey a commander in chief, a planning general, because their movement is so well arranged with co-ordinating teamwork. These long-necked, awkward creatures usually fish alone, but we sometimes see a great assembly, not in a haphazard mass but evenly spaced in two semicircular lines.

They set up a flapping of wings and commotion of water, much as beaters in India who thrash the bush to drive out game for British officers. As frightened fish dart before them the first semicircle dives down to make a catch. When that line comes up, the second line flaps over their heads and dives in front. One over the other, one over the other, the cormorants play their continuous game of leap frog until every gullet is gorged.

How much sense has a decoy duck? I do not mean the wooden imitation, but living birds.

"Mister, they got plenty gumption," my old guide assures me. "When I takes a feller out on the lake all I does is whistle, then my *deecoys* waddles down single file an' scrambles in the boat. After we reaches the shootin' ground I dumps 'em overboard, mebbe ties a Susie nigh our blind an' lets the Dicks splash around free. Ef a Dick rambles too far his Susie calls him back, same as my wife yells for 'Pa! Oh, Pa!' An' he better come. None of 'em minds the poppin' of guns—jest feeds around an' quack, quack, quack, to draw them wild ones from the sky.

"Mister, mebbe you ain't never heard tell of it, but sky birds has learned to count, count as good as you up to five; 'cause five is the number of *deecoys* we mostly sets out. I've watched many a flock sail to'd us, fixin' to settle down in range, then hear 'em count 'One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Hey, fellers, keep a travelin'.' "

Not Spoiled by Man

All live birds formerly used on Reelfoot joined the Amalgamated Decoy Union. Shooting in season is permitted to open at 7 A.M., when the ducks set up their quacking. When their clock strikes 2 P.M., the hour fixed to knock off, every Dick and Susie swims back to their boat, refusing to work another minute or they'd lose their union cards.

In point of area and variety of wild life, Reelfoot does not rank as an important game refuge. Six thousand acres of land and forty thousand acres of water seem insignificant as compared with those measureless marshes and wildernesses of southern Louisiana where practically every bird and beast known to our subtropical climate may find their food and shelter.

A few deer and wild turkeys are guarded by five miles of fenced enclosure within which no hunting is allowed, and wardens make every effort to destroy varmints that prey upon them.

Razors followed the law to Reelfoot, where old codgers still cling to whiskers, though fastidious young guides now wear two galluses instead of one, and slick up mightily on occasion.

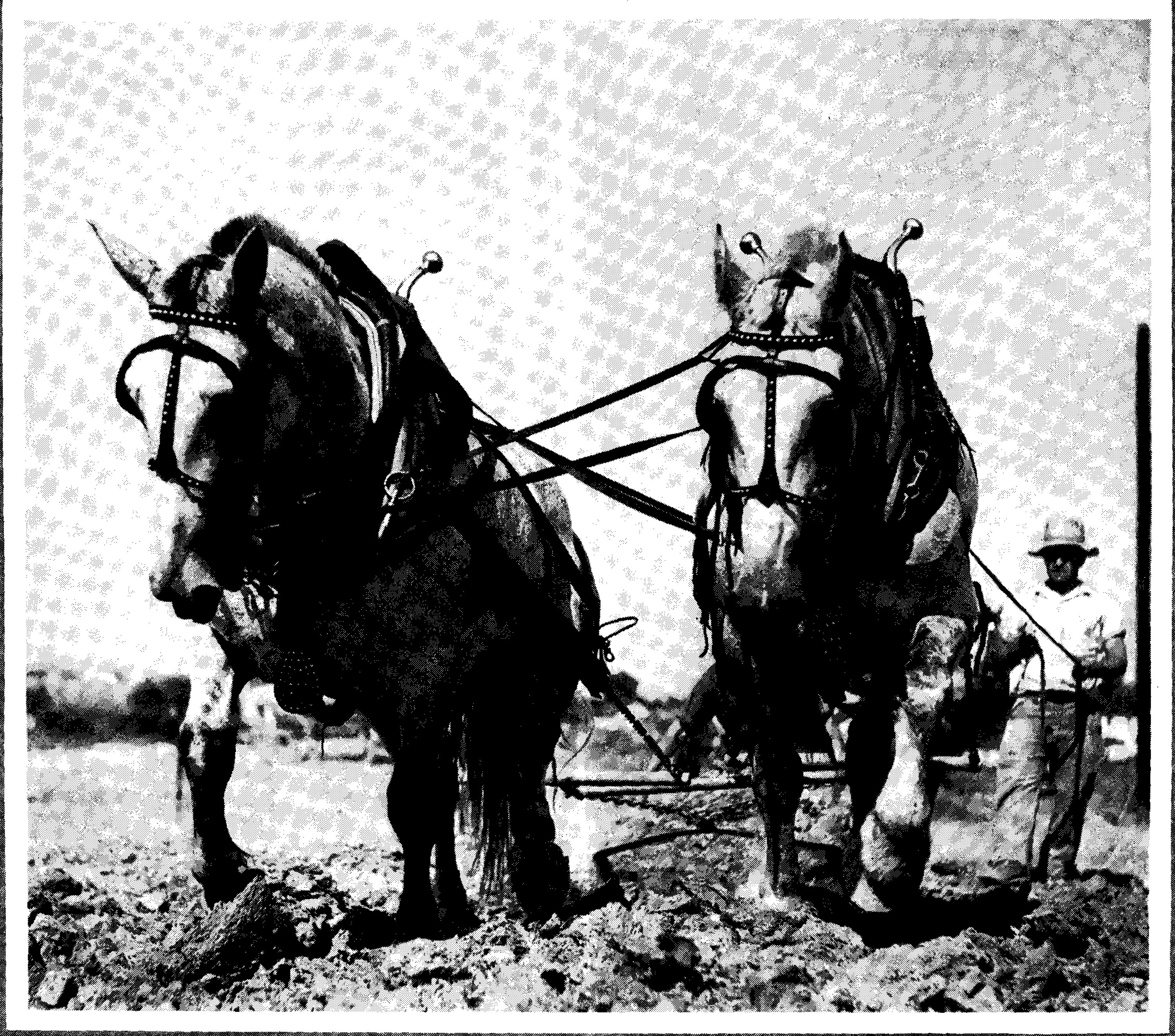
The opening of duck season is their gala occasion, when more than a thousand jolly hunters congregate and sounds of revelry by night burst from the State Clubhouse. It's a motley crew. The city millionaire hobnobs with the village blacksmith. An Ohio congressman shoots from the same boat with a pal who bosses the underworld at Denver. Judges, guides and gigolos are linked together by the fine freemasonry of sport.

Along the shore, here and there, lights gleam out from shacks half smothered by forest foliage. Inside will be cots, the clatter of poker chips on a rough table, and the merry tinkle of ice. This is a Texas party en route to New York, stopping over for a week in a furnished cabin. Next to them is a tent under the trees where some West Virginians and Missourians have got chummy. Tonight these men are strangers, tomorrow they'll mix like buddies.

Some take their shooting seriously, and make of it a sacred rite as solemn as the play of contract-bridge addicts. Others laugh and jest at hits or misses, and have a hilarious time without wetting a hook or firing a gun.

Unconscious artists who visit this lake at any season drink in its careless beauty, more changeable than a coquette's whim. In the hazy dawn we feel a sense of vagueness, of unreality, in gazing out from beneath an arcade of drooping cypress upon a vista of promontories, creeks and bays where skeletons of long-drowned trees are standing half submerged. Sawgrasses grow on boggy islands; lily pads lie flat on misty waters, while marvelous lotus blossoms suggest dead centuries of desire, the tragedy and the pathos of Egypt.

Reelfoot has not been spoiled by man. Today it's what the earthquake made it, and mellowing years of decay.



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It's hard to get pictures like this—clear, brilliant pictures with every detail perfect. But see how Agfa Film does it. Note the wealth of detail in the harness, and in the horses' legs...even in the legs that are moving.

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What a shot! What a lucky break that it "turned out" so well!

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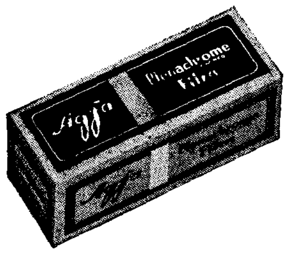

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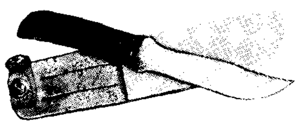

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The Colonel's Daughter

Continued from page 21

could see him respond to those old battles; she could see how his imagination fired up. He was a stocky shape in the shadows, blackened by the sun and shaped like the traditional cavalryman. *A man, she thought, made to ride and to fight*—and to love action because of the vitality in him. Jeff Lee sat low in his chair, his tall shape angularly slouched and his sorrel head tipped a little. He was lost in his thoughts and his broad mouth made a straight, reflective line across an inscrutable face; and Taisie doubted if he heard her father's words at all.

The post's challenge curtly lifted and carried along the still air, and a horseman pounded up the parade, wheeling at the colonel's porch, his presence bringing all the officers to their feet. The rider jumped down and Taisie saw the pallid dust mask coating his face. He was hard put for breath.

"They raided Wilton's ranch an hour ago. Wilton and Wilton's wife are dead. They burned everything but the shed me and the boys was in. It was Tobeel's band again, about ten in the bunch."

"Which way did they go?"

"Back toward the Mesquites."

THE colonel was a round, jolly man who concealed his excellence behind a disarming blandness. He said: "You've had a hard ride, Jack. Get some coffee from the mess shack." He stood there, quietly considering, while ease went away from the porch. A sergeant ran up and halted at the porch.

The colonel said: "Lieutenant Watkins, take twenty men and follow the trail. But don't go beyond the Lordsburg Pass. Take Reading along."

The sergeant at the foot of the porch wheeled into the darkness immediately. Cavour Watkins made his bow to the party and looked across at Taisie Belknap. He was smiling and he was pleased as he went away with young Reading, the civilian wearily following. Over by B Troop's quarters was the sergeant's leather voice calling. Lights began to swing around the picket line.

Taisie watched worry stiffen Jeff Lee's cheeks. He faced the colonel and said, "With your permission, sir," bowed and dropped into outer darkness rapidly. Captain Keil drawled: "Jeff's worried about his domesticated Injuns."

"I share the worry," murmured the colonel.

"There are no domesticated Apaches," said Major Grant. He rendered his stiff compliments and took his wife's arm. The Keils left, and the doctor escorted Reading's wife toward her quarters.

"Taisie," said the colonel's wife, "I really wish you'd sit in that chair instead of lying in it like Jeff Lee does. Someday you'll break your neck."

Taisie smiled and said, "I must remember Mrs. Chaffee's Seminary," and vanished into the darkness. Cavour Watkins' detail counted fours on the parade, those voices blunt and heavy in the night. Lanterns flashed brilliantly along the picket line.

The colonel's wife said: "I wish she weren't so pretty and I wish she'd make up her mind. At her age I was married two years."

The colonel pulled at the trailing edges of his mustache; the light of the lanterns deepened the florid color of his cheeks. "She's made up her mind."

"Which one?"

"Don't know. Neither does she. But it will be one of them."

The colonel's wife said: "You have a preference?"

But the colonel was an impartial man, even in front of his wife. "Both excellent officers. Watkins is a born Indian fighter. Cuts a dash, after the Phil Sheridan style. Enormously ambitious."

She said: "I think Jeff Lee feels it *when you keep him behind so much*. He hasn't been on a scout this year."

"Serves his purpose," said the colonel briefly, and stood on the porch to watch the shadows of Cavour Watkins' detail form up.

Taisie stood by the guardhouse wall. Cavour Watkins came from his quarters and stopped a moment there. He said: "I'll see you—" and waited until the noise of counting off was done before going on. "I'll see you tomorrow afternoon."

She said: "Be careful, Cavour."

He was laughing.

"Taisie—I'd like your glove to tie on my belt. A token."

"A very gallant thought, Cavour. Be careful."

"You worry for me?"

Her voice was soft and cool. "I love all those rawboned old Irishmen."

"But as for me?" said Cavour Watkins.

Her tone was quick and gay and gently mocking. "It takes fifteen years to make a good sergeant, Cavour, and only four to turn out a lieutenant."

"Good lieutenants," he said, "are born, not made." And went toward his detail. She remained by the guardhouse wall, under the glow of the fixed lantern, hearing Cavour's command. The detail trotted by, fell into the desert road and at last faded, the clatter of saddle furniture dying in the deep silence.

Out there a quarter mile the fires of Kaminzin's peaceful Apache band burned orange holes against the night. Jeff Lee would be down there, calming Kaminzin's fears. Tobeel and half of the Apaches in this district stuck to the Mesquites and raided the white settlements. The other half, under Kaminzin, had made peace and were camped along Santa Rita Creek. Yet even in peace Kaminzin's people were wild as antelopes and subject to fright. The least whisper would set them in flight for the hills again and spoil her father's work. General Crook's orders were plain: peace to those who would come in, destruction to those who would not. Cavour Watkins was on his way to destroy while Jeff Lee crouched before a fire in Kaminzin's camp and talked their tongue, patient and careful and kindly; shrewdly matching his words to their primitive emotions.

She walked back along officers' row.

THE post challenged and she heard Jeff Lee's answer as he came up from the Indian camp. His shoulders made a broad, square shape against the dark, but she could tell by the swing of his body that he was tired.

She said: "What was wrong with Kaminzin?"

He stood beside her, packing his pipe.

"One of Tobeel's men slipped into the camp and got to telling Kaminzin's people we would turn the troops loose on them some night and kill them all. Kaminzin trusts me, but it's hard for him to keep his camp from getting scary. Tobeel's trying to get them to run for the hills and start fighting again."

"What did you tell them?"

He said laconically: "Just sat and talked. It's ticklish. The wrong word and they'd all run for the Mesquites, which would be the end of our work."

The light from his tent touched her briefly and she knew that he was strongly aware of her presence here.

He said: “It has been hot.”

Her laughter was a small silver echo through the dark. “How should I answer that, Jeff?”

“Someday,” he said briefly, “I may get a tour of service at a post where light conversation is taught dumb officers.”

It was a faint flame of anger unexpectedly leaping out of this man's broad and patient surface. It startled her. He stood straight and strange before her, and there was a breath of violence between them. She murmured, “Jeff, I wasn't making fun of you,” and put a hand on his arm.

“No,” he said flatly. “I'm sorry. Good night, Taisie.”

In her room she undressed and threw a robe around her and stood thoughtfully still. The long, dreaming notes of taps turned her out to her cot on officers' row; and lying there with the universe arched above, she thought of the strangeness of men. Jeff Lee saw nothing in the night or in her to lift him. Cavour Watkins would have walked with her across the parade, challenged and turned a little reckless.

AT EIGHT o'clock Taisie stepped into her sidesaddle for the morning's ride. She returned, and, changed out of her riding clothes, sat on the porch to reread her letters from the East, all of them a month old.

After lunch, still on the porch, she settled to her needlework, quelling a quick rebellion at the chore.

Around four o'clock three old Indians stalked up from Kaminzin's camp and halted by headquarters. Jeff came out of headquarters and listened motionlessly and walked back with them toward the camp on the Santa Rita. Colonel Belknap strolled up the walk and sat down beside Taisie on the porch, his round cheeks a violent red.

Taisie bowed her head carefully over the sewing. Her talk came out very casually. “Jeff seems to have influence over Kaminzin's people.”

Belknap said. “Yes,” briefly.

“More than Cavour?”

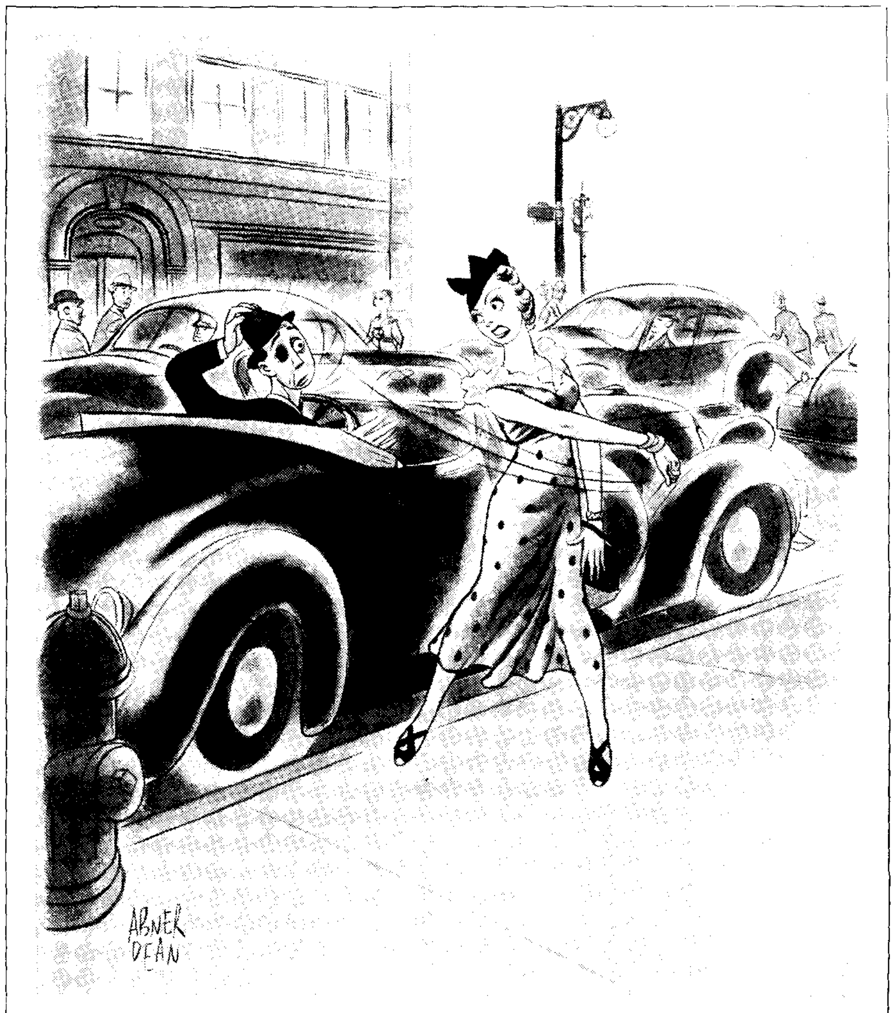
“Different type of man.” And added instantly, “Both good officers.” There was that impartiality she could not break through, even though she knew he had his own secret preference. The frontier showed up weakness and it showed up strength—and men out here were both just and cruel in their appraisal of other men. Her father said nothing, yet it was Cavour Watkins whom he invariably sent on scout while Jeff Lee sweated out his ambition on the detailed drudgery at the post.

“I have wondered why you never send Jeff Lee into the Mesquites!”

“Useful to me here,” answered the colonel and then stood up. There was the scuffle of hoofs on the flinty trail on the hill above camp; and looking that way Taisie saw Cavour Watkins' detail file slowly down into the post. Belknap said in a deeply relieved way: “Time they were back,” and went to the steps.

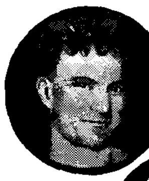
Exhaustion rode that detail, bowing each man over in the saddle. Cavour Watkins stepped to the ground and made his salute to the colonel. His eyes, bloodshot, showed the flicker of fire. He said: “Reporting back with the detail, sir. We had a brush with Tobeel near the gates of Lordsburg Pass about daylight, but he got away. On our return we surprised a rancheria and broke it up. I regret to report the loss of Private Hannevy.”

Taisie Belknap's glance rushed down the column and found a horse bearing a blanketed burden lashed across its saddle. Her father's voice was even and unrevealing. “Very good, Lieutenant,” and he stood there until Cavour Watkins saluted and mounted and took his detail down to the barracks. The colonel's hand pulled at the ends of his mustache and the florid color deepened and Taisie knew he was strongly stirred. Jeff Lee was coming up from Kaminzin's camp; he turned at the guardhouse and stood observing Watkins' detail climb stiffly



“That'll teach you to whistle at a lady, and not mean it!”

ABNER DEAN



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(*Signed*) W. Neher.
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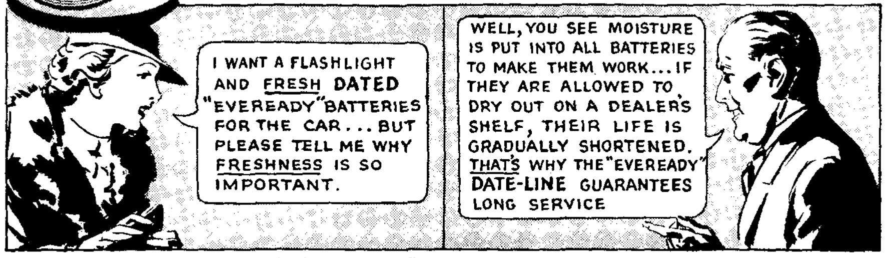
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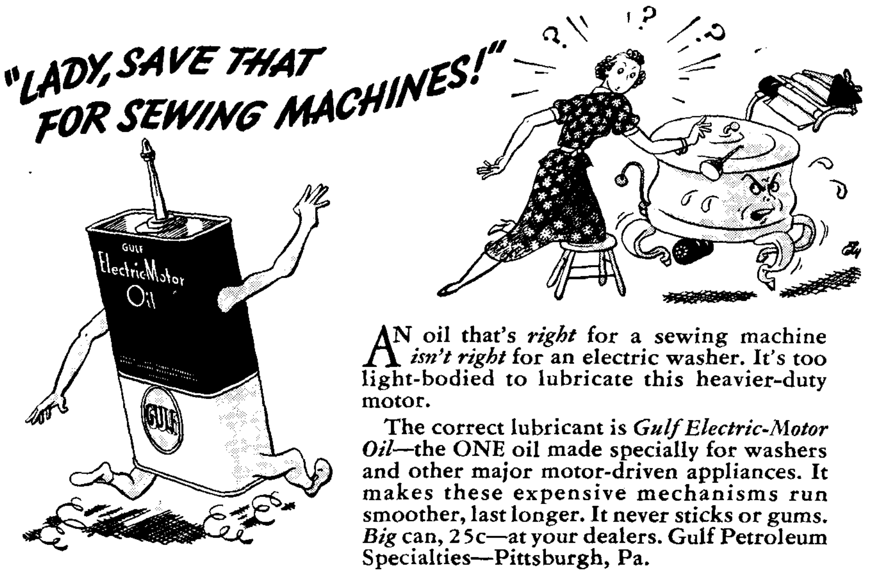
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Soap Shampoo

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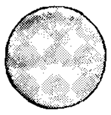

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out of saddle, and afterward Taisie saw him wheel without speaking to Cavour Watkins and go to his quarters.

At six-thirty they ate in the trapped heat of the dining room, without appetite and without much talk. When the colonel lost a man his jolliness went away. At seven Taisie walked into the kitchen to have a word with Charley Simpson, who had been their enlisted cook for ten years. Charley was a close-mouthed man inclined to taciturnity but all the gossip of the post came to him as iron filings drift to a magnet, which Taisie knew. She said:

"What happened, Charley?"

CHARLEY rested his hands on the edge of the washpan. "Sergeant Riley says they didn't rest more than twenty minutes all night. They caught up with Tobeel and had a brush up by the pass, but the 'Paches were firing out of the rocks and the lieutenant tried a charge, which is where he lost Hannevy. Tobeel slipped away and the horses were too done up to make a chase. Comin' back they scouted the rock breaks along the crest of the hills and surprised a rancheria. There was six bucks and some women and a couple kids. They made a fight but the lieutenant broke 'em up. One of the squaws shot Sergeant Riley through the arm."

Taisie murmured: "The women and children, Simpson—what happened to them?"

Simpson looked into the washpan's suds. He said in a noncommittal voice: "I didn't hear. Got away, I guess."

Taisie knew he was lying. Some of those women had been killed in the thick of the fight. She went out, thinking of that, and walked the parade with her yellow head down and her leggy body swinging. The sun dropped over the western line and when she had climbed the trail to number eight sentry post on the bluff of the hill she saw the purple waves of dusk rolling across the far desert. Lights began to glitter through the post windows and it was full dark when she returned; and all the officers of the post were on the colonel's porch.

Cavour Watkins had changed into a fresh uniform and when he stood up she noticed how solid and aggressive a shape he made, how stout his pride was. He was smiling at her and she could tell that the ambition in him had been fanned and strengthened by the day's work. Jeff Lee came to his feet with a brief politeness and sat down again, slouching disjointedly in his chair.

Cavour Watkins said: "I am convinced that Jeff's peaceful Indians are betraying us. I believe Kaminzin sends messengers to Tobeel as soon as our details leave the fort."

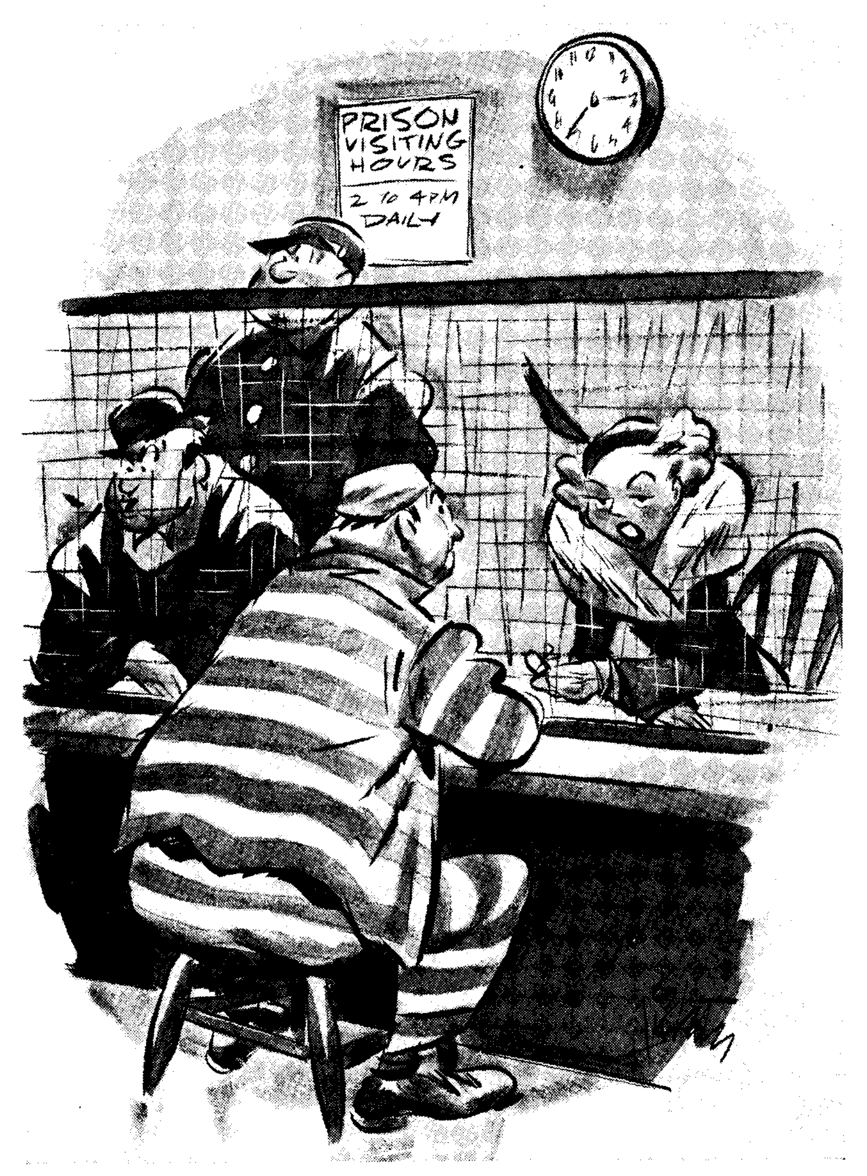
Jeff Lee said from the depths of his chair: "Kaminzin is an honest man."

Cavour Watkins grinned. "I cannot be so naïve. They all hate us and bide their time to get even. Nothing will ever pacify them, except gunfire."

"Tobeel fights because he believes he will be killed if he surrenders," said Jeff Lee. "I cannot blame his reasoning altogether. Kaminzin has surrendered because he trusts our word. If we keep our word with him, he'll gradually persuade most of Tobeel's fighters to come in and give up."

Cavour Watkins said impatiently: "They accept our rations and laugh at us."

Behind those two voices Taisie heard



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

TRIPLE-THRIFT [illegible]

a difference that nothing could reconcile; the oppositeness of two men who could never in a whole lifetime agree. Somebody spoke in Apache at the corner of the porch, surprising them all. Three of Kaminzin's band had come soundlessly across the parade and made faint shapes in the gathered dusk. Jeff Lee rose and was across the porch immediately, all his indifference gone; and he stood before these three shadows and talked a while, the exchange of Apache talk quick and harsh. Presently they went away as silently as they had come.

Jeff Lee had changed again, anger pulling his long lips together and lighting a fire in his eyes. "Kaminzin's people are uneasy. They're afraid something's going to happen to them because Private Hannevy was killed."

Colonel Belknap said: "Who started that?"

Silence flowed the porch significantly. Jeff Lee stood tall and heavy-shouldered against the lamplight. Cavour Watkins watched Jeff Lee with a bright and narrow interest, as though he listened for some particular thing to be said. Taisie saw this. But Jeff Lee drawled: "I don't know, sir," and left the porch. Cavour Watkins rose promptly and the other officers paid their respects and walked away.

At taps Taisie went into her room, undressed for bed and slipped on her robe, hearing the murmur of her folks beyond the wall; and went out to the cot on the line. For a while she lay there watching the sweep of the sky, remembering that in another month she would be twenty-three years old. That was old, so very old. . . .

The sound of voices over by the porch wakened her suddenly. A lantern flashed there and she saw the officers of the post gathered by her father, who stood in his white nightgown and bare feet, with his nightcap sagged on his head like a cornucopia.

Jeff Lee was saying: "They left camp without a sound, Kaminzin and his whole band. It must have been around taps, but nobody on the guardhouse post saw them or heard them go."

"That's Apaches for you," grumbled Major Grant. "Two hundred getting away without raising an echo. They'll be up in the Mesquites before daylight."

"Raiding the Santa Rita valley before dark," added Cavour Watkins. "It was clever of Kaminzin to fatten his warriors on our rations before starting the fall raids. There are no honest Apaches, Lieutenant Lee. You have been fooled."

Jeff Lee said evenly: "I do not think I have. I know Kaminzin. If the colonel will give me permission to take Sergeant Oldroyd I'll have Kaminzin back by noon."

Colonel Belknap said slowly: "You are that confident, Lieutenant Lee?"

"I know Kaminzin's people. They're afraid, because Hannevy's dead. They expect trouble from us, which is what they were threatened with."

Taisie watched her father with wonder. He stood in his bare feet and looked steadily at Jeff Lee, whom he had always kept behind for routine chores, and said: "You have my permission. . . ."

AFTER breakfast Taisie walked into the kitchen to talk to Charley Simpson.

She said: "What scared Kaminzin, Charley?"

Simpson diced a potato carefully on his cutting board. "I heard that somebody went down there before dinner last night and told Kaminzin he'd better help get Tobeel or there'd be trouble."

"Who went down there, Charley?"

Charley Simpson said gently: "Don't believe I heard."

At eleven o'clock she went down to the mess hall and stood in a corner while the doctor said a few words over Hannevy's coffin. Six enlisted men lifted the coffin out to an army wagon and A and B Troops walked in formation across the parade to the cemetery at the edge of Santa Rita creek. The colonel's regimental band was back at brigade headquarters in Omaha but four Irishmen came from the ranks and sang a hymn and the doctor made his prayer and a squad fired to the sky as they lowered Hannevy; and then Taisie looked up from the earth to the stony sides of the hill and saw Kaminzin's band file down that slope two and two, with the blue figures of Jeff Lee and Sergeant Oldroyd in the lead.

She saw all the faces of the assembled Irish troopers swing to the hill, showing relief, even through the burnt, bleak hardness of their features. Her father pulled at the ends of his mustache vigorously and Lieutenant Reading's wife brushed her eyes at one quick gesture. She looked at Cavour Watkins, impelled by a curiosity that she didn't understand; and saw how narrowly he watched that approaching band, his eyes strictly guarded.

IT WAS noon, as Jeff Lee had promised. Later, from the porch, she saw him cross to headquarters, high and broad in the sunlight; and presently he came out with her father and then the post officers assembled and all of them went down past the guardhouse to pay Kaminzin a call. Charley Simpson strode over the parade to B Troop's barracks like an eager hound on scent. Taisie entered the house for her sewing and came back and sat there with a consuming impatience that deepened the color on her cheeks. Action whirled around the parade and left her high and dry. The officers were returning and she saw Cavour Watkins stride off to the stable. The rest of them were talking in front of headquarters and her father shook Jeff Lee's hand, after which Jeff Lee made an abrupt turn, following Cavour Watkins. Taisie's needle dug into the sewing and stopped and her eyes got stormy. She said, "Damn," and saw Charley Simpson come back from B Troop's quarters. She was in the kitchen when Charley reached it.

She said: "From the beginning, Charley. From the beginning."

"Well, the lieutenant and Oldroyd went right into the heart of the Mesquites. Oldroyd said it was dark as pitch and he didn't know where they was. But the lieutenant went like he was in the middle of a straight street. They hit Kaminzin's camp about three in the morning and the lieutenant hollered something ahead in Apache. Somebody shot at them and then Kaminzin stopped it and they rode straight at a little fire. The lieutenant got down and Oldroyd said it looked like every 'Pache in Arizona was there. Tobeel was there, too. And everybody was pretty mad and Tobeel raised his gun on the lieutenant but Kaminzin knocked it aside. The lieutenant got off his horse and the 'Paches grabbed the horse and then all Oldroyd could see was the lieutenant's hair somewhere in the middle of all them Injuns, with everybody boilin' over.

"Oldroyd said the lieutenant didn't move and didn't say a word for ten minutes and then they quit yellin' and Kaminzin and Tobeel and a bunch of little chiefs hunkered up by the fire and began to parley. They talked for two hours and every now and then a squaw would yell and rush at the lieutenant and once in a while Tobeel would get up and make a speech. About daylight, when everything was calmed down, Tobeel stood up again and drew a knife and ran at the lieutenant. And then Kaminzin lifted a gun and killed Tobeel. And just at sunrise Oldroyd said Kaminzin rose off his hunkers and said about six words and the whole camp got on their horses and started back for the Santa Rita. By God, Miss Taisie, that lieutenant is a cool one."

Taisie said softly, "Thank you, Charley," and went back and sat down on the porch. She put her sewing in her lap and waited, her eyes lifting to the parade and falling and lifting again, her chin turning stubborn.

Jeff Lee came into the half shadows of the stable and found Cavour Watkins sitting on a bale of hay. B Troop's stable sergeant was there, too, but he looked carefully at Cavour Watkins and at Jeff Lee and swung on his heels and went out. Cavour Watkins had risen to his feet, a full and violent shine in his eyes. His talk hit at Jeff Lee with a wicked gustiness.

"My compliments, Lieutenant Lee. It was very dramatic. Very picturesque. You will have splendid notices of this all up and down the frontier."

"Cavour," said Lee, "don't ever go down to Kaminzin again and threaten him."

"Tell Belknap I was the man!" cried Cavour Watkins. "Damn your Indians."

Jeff Lee's face was shadowed and hard with his thoughts. "How far would you go for your personal ambition, Cavour?"

Cavour's eyes were bitter-bright. He took a step forward, smiling in a manner that was rashly ungovernable. He said, "You damned garrison drudge," and threw his fist at Jeff Lee's face.

Jeff Lee was moving on. His arm knocked that arriving fist into his chest and he reached Cavour Watkins with one slamming, sledging blow to the chin. Cavour Watkins dropped on the hard earth and lay there, his wind rasping in and out. Jeff Lee wheeled from the stable and found B Troop's stable sergeant staring indifferently across the parade. Jeff Lee said: "Lieutenant Watkins is a little ill. I think it is the sun. Do you understand?"

"It is a powerful sun, sor," said the sergeant gravely.

Taisie lifted her sewing, seeing Jeff Lee swing over the parade with his long legs biting out the distance. Her father had gone into the bedroom for the afternoon's nap and she could hear her mother talking to him.

Jeff Lee said, from the foot of the porch: "It is quite hot again."

Taisie looked up. She said, "Yes, Lieutenant, I think it probably is." But she saw something on his solemn face and caught her breath. He was smiling and he was pleased and he was looking at her as a proper officer ought to look at the comely daughter of a colonel. He had, she understood, been through six months of bitterness and personal torment, eating out his heart on the dismal garrison chores while another man rose above him. But he had come through it, his judgment upheld and his faith returned. She could see all that on his face. "I hear," she murmured, looking down at her sewing, "you had an interesting trip."

His eyes were a powdery gray, and they were laughing at her. "Tattoo is a better time to tell you about that. Out along the hill where there might be a breath of wind."

"It has a pleasant sound," she said; and looked up to him in a straight and unsmiling way, without the least reservation. That time had at last come.

THE colonel lay on his bed and the colonel's lady stood by the closed bedroom door. She said: "So, it was Jeff Lee. Are you pleased, Belknap?"

Belknap chuckled. "I am quite satisfied."

The colonel's lady said fretfully: "Then why have you favored Cavour with all the exciting details and kept poor Jeff Lee drudging in the sun?"

"A good man always stands seasoning, which is why I ground Jeff on the wheel," Belknap replied.

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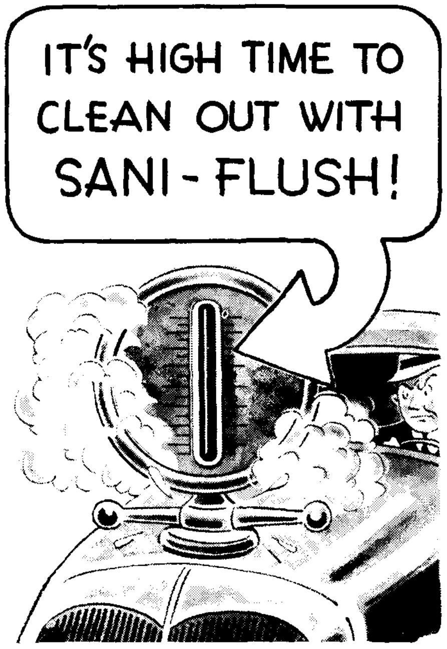

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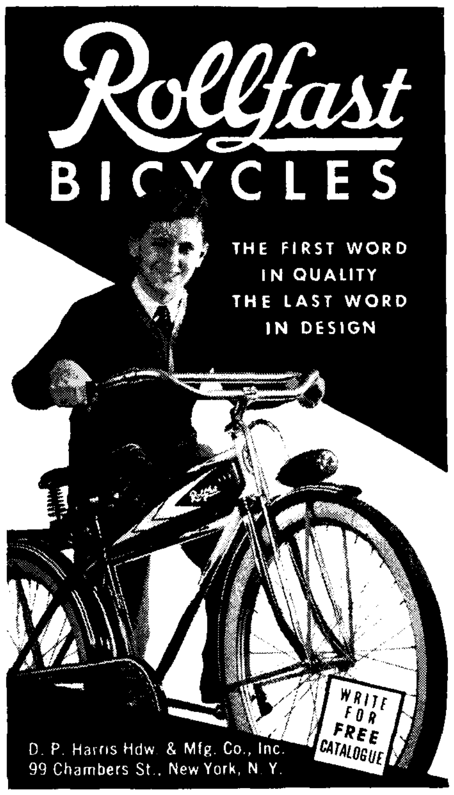

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Judge Hunting

Continued from page 14

his handling of the case in which the Electric Bond and Share Company attacked the constitutionality of the public utility holding company law. Transferred to the Department of Justice as an assistant attorney general, he has carried the burden of the fight to sustain New Deal laws, scoring an impressive Supreme Court victory in a case involving the right to levy a retroactive tax on profits in silver transactions.

Bill Douglas has had the sort of life that might have been written by Horatio Alger. Newsboy, janitor and farmhand, he worked his way through the schools and colleges of Walla Walla, emerging as a Phi Beta Kappa and, touring East by cattle trains, reached New York with a capital of six cents. In 1935, when called to Washington to make a study of 200,000 so-called "protective committees," he was holding down the chair of commercial and corporate law at Yale, enjoying one of the largest salaries paid any college professor. This job concluded, he was drafted as a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission, and had been even sterner than Chairman Landis in acquainting investment bankers with the facts of life.

Backgrounds in Liberalism

Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., enthusiastically endorsed by Texas senators, was named to the federal bench in 1918 by Woodrow Wilson, and in 1931 President Hoover overlooked his obvious Democracy and elevated him to the Circuit Court of Appeals. What brought Judge Hutcheson to White House notice was a decision in the Texas and New Orleans railroad case that upheld the right of workers to organize and to bargain collectively. A rousing opinion, dripping New Deal philosophy, and one which, strangely enough, received the approval of Chief Justice Hughes and a Supreme Court majority.

Joseph Warren Madden, who confesses to degrees from the University of Illinois and the University of Chicago, has covered a lot of ground in his time. Aside from private practice in various states, he has been a professor of law in the universities of Oklahoma, Ohio and West Virginia, and during various summers has served as visiting professor of law at Leland Stanford, Cornell and Chicago. Since 1927 he has held down a law chair in the University of Pittsburgh, but obtained leave in 1935 to accept appointment as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board. To the job, it may be mentioned, he brought wide experience through his membership on important commissions in Pennsylvania.

Bob Hutchins is one of the few "infant phenoms" who didn't fold up on reaching maturity. Twenty-two when he received his degree at Yale, at twenty-three he was secretary of the university, lecturer in the law school at twenty-six and dean at twenty-nine. Chosen to head the University of Chicago one year later, he was acclaimed by the press as the youngest college president.

When it comes to a political record, Judge Sam Bratton leads the list. It was in 1915 that he moved from Texas to Clovis, New Mexico, and just three years later he was elected to the district bench. After serving only a part of his term he was elected an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the state, but resigned in eighteen months to make the race for the Senate. Winning by a large majority, he was re-elected in 1930 for a six-year term, but resigned in June, 1933, to accept nomination to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals from President Roosevelt. It is to be noted that he has not yet questioned the constitutionality of a New Deal law.

Lloyd Garrison, another Harvard lad, interrupted a growing private practice in New York to wear a Navy uniform during the war, and at various other times answered the call of public service, not the least of his contributions being an investigation of bankruptcy proceedings for the government. In 1932 the University of Wisconsin chose him for dean of the law school, from which post he gained a leave of absence in 1934 to act as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board. At the end of the year, however, the university intimated that he must choose between public service and his job, and when he reluctantly decided on a return to Madison, the employers of the country heaved a sigh of relief.

Charles Fahy is a product of Notre Dame and Georgetown, and is the only man on the list with a highly distinguished war record. A naval aviator, and a winner of the Navy cross, after the Armistice he transferred his wounds and his law books to Santa Fe, New Mexico. "Discovered" by Secretary Ickes, he was brought to Washington as First Assistant Solicitor of the Department of the Interior, served later as a member of the Petroleum Administration Board, and in 1935 became chief counsel for the National Labor Relations Board. A quiet, unassuming man who makes no bid for newspaper notice, nevertheless the Administration gives him credit for the board's legal victories. It was Fahy who fought the eighty-three injunctions against operation of the Wagner Act, and it was Fahy who picked the five cases that went before the Supreme Court where his brief and oral arguments were followed closely by Chief Justice Hughes in the majority opinion.

Dean Acheson, like Landis, is a "Frankfurter Hot Dog" who had his year with Justice Brandeis as a law clerk. He left private practice in 1933 to accept appointment as Under-Secretary of the Treasury. A close friend of Lew Douglas, then Director of the Budget, he became involved, either voluntarily or involuntarily, in the many quarrels of that temperamental Arizonian, and resigned in November to make way for Henry Morgenthau. Unlike Douglas, however, Master Acheson stayed on the New Deal reservation, refusing to don war paint.

No Room for Doubt

John Joseph Burns, his thirty-six years making him the youngest of the lot, had his degrees from Boston College and Harvard, and after a couple of years in private practice took a chair in the Harvard law school. An associate justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court from 1931 to 1934, he came to Washington as general counsel of the Securities and Exchange Commission, and has now been drafted by the new Maritime Commission to handle its complicated legal affairs.

Along with speculation as to the identity of the new justices, assuming that the reorganization plan is approved, the thing that has more exercised official Washington and the Senate is the nature of the guarantee with respect to the conduct of the men after appointment. McReynolds, they point out, was named by Woodrow Wilson as an ardent progressive, and certainly Calvin Coolidge, they argue, never dreamed that Harlan Stone would go radical. If and when President

Roosevelt drapes the ermine about the shoulders of Six Young Men, each appointed for life and answerable thereafter only to his conscience, how can he be assured that they will not go conservative with a loud bang?

New Dealers hold that the answer to this is very simple. What, they ask, has been the President's quarrel with the Supreme Court? First and foremost, the repeated assertion of its right to "override" both the legislative branch and the executive branch with respect to laws passed by Congress and approved by the President for the "promotion of the general welfare." And, only a little less important, the "creation" by Supreme Court decisions of Twilight Zones and No Man's Lands, exempted from control either by federal law or state statute. And is it not true that the President, repeatedly and explicitly, has stated his belief that there are certain social and economic areas, supposedly reserved to the states, that must be *nationalized?*

With the issues so clearly stated and so sharply drawn, what appointee can possibly have room in his mind for doubt? Only a fool will fail to see that what is expected of him is to make no attempt to exercise a veto power over Congress and the President with respect to legislation concerned with the "general welfare" provisions of the Constitution or to take a "narrow view" of the interstate commerce clause.

As a matter of truth, the President would seem to be taking no chances with the fourteen men considered in this article. It is not that they are "stooges" by any means, but merely that every one is an ardent New Dealer, believing implicitly in the Roosevelt policies.

The President's principal worry, viewing the situation realistically, would not seem to be whether his appointees would stand fast, but whether the men he wants would accept appointment. If the veto power of the Supreme Court is to be surrendered except in cases where the Constitution is explicit, not calling for interpretation, it follows inevitably that the tribunal will cease to be the august body that it has been in the past.

In view of this diminishment of power, this distinct lessening of the position's importance, would Felix Frankfurter want to surrender his unique position at Harvard, or Hutchins quit his post as president of the University of Chicago, or nervous, high-strung Landis give up the job of dean of the Harvard law school to which he has just been called? It is no secret that Douglas has his heart set on succeeding Landis as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. If he gets it, will he want to give it up before he even warms the seat?

A Bad Hurdle for Candidates

It is generally agreed that Bob Jackson has a brilliant political future. The Democrats of New York, Tammany excepted, have their eye on him as a good gubernatorial candidate to succeed Herbert Lehman. Would he want to go on the bench? Would Lloyd Garrison want to leave the Wisconsin law school where he is carrying on the Frankfurter tradition, training students in public service as well as the law? Would Warren Madden relish the idea of surrendering the chairmanship of the National Labor Relations Board just at the time when the Supreme Court decision has given him a fairly free hand?

What also must be borne in mind is that while the President appoints, the Senate confirms. How would these fourteen men fare at the hands of the upper House? Nothing is more certain than that every man named by the President will have to run a gantlet as savage as any ever devised by the Iroquois.

In talking with Senate leaders, one gathers that Stanley Reed, Warren Madden, Judge Bratton and Judge Hutcheson are about all that could run the gantlet with any prospect of coming through more or less unscathed. The rest will do well to have ambulances in waiting. Aside from attack on his radicalism, the fact remains that Felix Frankfurter is a Jew, and there are already two on the bench: Brandeis and Cardozo. Fahy and Burns are Catholics, and one now sits on the bench in the person of Pierce Butler. Religious intolerance may have had few expressions of late, but the fires are merely banked, not dead.

Jackson and Landis have made many senatorial enemies by their open and enthusiastic championship of the President's plan. Although Dean Acheson seems to have been taken back into presidential favor, many New Dealers still suspect him of conservatism, and as for Hutchins and Garrison, they would be fought on the ground that they are not lawyers but educators. The investment bankers of the country have come to believe that Douglas is even more of a radical than Landis, and Wall Street would fight his confirmation to the death.

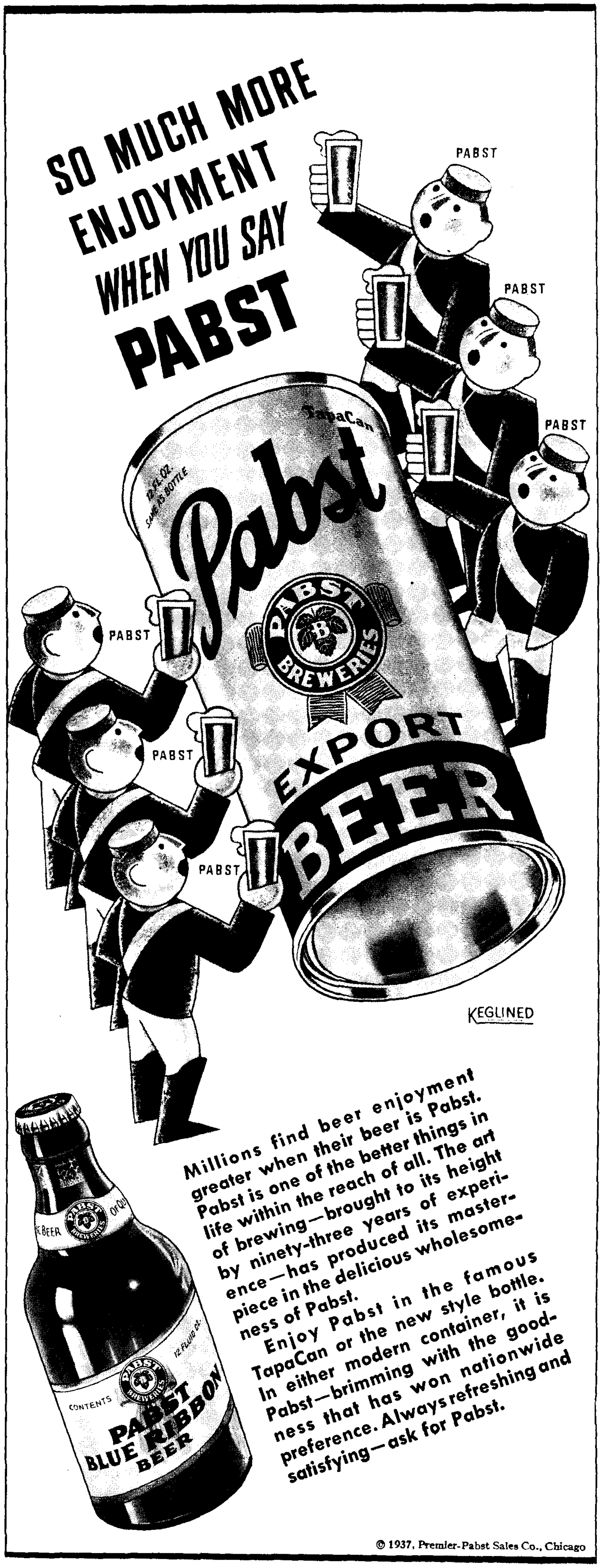
Grudges and Geography

Along with Reed, Jackson, Landis and Frankfurter, Washington opinion holds that Donald Richberg is certain of appointment. If so, the show put on by the opposition will rival any ever staged in a Roman amphitheater. Once organized labor's "precious lamb," both Green and Lewis turned on Richberg because of his refusal to go the limit in an interpretation of Section 7-A of the National Recovery Act, and this bitterness has been accentuated by the suspicion that the ever-active Donald has been interested in the creation of state industrial courts along the lines of the Railroad Mediation Board.

Geographical considerations are also bound to prove a controlling factor. With Frankfurter, Landis and Burns all hailing from Massachusetts, only one can have any possible chance of confirmation, particularly in view of the fact that Justice Brandeis is a Boston man. With New York already represented on the high bench by Chief Justice Hughes, Justice Stone and Justice Cardozo, Bob Jackson would seem to be in for a difficult time of it.

Judge Hutcheson, a Texan, and Judge Bratton, a native of Texas and a New Mexican by adoption, take care of the Southwest, but Douglas, a product of Washington, is the only one on the list that could be credited to the Pacific Coast. Madden is a Pennsylvanian, Acheson a Marylander, and despite his years of residence in New Mexico, Fahy might be counted as a native of Georgia. Although Richberg and Hutchins both list Chicago as their home city, the former was born in Tennessee and the latter in Brooklyn, raising a nice question as to the state to which they would be accredited by the Senate. Stanley Reed is a Kentuckian and a Southerner beyond all cavil, but Lloyd Garrison was born and reared in New York, and has only lived in Wisconsin for five years.

There is a creeping whisper, to be sure, that at the last moment the President may decide to soften conservative opposition in the Senate by naming either John W. Davis or Newton D. Baker or some other of their type. There is about as much chance of it as for the selection of Stalin or Trotsky. Having invited the fiercest fight of his life by demanding the right to have a Supreme Court majority that will reflect the "popular will," as expressed in the November elections, it is idiocy to assume that F. D. R. will forgo a single advantage in event of victory.



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Say What You Think

PUBLIC opinion, or what somebody in office imagines to be public opinion, is our ruler. If public opinion is active and intent, politicians sit up and listen and do exactly what they think the voters want. It did not take Congress and the states long to repeal prohibition once the politicians learned what the voters had in mind. If, on the other hand, public interest is sluggish or apathetic, the politicians delay, do nothing or do precisely what they themselves want.

Generally we can have anything a majority of us want from the government—if the politicians are certain we want it. So if you are at all concerned about what is going on in Washington, or at your state capital, or even at the center of local government, it is only prudent to let your opinions be known. Don't let modesty hold you back. Your congressmen and state legislators might also remain mute if modesty were to prevail.

Government comes very close to us now. We either pay more and larger taxes or we receive more and juicier relief. Whether we pay taxes or secure relief, we talk, perhaps think and certainly vote.

Government isn't likely to get much less troublesome and interfering during the years immediately ahead. Look around the world and much the same sort of governmental expansion is visible everywhere.

If we don't like the taxes or the regulations of this country, or any particular country, we have not much choice or chance of escape. The man who tries to avoid heavy taxes or strict governmental regulation of what once seemed private affairs won't find refuge in Europe or in much of Asia or Australia. There may be some pioneering land left in Africa, free from high taxes and excessive regulation, but even there disadvantages exist—flies, maybe, or mosquitoes or possibly the behavior of the neighbors.

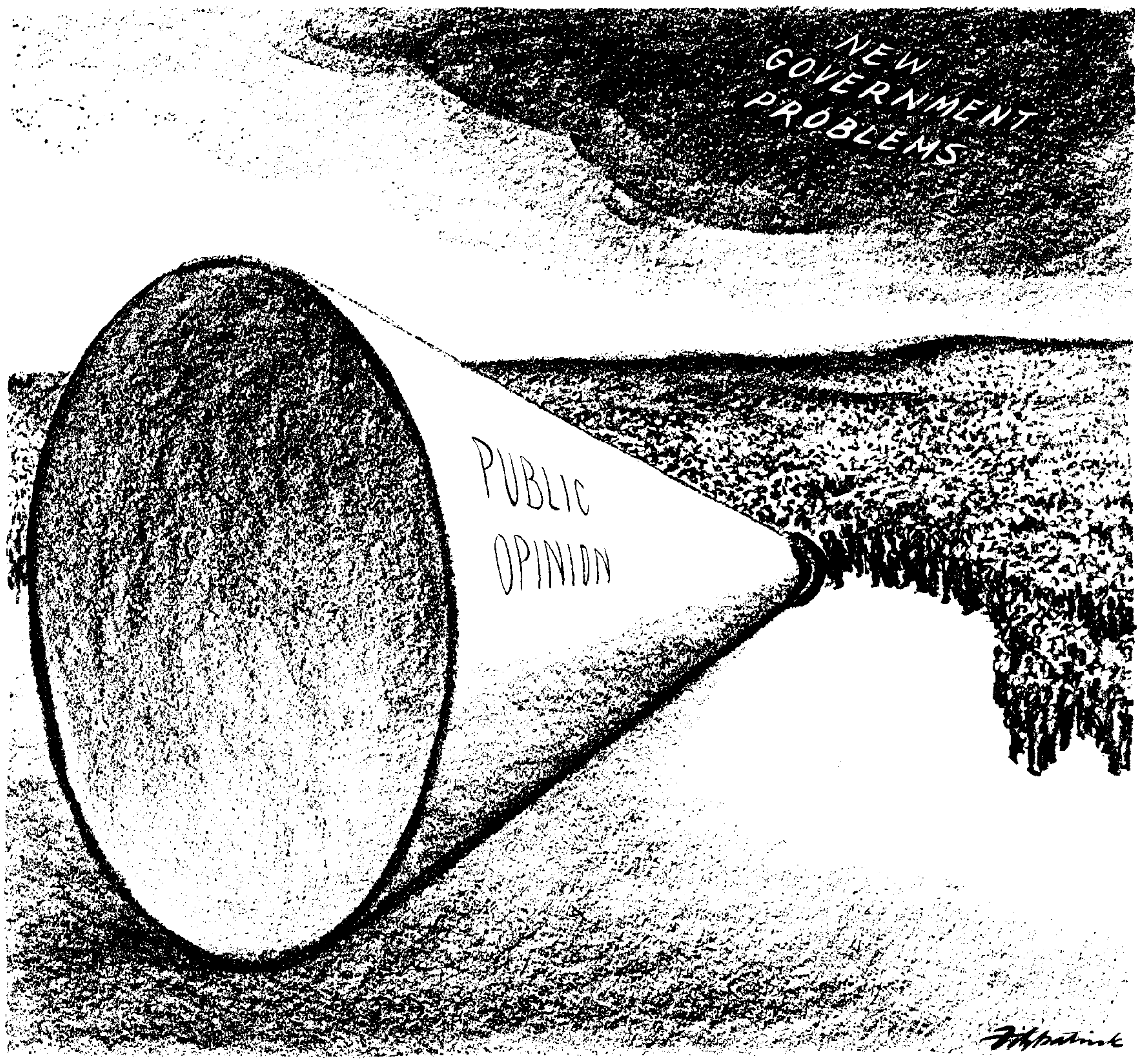
We shall have the government with us, a nosy, exacting, avaricious government. It absorbs a fearful share of our earnings if we work. It has much to say about what we may and may not do regardless of whether we toil or spin or are just lilies of some field.

We have this costly, inquiring and interfering sort of government because those we elected to office think that a sufficient number of us want it. Maybe we do.

In much of the United States no opportunities exist for public discussion. Representatives and other officeholders make guesses concerning public opinion. Some politicians are shrewd guessers. During times of change such as the present, guessing is very difficult and very precarious.

Many issues of fundamental importance, not only to us but to the long future, are under consideration. The relationship between employers and workers is changing. Proposals to alter the basic structure of our national government are before Congress.

Taxation is so huge that entirely new problems have been raised. Governmental authority is being extended over our business and social relationships. Questions which have never been considered by public opinion are being answered by elected persons in the name of the public.



Emergencies require swift action. When danger threatens, government cannot wait for the ripening of public opinion. But after the emergencies have passed, if democratic government is to continue, it is necessary for public opinion to become active.

The best agency ever developed in this country for the honest discussion of public business is the New England town meeting. The citizens of the townships actually consider and debate matters of general interest. The informal talk of the town meetings has served during long generations to clear the public mind and to crystallize public opinion. The decisions reached might not always be wise or specially informed but they have expressed what was, for the moment at least, the sentiment of the majority.

Outside the smaller towns the town meeting has not survived. The population of cities is too great to make joint deliberations practicable. When people found it difficult to do their own thinking, the politicians willingly assumed the burden.

Numerous communities have sought to meet this need for public discussion through the establishment of forums.

The forum is a revival under modern conditions of the old town meeting. In many sections, especially in the Middle West, active, interesting and useful forums are now in operation.

At no previous time in our history has there been a greater need to think out and to talk out serious public questions. If we expect to be a self-governing people, we shall have to do our own thinking. We cannot refrain from considering matters that concern us and hope for satisfactory decisions. Thinking is a responsibility which cannot be farmed out in a democracy. Either we reach our own conclusions or somebody else will do the deciding.

There is nothing fancy about a good forum. If the forum is to hold the attention of the people of the community, important matters must be considered. The Supreme Court, the Wagner Act and the sit-down strikes, relief, the national budget, taxes, governmental regulation, all these are issues of tremendous importance and interest to people all over the United States.

Honest, intelligent, fair discussion will be immensely useful. The first essential of any forum is that it be reasonably conducted. Packed meetings or partisan discussions are of little value. Speakers may, of course, be partisans if all important sides are competently represented. A just, intelligent and forceful chairman is a great asset.

We need as seldom before in our history the cleansing influence of an informed and generous public opinion. The questions we face are too large to be treated with indifference or approached in prejudice. Our civilization is so complicated, the well-being of each and every one of us is so dependent upon the co-operation of others, that we are compelled to seek reasonable policies if we care to survive.

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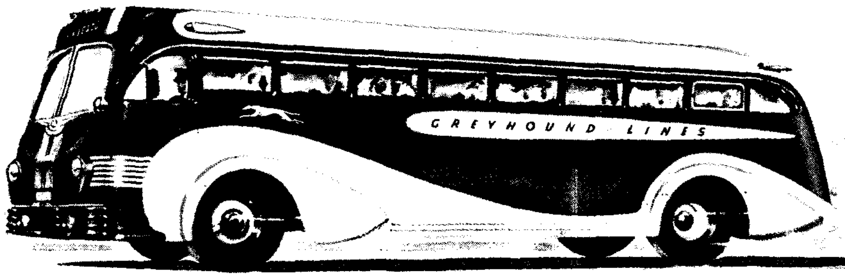

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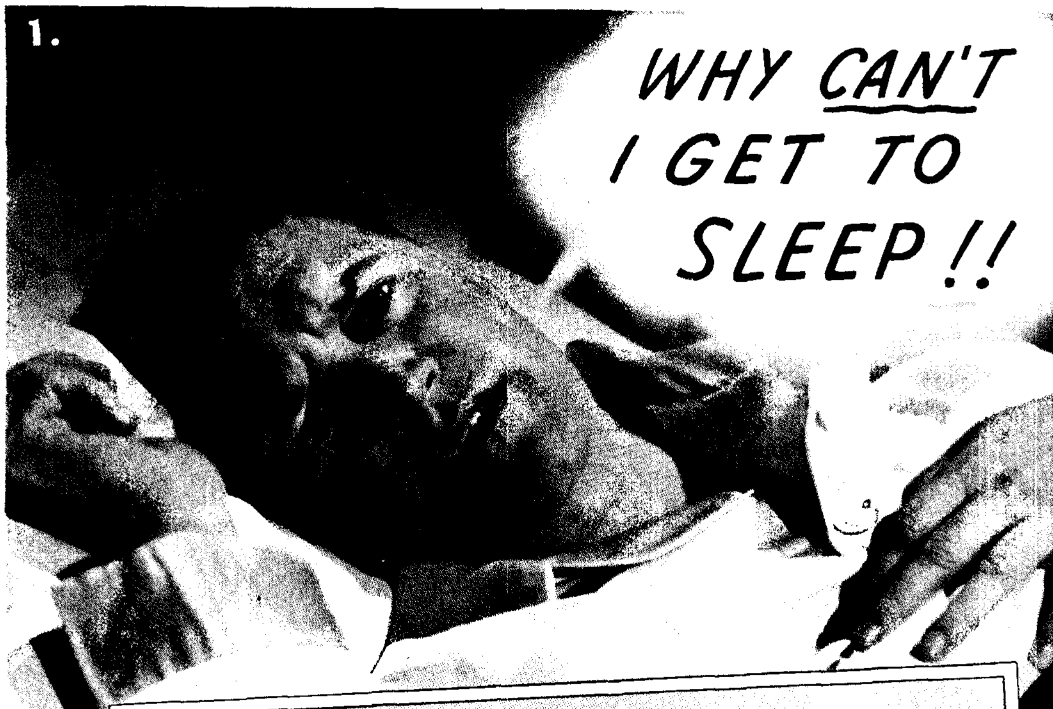
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